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The ARCHIVE

Edited by J. B. CLARK M. E. NEWSOM, JR., Bus. Mgr.

VOLUME XLV

OCTOBER, 1932

NUMBER ONE

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, at Durham, North Carolina.

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

In order that everyone interested in positions on the ARCHIVE might have an opportunity to make it known, a definite and final organization of the staff has been delayed until an adequate announcement could be made to the student body as a whole. There are a number of vacancies yet in each department of the publication. Therefore, in order to fill these vacancies, and give every student of Duke University an opportunity to display his interest in this field, there will be a final meeting of the staff and new applicants Thursday, October 13, at 7 P. M. THE EDITOR.

DEDICATION

Because of his unfailing co-operation during the many years of its existence, this first issue of the ARCHIVE is dedicated to

WILLIAM HANE WANNAMAKER,
Dean of Duke University

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"...Spectacle of the Night"

—DUKE CHAPEL
By JOHN BARRETT

The ARCHIVE

OCTOBER 1932

VOL. XLV

No. 1

EDITORIAL

Perhaps without complete justification, detrimental criticism has been levelled at the ARCHIVE quite often in recent years by representative students on the campus, who contend in their uncomplimentary remarks that current editors of the magazine have proven themselves noticeably biased in accepting contributions from outside sources, thereby doing much to establish themselves as supreme scythe-mowers of the campus literary crop and destroying the incentive urge of local young writers to continue in loyal support of their own magazine by preferring the material offered by outsiders to campus writings. It is the opinion of this present staff that such action has been prevalent in ARCHIVE circles and that this policy, however well-meant it might have been by its editors, has proven a handicap of serious magnitude in the ARCHIVE's effort to gain a place of high esteem and respect among the student body.

Realizing this growing demand of students for fairer representation and consideration of campus contributions, we, being in sympathy with this wave of opinion, have reached a decision, made possible by the graciousness of the Publications Board in placing its faith and confidence in us for the coming year, whereby stress must be and shall be laid upon the contributions of students, awarding campus writings just and impartial regard, and striving as best we can throughout the year to stimulate once again that creative writing among the student body that has been allowed only too apparently and sadly to slip into decay.

Every editor of a college magazine, naturally, has his policy, and every editor should be commended on following out that policy successfully. But, at the same time, those editors should pay careful attention to their policy, formulating it as perfectly as possible so that it may conform to and satisfy the demands of its readers, as well as assure the continued excellence and high literary standard of the magazine. This has been the basis of the recent argument for outside aid of ARCHIVE editors—young men, talented

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and admired as they were by the intellectual élite to whom they seemed primarily desirous of pleasing, who unwittingly found the formerly safe and popular position of the campus' lone literary magazine slipping from its lofty pedestal. It is not our intention to hold up these gentlemen to ridicule. Rather, we highly respect them and stand ever prepared to repay them in any possible manner for their kindness to us. They were right in that they believed they were right, and we offer them our sincere congratulations for the high honor which they achieved in bringing the ARCHIVE to the fore from the brilliant galaxy of state-wide collegiate publications. But again, we go further to offer these same gentlemen our sympathy that they won this high honor at the expense of their own student body, because campus authors, with the exception of the general staff and a few of the fittest who had survived the weeding-out process, had almost nothing to do with composing the material which went into the make-up of this highly-honored publication. Still, this fault should not be laid directly at the feet of recent editors. Soliciting work from outside contributors has long been prevalent, expanding more seriously as the years passed and threatening to disrupt entirely the literary structure of campus creative work unless someone with sufficient power attempts to suppress it.

We firmly believe that a satisfactory balance, consisting of both student and foreign contributions, can be easily maintained, the greater part of the magazine each month being devoted to student writings, with sufficient space awarded the works of better known writers, those works being intended both as a suggestive pattern for inexperienced authors and as a valuable aid towards the continuance of the excellent literary standard. The ARCHIVE is your magazine, and its future success, reverting to policies of old whereby student writings always come first, is more or less in your hands. If you fail to cooperate with us in our endeavor to reshape the ARCHIVE purely as a campus institution, if you refuse to help us in our work by failing to contribute each month, then we, as guiding hands of the magazine this year, must once again call on our outside friends, in order to assure ourselves of sufficient material with which to fill the pages of your magazine. We, however, have extended to you an opportunity and a plea to return the ARCHIVE to its former eminence on the campus, and, with your constant support, we shall see that this is done. This is our promise to you.

Roses

A Revelation in Metaphor

By GEORGE HARWELL

“I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers. . .”

When the long day at last was ending and the sinking sun, resting for a moment like some huge fading ember on the far edge of the rolling world, was sending its thin little shafts of roseate light to seek their way, quivering but persistent, through the murmuring foliage, I still wandered on deep in the boundless forest. Stretching before me like some interminable corridor, the tall, majestic pines softly moaned in the last, gentle gust of the fading day, and beneath my plodding feet, like smoke from the mouths of Lilliputian cannon, puffed tiny clouds of the dust that had been ground into gray powder there on the forest's floor by the myriads of travelers who had tramped that path through the ages. Somewhere in a tree high above, a katydid was sending forth the plaintive stridulation that was his requiem to the dying day. After a moment he paused, and the last subsiding notes melted away into the depths of the forest where they were taken up by distant tribesmen, who, one after another, sent the sad, farewell dirge on before the night. Alone and lost, I wandered on, knowing not where I was going, only following blindly and with a vague faith this path that others before me had followed out of the east into the west.

Presently I came upon a clearing, and I beheld there a small chapel. It was worn, but not weakened, by the ravages of countless storms that had swept the forest. I paused and gazed for a moment upon it, this sudden haven I beheld. No sound reached my ears. The forest had wrapped itself in the awful nocturnal hush that comes over the land of life when day is ended and creatures settle themselves for rest, lulled by the balm of sleep. Thus in the silence of nightfall I stared at the sturdy little chapel that stood steadfastly before me, bathed in the soft glow of the lingering sun—this tiny chapel that so defiantly reared itself here amidst the awful solitude of the boundless forest. And as I gazed upon it, there slowly flowed into my

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aching veins the warm feeling of comfort and safety that comes to assuage the weary and the lost when a sanctuary is found at last after a long day's journey.

"This humble chapel," I thought, "has been here many years, offering shelter to those who have been lost, even as I am. It will keep me from the deadly chill and the awful blackness that comes over the forest with night." And with this thought I stepped from the forest and crossed the clearing.

Around the little chapel was a low wall, made of mud and stone, with an opening on the path. As I entered, the low, sweet notes of an organ came across the stillness to me, drifting slowly from somewhere within the tiny chapel. I paused and listened. It was a song, old and soothing, that men had brought with them down all the long years since first it had calmed the barbarous hearts of a people that knelt and worshipped the sun in ancient Thebes, there in the high-vaulted temples of Karnak and Luxor, raised long ago amid the vast sand-land of Egypt on the banks of the slow-flowing Nile.

When the song was ended, I continued my way to the chapel. I rounded a corner and discovered there in a far part of the garden three persons gathered about a bush. There was an old man, a man in middle life, and a young child. They did not see me approach, and even when I drew near them, they did not turn their eyes from the rose-bush which they stood thus admiring. I paused and stood wondering, daring not to interrupt their contemplation.

We remained thus silent and without moving for some moments. Presently the old man turned to me and laid one of his thin, bony hands on my arm and pointed the other, trembling, at the bush to a withered rose. All of its petals were faded, and many of them lay crumbling in the dirt beneath. Still, in some few of them there yet lingered a faint trace of the beauty and the grandeur that they had once possessed. The thorns were brown and brittle, hardened and made poisonous by time, ready to prick and painfully wound any who chanced against them, and the sepals were parched and drawn into ugly fibrous knots. The old man gazed hard into my face, pitifully anxious lest I should not heed his words.

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"This rose," he said (and I saw the pale blue glow of memory creep into his eyes), "this rose yesterday was lovely, the most beautiful rose we have ever had on the bush."

The other, younger man, now lusty in his prime, without lifting his eyes from the bush, reached forth and, seizing my other arm in a firm grip, drew me to him. He pointed to a large flower in full bloom, and in a peremptory tone, he said to me: "See, friend, this rose. It bloomed this morning. It is certainly the most beautiful rose we have ever had in history. The bush has never produced another to match it. . . And never will!"

So enraptured was he by the glory of his flower that he did not notice me when I moved on to the small boy. The child stood on tiptoe, reaching with both hands up to an unopened bud. Looking up into my face—wide-eyed, curious, filled with a yearning that he did not understand and could not utter—he exclaimed simply: "Tomorrow, mister, this one will be pretty."

I smiled and said to him: "Yes, boy, tomorrow your rose will be beautiful. Your grandfather's rose will be entirely gone; it will have fallen back into the dirt from which it grew. Your father's flower will be withered and faded; only a haunting shadow of its present glory will be left then. But your flower will be in full bloom, fresh and gorgeous. To you it will be the most beautiful the bush has produced."

As I spoke, the sweet smile that had irradiated his delicate face fled, and a pitiful, puzzled expression came to cloud the childish features. Beholding it, I uttered a sharp cry and turned to run, suddenly frantic with the desire to escape from the awful trio.

But I found my arms again tightly clenched in the old mans bony grip.

"Stay a moment," he said. "You must tell me something. You must tell me they are wrong, that yesterday's rose was the most beautiful."

His words fanned the flame that was searing within me until I was stifled and felt myself being consumed. I was trembling and feverish. "Mad . . . mad," I thought. "I am becoming mad . . . stark mad . . . *mad!*" My head was roaring.

"Oh merciful God!" I screamed. "Deliver me. Save me from them!"

(Continued on page 41)

Con Cregan's Legacy

an adaptation from the story of that name

By CHARLES LEVER

G. Ernest Lynch, Jr., doing the adapting

SETTING:

Interior of an ordinary small Irish farmer's house. The walls are of a low grade material, and the furnishings poor. At rear, slightly left, is a door which opens to the outside. At left side is a door leading to the next room. Lower right is a rocking chair, and in the center is an ordinary wooden table upon which is a kerosene lamp which is giving the light to the room. A three-legged stool is by the table. Other fittings are as you will, but have chairs handy for the visitors. And don't give the stage too much light—it's late at night, and an Irish cabin is no Great White Way.

CHARACTERS:

MAT, an Irishman, consequently, none too scrupulous, and apt to be a little scheming.

CON, another.

BILLY SCANLON is the town schoolmaster, and should look the type.

NEIGHBOURS, capable of mourning audibly.

Curtain rises on bare stage—a pounding is heard on the rear door, with plenty of attendant hullabaloo. Proceed—

[Mat enters from door left, looks about him cautiously, and then crosses to rear door. He makes a last furtive glance around the room, and then opens the door—just a crack.]

[Corny shoves a huge clodhopper boot into the room, but can get no more of himself through the held door.]

CORNY: Glory be to God, fur why is it ye hold the door so tight? Maybe it's the angel Gabriel ye'd be expectin'

to call on yer—or some un. Let me in, dammit, don't ye recognize an ould friend when ye see one, Matthew M'Cabe?

MAT: Oh, 'tis you, Corny Cregan.

CON [*finally pushing in*]: Of course 'tis me. And as wan man to another, not nearly so smart, pwhat is the notion ye have which makes ye so inhospitable?

MAT: Oh, 'tis an awful thing has happened. [*He holds up a quieting*

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hand.] The ould man!

CON: Hiven defend us, Matthew, is he worse?

MAT: Faix that's what he is! For he's dead!

CON: Glory be to his bed!—when did it happen?

MAT: Not an hour ago. He died like an ould haythen, and never made a will!

CON: By golly, that *is* bad. Where is the body? [*He looks around him nervously, and turns completely around.*] [*He crosses himself.*]

MAT: 'Tis in the next room—I couldn't stand the thought of it being right in here which is the only room in the house fit fur drinkin', so I took him out, God rest him.

CON: Then I'll not be goin' near the door, thank ye. [*He crosses to right, and sits in a battered rockin' chair.*] [*Pardon me, I'm getting my dialogue mixed with my directions.*] [*Mat closes the door, and comes straight down to a three-legged stool placed at left of table.*]

MAT: Con Cregan, there's something I want ye to help me with in this business. Have I not always been your friend?

CON: You have not—but no matter, pwhat is it?

MAT: You well remember no doubt—but I know what it is that's wrong—ye're ill at ease that I've been so forgetful as to disremember to ask ye to drink for the departed soul of me father. OI'll soon fix that. [*Crossing*

to where jug lies, and bringing it to table.]

CON: Aw, Matthew, 'tis generous of ye to do this, but I really couldn't. The ould lady wud give me the very divvil.

MAT: Shure and a fine man ye are, Con Cregan, if ye're not man enough to be boss in yer own house, and take a drink whin ye want it. [*Putting the stopper back into the jug, and whacking it.*] I'm glad I found it out—ye're not the man I'm looking for.

CON: The hell you say—I'm just the man ye're lookin' for. Take out that stopper, and I'll show ye a thing or two. Master in me own house—wirrah, wirrah. The divvil take us all if we're haythens enough to refuse a drink at a wake. A wake it is, isn't it?

MAT: W-e-ell—'tis not exactly a wake, Con.

CON: Well, now, pwhat the hell is this ye're tellin' me. A dead man in the next room, and not a wake—maybe to your mind 'tis not a wake, but to mine it is—no more about it, give me the jug.

MAT [*passing over to Con, who takes a drain out of it*]: Pwhat I mean is, 'tis not a wake under the rites of the church, [*both cross themselves, Con holding the jug to his lips at the same time*] but 'tis more of what ye'd call a private wake. Are ye never goin' to finish with that jug? Hand it here, man, I'm dry.

CON: I'm surprised at ye're givin' such good liquor to yer friends. 'Tis nearly as good as me own.

MAT [*nearly choking in his haste to*

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drag the jug away and answer]: Whist!
'Tis an insult to compare the two.

CON: Maybe it's insinuatın' that ye are—? [*rising threateningly*.]

MAT [*he thinks of the favour at hand, and calms*]: No, Corny, me friend, 'twas a hasty word. Forgit it.

CON: Indeed I'll not—however, fer the time bein'—let me taste it again—I may have underestimated it's worth.

MAT [*holding back on jug*]: Now, Corny, I want your help in this business; and here's five guineas in goold, if ye do pwhat I bid ye.

CON: St. Theresa protect us. Five guineas. State yer proposition.

MAT: Ye know that ye were always reckoned the image of my father, and before he took ill ye were mistaken for each other every day of the week.

CON [*shying slightly*]: Anan!

MAT: Well, what I want is for ye to stay right here and go to bed.

CON: Not besides the corpse?!

MAT: By no means, but by yourself; and you're to pretend to be my father, and that ye want to make yer will before ye die; and then I'll send for the neighbours, and Billy Scanlan the schoolmaster, and ye'll tell him what to write, laving all the farm and everything to me—ye understand?

CON: So—that's it, now. Ye'd make me an accomplice in yer crime to steal his proper share from your brother.

MAT: God help ye, Con Cregan—Steal, ye say? Ye know the ould man never had a dacint word for that no good brother of mine iver since the day he left here, five years ago.

CON: There's little truth in that.

MAT: 'Twas a well known fact the ould man wud have made out his will to me, and cuttin' off Michael without a guinea, only the ould fool waited too long. [*He takes a swig out of the jug—Con eyes him, and says—*]

CON: I've no doubt but pwhat ye're lying, [*reaching for jug*]. However, maybe it's the truth. [*Mat still holds the jug out of reach, waiting for the final word.*] I'll do it, Matthew. [*He gets jug.*]

MAT: Good. I'll send ould Peter over to Macgillicuddy's party, and tell the whole kit of them to come here to see the ould man in his last moments.

CON [*immersed in his drink*]: Uh-uh.

MAT [*going to door, and calling into darkness*]: Hello, there Jim. James Flaherty—come to yer door a minute.

JIM [*way offstage, as from a neighbouring house*]: Hallo, pwhat is it?

MAT: Jim, there's sad news I'm fearin'. The ould man is in a bad way—will ye run down to Macgillicuddy's, and tell all that's there to stop the party and come up here.

JIM: I'll do it, Matthew. [*Mat closes door.*]

MAT: There, now, that's fixed, it won't be three minutes before all the neighbours will be in here.

CON: Yer ould man was a good man, Mat.

MAT [*dragging in a bed from the adjoining room*]: He was that.

CON: I'm thinkin' he made a better landlord than ye'll be iver makin', Mat.

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MAT: There's where ye're wrong. I'll treat ye all as good as iver the ouldl one did—particularly you, Con, ye'll be my favourite tenant. That ye will, and I'll not be too harsh on ye for rent.

CON: I had thought about that meself, Matthew. Well, could I be helpin' ye?

MAT: Ye could drag in a few chairs, and I'll fix this bed far in the corner, and then ye'll need have no fear of bein' recognized. There'll be no one comin' nigh the bed, you can bet.

CON: I ain't so sure I'm goin' to like this meself. Is this the bed he was in?

MAT: It is.

CON: God preserve us,—and I'm to lie where a dead man was. Wirrah, I'll need more of yer whiskey, Matthew.

MAT: Take it, 'tis yours, and welcome.

CON [*he is swigging away, when a thought strikes him*]: Oh-h-h the blessin's of all the saints be on us.

MAT [*startled from his work of preparing the bed, etc.*]: Pwhat the divvil is ut?

CON: Pwhat about the priest?

MAT: Ach, my father quarrelled with him last week about the Easter dues, and Father Tom said he'd not give him the rites; and that's lucky now! Come along now, quick, for we've no time to lose; it must be all finished before day breaks.

CON [*climbing in*]: This is bad business. [*He crosses himself.*]

MAT: Here, put this around yer head, and look yer worst. I hear them comin' now. [*He ties a rag around Con,*

under chin, and tying in a bow atop. Then he drags up the small table with bottles of medicine, etc.] There, we're ready for the business, so soon as I put down the light a bit. [*He does.*] There, ye're the spittin' image of the ould man.

CON: God forbid!

[*The neighbours come in, and group themselves around the room, but shying from the bed. Utter silence prevails, as the country folk feel in the presence of the Divine. Only an occasional sob of good old everpresent Irish mourning is heard, as they take chairs, and get ready to hear the last words.*]

[*A low, faint cough from the corner where the bed is,—an even deeper silence—then—*]

CON: Where's Billy Scanlon? I want to make my will.

MAT: He's here, father! [*Takes Billy by the hand, and leading him to bedside of table.*]

CON: Write what I bid ye, Billy, and be quick; for I haven't a long time afore me here. I die a good Catholic, though Father O'Rafferty won't give me the rites.

[*General chorus of "Oh, musha, musha."*]

CON: I die in peace with all my neighbours and all mankind.

[*Another chorus—approval.*]

CON: I bequeath unto my son, Matthew—and never was there a better son, or a decenter boy—have you that down? To Matthew, the whole of my two farms of Killimundoonery and Knocksheboora, with the fallow mea-

(Continued on page 42)

Acid Sketches

By VIRGINIA McCORMICK

I

GRANDE DAME

Madame Benoist is a Creole. Her home is in the old French quarter of New Orleans and she is of another world, though intensely Southern in her sympathies.

She must be seventy and every man, married or single, is in love with her. Yesterday she gave a tea at the Casino and men who would have scorned any other invitation that interfered with golf flocked there at her bidding. There was real Champagne in the punch, spirited there from New Orleans in some miraculous way, and the food was different from any we had seen here before. No doubt it was sent from those quaint pastry shops in the old southern city where the food is always French, but she has her reservations, this *grande dame* with the ruffled lace skirt and the Spanish mantilla, so we asked no questions and made the most of her charming hospitality.

She is a type in her home city, but for us she is a vivid individual, a fleeting picture from some old album, and her gentle voice with the French phrases slipping in and out like well trained servants of an older regime, at once soothes and allures. . .

"Mais, oui, it is true Madame; we have the old ideas still; our young girls do not go swimming in a one-piece jersey with a newly acquired admirer to teach them what you call stunts: non, non; the daughter is a cherished possession and her bloom must not be rubbed off. La Nouvelle Orleans is like La Belle France; it guards the young girls and they are more charming than your pert misses with their bobbed hair and whitened noses or their saucy painted lips."

Madame is too delicious, we think to ourselves and sigh for her courage as our own daughters trip past the Casino windows with all the flags of flapperdom flying.

I asked Madame if she had read *The Wayfarer*: "But yes; it is a

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picture; we must look at all the pictures as we pass, but we must forget the ugly ones and cherish the lovely ones to recall when we sit with shut eyes, for the old must rest sometimes. We still know how to rest in the South; it is an art that keeps us young. I have my morning coffee in bed." I had asked for an invitation for the lady from New York and I saw her straighten with disapproval when Madame said this. But Madame was unperturbed. "I lie down for half an hour before lunch and for an hour before dinner and I go to bed when the young girls are beginning to dress for a dance, at eleven o'clock, n'est-ce-pas? I am very old-fashioned; I read Balzac and Hugo; they plumb life more truly than Gertrude Atherton or even your friend of The Wayfarer, the younger Millay: do you not think so?"

Madame has always a court, no matter whether she is in the lobby of the big hotel or under the most lovely trees in the world where the green velvet lawn slopes away to the club house. Here is where the famous hostelry of the Old White stood and there is still a halo of romance above it, for there are always a few people old enough to recall for us the parties given to famous Virginia beauties, when champagne was drunk from buckets and, at least once, from the tiny pointed slipper of a brilliant wit and belle.

Madame Benoist remembers these parties, for she has made the journey each year since she was a very young girl and had her meals in a private dining room opening on the long porch of the old frame building with its ever peeling white paint. She laughs gleefully as she tells in her quaint English the story of that same beauty whose health was drunk from her little shoe, when she met a *nouveau riche* in those days of exclusive southern society and responded to the greeting: "I seed you coming" with the brave retort: "O, yes, I saw you seed me."

Madame Benoist is of the old school; she is the antithesis of the flapper, but she looks at that youthful exponent of life with a smile of gentle and kindly inquiry and treats her with the same old-fashioned courtesy that she has for every one. As I said before her reservations are many and deep. I am always moved by a desire to know what she is thinking under that dark waved hair with its golden fillet as her lace-mitted hands play with her long

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jewelled chain, in movements that suggest eternal calm rather than restlessness. She never knits or sews: she doesn't even condescend to the pretense of domesticity by carrying one of the large bags so popular here for berlin wools and vari-coloured needles. She is *grande dame* and repose of manner in her heritage.

II

MRS. GUNNING OF THE NEW SOUTH

Mrs. Gunning of Birmingham is one of the guests this summer; it is perhaps the first season that has found her sufficiently sure of herself and the power of money to face the accustomed crowds of the Old White. She has the most expensive cottage in Florida Row and three automobiles! They motored all the way from Birmingham.

They are sure, the husband, who is merely Mrs. Gunning's echo, the married daughter, the two maids and the chauffeurs, (I have never been able to decide how many they are) that Birmingham is the greatest city in the world.

The Gunnings and the Gunnings' servants have as many r's in their language as the most flamboyant of the middle westerners and they are always attempting to suppress them, but like murder they will out!

Mrs. Gunning bears down upon me where I am perfectly happy on the crooked hickory seat beneath the biggest oak, lost to all thought of my surroundings in Gamaliel Bradford's last book, where there are more delightful people than all the Gunnings in the world may ever dream of: I can see in the grimness of her set mouth that she fully intends to say "Good mawning" but her expression freezes to horror as her ears are shocked by the burring of her "Good morrrning." I suppress a smile and with a mantling crimson she begs me to drive to the Hot tomorrow for luncheon. I do not want to go to the Hot and I am seized with terror at the winding way of the narrow roads over the mountain and their steep cliffs that seems to say "who tumbles here leaves hope behind." Moreover I prefer Voltaire and the rest of Mr. Bradford's charming Bare Souls to the Gunnings, but alas! I have not the courage to do battle with the Gunnings for when one refuses an invitation of Mrs. Gunning's she marshalls the married daughter and the echoing husband to persuade one and Mrs. Osborne pressing food upon her guests becomes a pallid figure to make

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Benson shudder for the inadequacy of his creation when the Gunnings begin to beg one to help them spend their money, so I yield at the first onset, rather than waste more time in my refusal, knowing that eventually I shall go and all the way there I shall hear how much more Birmingham offers than Atlanta with its ostentatious week of Grand Opera each winter and how wonderful, are the Gunning receptions where the Governor and Mrs. Governor come to stand beside the host and hostess and the caterer comes with his staff from New York.

I wonder why southern people who make enough money to indulge their fancies want to import caterers from New York, when it is a well known fact that southern food, prepared by southern darkies, is the best thing to eat in the world!

But I would not be without the Gunnings; they are like salt to an egg in our smug accustomed group. They make us notice them: they actually buy our social attention. They give us cocktails made of real gin, when our taste has become vitiated by the synthetic variety and we cannot appreciate the pre-war flavours that we hear spoken of as each mouthful vanishes. Their Packards and Pierce-Arrows groan under the burden of aristocratic Virginians, Pennsylvanians and New Yorkers on their way, against their aristocratic wills, to chicken and waffle dinners at Elmherst.

The Gunnings' clothes are marvels of beauty and elegance: moreover they play bridge in a manner to delight the soul of Mrs. Noland who makes her expenses by teaching people how to play and then playing with them! The Gunnings love to lose; it seems to them a mark of caste, but as their crisp yellow backed bills change hands I am obsessed by the thought of sweating workers in a cotton mill who make possible this royal prodigality and I am firm on one point at least: I will ride in their motors when I can no longer resist the united family importunities, but I will not play bridge with them.

Yes, the Gunnings have added tang to the Old White this summer: they furnish gossip for the old ladies and their endless knitting which is really as important as the money for Mrs. Noland, and they have a sort of pervasive splendour which is reflected even in the servants dining room and the little village of Dry Creek!



POETRY

A Grave in France

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

A grave can hold so many things . . .
Not only flesh that once met flesh
In sweetest intimacy . . .
Not only memories that sear the soul
With longings never to be stilled . . .
But hopes, and valiant plans,
And dreams on which men build their futures,
And, precious more than all the rest,
The certainty of that companionship
In placid, tacit harmony
That gives the setting sun of life
Its golden glow.

There is a grave upon a distant shore,
Where land and wave and sky combine
To weave for love a scene as bright
As love's first blush.
Within that grave lies buried all
That made my life worth living.
That grave is all I have today . . .
A lonely grave in France . . .
A grave as poor and cold
As mine own withered heart,
And dearer yet than life to me.

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Duke Chapel

By JOHN BARRETT

So, you too have come to view
this splendor of man-made hands,
this spectacle of the night
far-flung in all its brilliance
'gainst the evening's dusk?
And you as one have marvelled
at its majesty,
thinking it a thing
not of the earth,
but peopled with the gods
of molding ages.
And you have listened,
forgetful of the earth
with all its misery,
dreaming of the blissful Nowhere
told by its golden bells.
And you have thought
that in this holy place
you see a sanctuary,
symbolical of the living dead.
And you have breathed
a silent prayer
and gently wept
and gone your way.
And you have told
in reverent awe
its story of eternal peace,
believing that you know
the secret of its greatness.

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But you do not know
that underneath that monument
lies a simple love,
greater far than the vastness
of its sheltering dome,
for it is a simple love
and lives quivering in my heart.

Midday Slumber

By DAVID CORNELL DEJONG

Is it then that swallows go keeling so,
swift line to the sun, arch to the wind,
and leave the land untroubled, blown
with seed-heard grasses, and a sky
immaculate like blue on snow,
because our eyes
have willed it thus,
and asked it so?

It is the cloudless light on aspen, grown
near green, the feet-deep green of lakes
black in the snow, that comes unsheltered now.
And cattle on the hill walk steep,
and measure into sky each all alone,
so still my thoughts walk on
and sever me, till I am leaf,
or stone.

As blackly as the buzzards spread, so wide
the culms of grasses bend and surge,
then slope against the throat, until
I fail and lap all stillness in
and sleep in sleep.

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Diffusion

By TOM CARRIGER

I have watched
The smooth, independent flutter
Of the short shadows
Of pines at noon,
Short shadows upon bright green grass.

Toward evening
I have seen
These shadows
Lengthen
In sympathetic longing
Stretching out to touch—
To mingle with one another
Before all are lost in the night.

I have seen young men
Pass each other
With indifferent stare.

I have heard
The wistfulness
In old men's voices
As they pass the time of day.

Grotto

By TOM CARRIGER

Vibrant through the velvet night
Sounds the hunter's horn.
Crying along silhouetting light
The hounds greet the morn.
Day comes and brings surcease
To such nocturnal song,
But from its clatter I seek release
In memories echoing long.

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A Dream

By RICHARD SMITH

I stood alone
In the silence of the night,
And God gave me
The world
From which to build
An ideal.

She stood forth
Lovely as the glow
Of answered prayers
Around
A ruined sanctuary.

Then, swiftly,
She vanished
And overhead
A new star shone:
A Mother,
Looking through prison bars
At the storm-tossed earth.

Persian Quatrain

By ASADULLAH BEIJAN

Translated by May Folwell Hoisington

Though my tear-drops fall as rain . . . Oh, chide me not!
Though my song is fluting pain . . . Oh, chide me not!
Separated from the one who holds my heart,
It is Death's Cup I would drain . . . Oh, chide me not!

BARRETT'S LAMP

He was born in a dilapidated farm house in the "mountain fastness of North Carolina," the fourth of twenty-one children. His father was a preacher, doctor, and farmer; a scholar of the old school; a determined, bluff, plainspoken, hardheaded, man, yet one of the most sincere and conscientious in the community. His mother was an all-enduring, silent, and sympathetic woman.

His earliest memory was of the typical small town school of the later nineteenth century, with lessons from dawn until dark during six winter months. But the day's work was not ended when darkness came. There was a three mile trudge through snow and ice; as often as not in bare feet; for even in the days when there were only eight or nine children life was not easy. At home there were chores to do, then supper by lamp light. When the dishes were cleared away the vicinity of the kitchen table throbbed with the tense industry of seven, eight, or nine tired little bodies and numb little minds. No matter how late it was when the last book was listlessly closed there was the long sonorous reading of the Bible and the tedious, meaningless prayer. Then away to a cold bed until a new dawn approached.

In the summer life was a little easier. Then the scanty clothes and shabby beds were unimportant, and there was an abundance to eat. There were long, lazy, evenings to while away with songs, stories, or recitations. Occasionally, when Pa was away, there was time for a swim or a fishing trip.

As he grew older it was to his mother that he turned to pour out all the yearnings of his boyish soul. To her he revealed his thirst for "book learning." He told her of his desire to be able to talk; to be a preacher, lawyer, teacher,—any avenue which would lead to a chance for self expression. They laughed together over his vivid picture of himself arguing a make believe lawsuit to a make believe jury of cornstalks! And they chokily agreed that he must and would have a chance to fulfill his desire.

And that chance had its origin in his mother's death. For then, in a

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moment of overwhelming grief, his father promised that he should go to college.

After two years of college, because his father thought his dream a vain one, there was no money for law school. The next few years were one continual struggle for existence, and the boyish ambition to study law grew weaker and weaker. During this time he read some law, theology, and medicine; he sold real estate, dry goods, and insurance; he was a soldier, barber, and railroad man; he was a teacher and part-time preacher. While running on the railroad he met and married the daughter of one of those typical "impoverished Southern gentlemen." She was poor, yes, unlearned, yes, but she was sensible, genteel, and ambitious. He was now twenty-seven, his wife was eighteen.

Somehow they managed to exist for two years. Then, because things couldn't have been much worse, he made the bold move which was to determine the future. Under his wife's influence the old desire to study law had been revived. In desperation, the man pocketed a hundred dollars, took his wife and child and set out for law school.

During his six months in law school his entire outlook on life was temporarily changed. From the rough, uncouth, mountain dreamer he turned to a bitter, antagonistic man. He had never had a great many close friends: such is not the nature of the mountaineer. But he had been among his own kind. Now he was subjected to ceaseless jeering because of the innate mountaineer qualities of conduct and demeanor. No one cared to "get under the crust" and find the simple, generous, kindly soul beneath that rough exterior. So, because he did not fit, and because it was not a part of his creed to push in where he was not wanted he buried his hurt and resentfulness in his constant studying. In six months time he covered a two year law course, and at graduation his scholastic average was ninety-eight and two-thirds,—second highest in a class of thirteen full time students. If he could not win friends he could win admiration, however begrudged. Here was his first taste of real achievement!

Back in the home town success did not come easily. Here, because of his ambition and "high flightedness" he was as greatly misunderstood as he had been at school. It was only after years of work—holding steadfastly

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to a code of honesty and fair play, and somehow managing to win the cases which came his way—that he gradually and tediously built up his practice to the point where he was recognized as a dependable lawyer. He had won success from his home town and was content.

Not so his wife. His vision was of today; her's of tomorrow. She realized something of his real power and set out to prepare him to take his place in that visualized Tomorrow. She wore away his argumentative nature, she snatched the burrs of speech from his lips; she accentuated his gentleness and sympathy; she built from rough clay a man of real worth, and her tools were love and sympathy.

In the eyes of the townspeople "Mrs. was th' stuckupest mortal! And she makes that pore man o' hern wear a coat tu meals! An' her chilluns too good tu play with ourn!"

He did not thank her then; it was seventeen years before he could look back with unprejudiced eyes upon his former self and make a just comparison of "that pore man" and the man of today. The odds were then against the townspeople.

* * * *

Let me take you sightseeing, and, incidentally, show you a little of life. First let us drive through the square of this thriving city of forty thousands. Do you see that fine building on your left? A friend of mine has his law office there. He has the reputation of being the biggest trial lawyer in the western part of the state. And now we'll go this way, by the biggest Church in the city. My friend is one of its strongest and most influential members. Out this street a short way and you'll see the country club, of which he is a member. And here on our best residential street we see his lovely home.

And so, we leave The Man. He has drunk deep of the cup of life and finds in the dregs a measure of happiness. His contentment is complete; he has lived the abundant life.

BOOKS

Another Campaign Biography

Franklin D. Roosevelt; a Career in Progressive Democracy. By Ernest K. Lindley.
Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 389 pp. \$3.00.

This book was an item in the pre-convention campaign to obtain the Democratic nomination for the presidency. It contains much information concerning the life of its subject, probably accurate enough. But its purpose is to reveal him as an available candidate, not as an able man who has occasionally made mistakes. It is the work of a reporter of news writing for a paper already committed to a cause. The author had a keen eye for facts supporting the conclusion reached in advance. If he saw things on the other side, they did not belong in his story.

The material is organized, as it was gathered, in the manner of a journalist rather than of a biographer. The first two chapters make the points uppermost in the mind of the author; viz., that Roosevelt was drafted as the candidate for governor in 1928 because his character and achievements made him a source of strength to the national ticket, and that his recovery from infantile paralysis is complete enough to enable him to serve as president.

The book is an excellent example of partisan journalism, admirably adapted to serve as a campaign document. It would be unreasonable to expect it to be more.

—W. T. LAPRADE.

*The THOMAS-QUICKEL CO. are now offering this book at a considerable reduction in the original cost.

Inconsequential Satire

They Winter Abroad. By James Aston. New York: The Viking Press. 314 pp.
\$2.50.

They Winter Abroad is a witty and amusing story of a group of English men and women who are spending the winter at the Hotel Santo

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Biagio on the Sorrentine Peninsula in Italy. Somewhat similar to *Grand Hotel* in plan but dealing with an entirely different type of character the book treats these people and their loves and hates in a light satiric manner. It is an interesting and entertaining book but is not a significant one.

The author is unknown but the London publishers admit that the pseudonym hides an author who is already well known. Several names have been proposed by the English reviewers, and the following have all been named as candidates: Norman Douglas, Eric Linklater, Aldous Huxley, Richard Hughes, John Collier, Harold Acton, David Garnett, Edward Charles, and Evelyn Waugh.

The dialogue is bright and sprightly; the characterizations, especially those of the frustrated elderly ladies, are amusing; the plot is entertaining. The predominating mood is one of raillery and satire, but often enough to keep his epigrams from becoming tedious the author shows an ability to use pathos and to create a sense of deeper emotions and psychological reactions.

—A. T. WEST.

*You may purchase a copy of this book from THOMAS-QUICKEL CO.

Willa Cather Returns

Obscure Destinies. By Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 230 pp. \$2.00.

Obscure Destinies springs from the pen of Miss Cather with a new warmth and unsentimental tenderness not at all to be confused with the softness of *Shadows on the Rock*. In going back to the scenes of her childhood, she has given deeply of herself in two of the three long short stories to conclude less effectively with *Two Friends*.

The tale *Neighbor Rosicky* is of an old Bohemian peasant and his fight for the tranquility of a life in the country as contrasted to the intimate contamination of the city, where he felt unable to escape from the wickedness of his neighbors. There is about the old man a quiet wonder and a simple faith that seemed to warm everything he touched, making his American-born daughter-in-law content with life on a lonely Nebraska farm. Earth hunger and escape are the dominant themes of this story, woven by simple recollections and naïve discourse into an exquisite miniature.

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Old Mrs. Harris, the longest of the three stories is perhaps the most artistic. Two families, that of the Rosens' with its dominant background of German culture and Victoria Templeton's springing from feudal Tennessee, are placed in striking contrast. There is not a great deal of narrative interest, but a very cleverly constructed motif of suspense weaves through the story, making one constantly expectant of a surprise that never comes. And this is artistically legitimate when it is considered that this sketch is not of the particular but may rather be taken as an accurate cross-section of any American town before the late 1920's. It is more intimate, more searching than the observations of Sinclair Lewis, giving as it does for one breathless instant a deep insight into the basic forces of personalities living in that temporary adjustment called town.

In *Two Friends*, Miss Cather is quite accurate up to a certain point, and then the actions of the characters become unmotivated. R. E. Dillon, a banker, and J. H. Truman, a stockman, are fast friends living in an age when business was a personal adventure, not a matter of cold efficiency and deadly competition. Their friendship breaks up because of a difference of opinion relative to William Jennings Bryan and Free Silver. This in itself is perfectly permissible, but the ensuing action of the pair follows no psychological order.

It is perhaps to be wondered at that Miss Cather did not follow through in making *Two Friends* merely a story of men who differed in a matter of principle. "J. H." and "R. E." are her kind of people, people living to escape the existing order.

But nevertheless her old art has returned with a new strength and elasticity which promises to make of *Obscure Destinies*, splendid as it is, merely a prelude.

RICHARD SMITH.

*On sale at THOMAS-QUICKEL Co.

Chaos Beneath a Placid Surface

The Sheltered Life. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Co. 395 pp. \$2.50.

True artistry must be recognized. When the two foremost Sunday book review supplements of New York newspapers simultaneously devote

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their front pages to reviews of one book, an almost unprecedented occurrence, one may be sure that the book thus honored is outstanding. Miss Glasgow's latest work, *The Sheltered Life*, was accorded this distinction upon publication, but it would be literary persiflage to term this book as outstanding; it is a master portrait by a distinguished artist, and is easily the greatest fictional work produced in America this year. Ellen Glasgow has, since the publication of *Barren Ground* in 1925, been recognized as one of our greater novelists, but no one, however optimistic, dreamed that she would produce the masterpiece that *The Sheltered Life* is seen to be at a glance. Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, one of this country's greater critics, most aptly describes the effect of the book in saying that "when a mind as subtle and civilized as Miss Glasgow's looks at us there are new thrills, new beauties, a new kind of tragedy. Only the irony is old."

In essence, this novel is just what its title indicates—a study of the sheltered life. But, in a broader sense, it reveals to us the chaos and sorrow that often stirs rebelliously beneath the overtly placid surface of those who live sheltered from the buffets dealt by a world of materialism. Miss Glasgow takes three people—a young girl, a woman in the full bloom of beauty, and an old man—and chronicles their lives, thoughts, and actions over a period of about nine years. The girl enters young womanhood, alive to the promise of life; the woman sees her vivid beauty fade under the pressure of illness and domestic tragedy; the old man reflects on what he might have been, might have done, and lets time go on unhindered. Time and its work is a vital factor in this book. It is time that espouses the worst and the best in the lives of Jenny Blair Archbald, Eva Birdsong, and old General Archbald, and brings out the tragic interwoven pattern of their three lives. The rest is left to the incredible insight into human motive and action that Miss Glasgow so accurately transmutes into the written word.

In Virginia, the section of the country that she knows best, the author lays the scene of this book. The small city of Queenborough still retained its few aristocrats of the ante-bellum era, and one of these was General Archbald, who lived there with his two daughters and his widowed daughter-in-law and her child. Their household was sheltered, as was their lives,

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by the security of money and social position. At the other end of the street lived George and Eva Birdsong—Eva, the great Virginia beauty of the nineties, and George, whom she had married against parental wishes. The lives of these two families presents a contrast—the Archbalds were secure financially and the Birdsong's lived meagrely—but they were curiously interwoven. From the age of ten, Jenny Blair Archbald loved George Birdsong, first with the love of a child and later with the passion of a woman grown. Old General Archbald, knowing George's singular emotional complex and his consequent infidelity, felt a protective interest in the beautiful Eva. Back of her vivacious outer self, Mrs. Birdsong hid the torture of the knowledge of her husband's inconstancy and faced the world with a smile. The years passed. Eva's beauty fades with the ravages of illness and worry; General Archbald succumbs to the eventual quiet and resignation of old age, and, in the throbbing, poignant climax, Jenny sees life in its stark aspects for the first time as she cries on her grandfather's shoulder, "Oh, Grandfather, I didn't mean anything, I didn't mean anything in the world."

Besides the rich emotional tone of her book, Miss Glasgow gives American literature several memorable characterizations which must live long in literature's annals. In General Archbald she adds to the reputation she has achieved in creating old gentlemen in a realistic manner. George Birdsong remains in one's memory as a sort of Frankenstein of the emotions—a man who loved his wife dearly, yet who could not compel himself to forego illicit affairs, a creator and a destroyer of the best that was in him. Jenny Blair Archbald was so natural at certain times and so unnatural at other that she remains an enigma in the mind of the reader. Eva Birdsong is a classic example of the woman who can bear poverty and obscurity without complaint, but who is broken by a husband's infidelity. *The Sheltered Life* is the product of a mind which has observed acutely and thought deeply. Ellen Glasgow richly deserves the praise her book has received. Ten years hence, its value will be more appreciated.

WILLIAM H. LONG.

*This book may be obtained from the THOMAS-QUICKEL Co. of Durham.

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A Literary Genius Is Acclaimed

Inheritance. By Phyllis Bentley. New York: Macmillan Co. 592 pp. \$2.50.

It is very rare indeed that a book of such scope as *Inheritance* meets with popular approval. But here is a book that fills every book lover's desire. First, it has literary merit—it is a story of serious intent. It has an entertainment value that is never found in the usual light novel. This is true because Phyllis Bentley has never once in the five hundred and ninety two pages of her book allowed the reader's interest to lag, nor in the telling of her long family history has she allowed the magnetism of her characters to lapse into the mediocre.

In the present day hurry and bustle of life, few authors take the patience or have the ability to draw a character, even one character, that will impress itself deeply into the minds and hearts of her reading public. Phyllis Bentley has done more than this; she has created numerous characters that can not be forgotten, and with whom the reader is entirely in sympathy. She intricately weaves the pattern of her characters through five generations, finally tying into a perfect and finished whole one person who is the sum total of five generations of intricately maneuvered parenthood.

Inheritance is the story of the Oldroyd family, English textile manufacturers, interwoven with Bramforths, Thorpes, and Mellors. The Oldroyd family epitomizes the manufacturing class and the moneyed interests, while the Bramforths, Thorpes, and Mellors are characteristic of a laboring class who are struggling for fair wages and a decent living, against the ever rising tide of the machine age. Miss Bentley weaves these two classes together through intermarriage and inter-relationship and builds up a story that is so human and so sympathetic, thus certainly unfolding to any reader who is interested in good literature, a story of rare charm and beauty. How she deals with her economic problems and so vividly portrays the feelings and the thoughts of both classes of people and of both men and women, causes the reader to stop and revel in her flow of language and to admire her genius.

Inheritance, while it is a long family history, leaves the reader an unequivocal consciousness that after all is said and done—after worldly

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goods have been bestowed and long since spent, the greatest inheritance of all is the characteristics, the mannerisms, the courage, and the inevitable traits which are passed on from generation to generation. It is a pleasure to read and to even reread a book that puts its stamp of quality so deeply into the minds of its readers. It is a rare privilege indeed to read a book that will undoubtedly rank in generations to come as one of this generation's masterpieces. *Inheritance* is such a book.

To endeavor to give a synopsis of the story in a review so short would be to insult so brilliant an author. My unreserved recommendation is to most enthusiastically invite you to read this book. It is well worth the time of the busiest of people; it is a compliment to the intelligence of the most scholarly; it is a delight to even the most casual. —KROUSE QUICK.

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Futile Strivings

Inchin' Along. By Welbourn Kelley. New York: William Morrow & Co. 277 pp. \$2.50.

Welbourne Kelley in *Inchin' Along* has given the reader a novel that smells of the soil of the Deep South, rural Alabama down Mobile way, in the cool of the dusk and the shimmering heat of summer days. In this story is pictured simple life—that of the black man among virgin swamp soil, cypress trees, and a torpid river. Dink Britt, an Alabama Negro, has decided that it is the sweat of the black man that keeps the white plantation owner on top and the nigger sweating; so he has planned to build for himself and to this end has saved what he earned. Having purchased a small farm, he moves forward on his own efforts, saving what he makes and adding to what he has saved. His efforts, however, are not without tremendous odds, for he lives in one of those sections where the white man

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owns the land and the niggers with it; so his self-reliance and evident progress do not set well with the plantation owners who fear that such is not good argument with which to keep niggers slaving and happy and always in the white man's debt because he keeps the books. The story is spun of the same yarn as are the numerous folk stories and superstitions which are the joint property of both the Southern white and the Negro. The recounting of these superstitions and customs brings to the mind of the Southern white many familiar things and furnishes interesting reading for those not knowing the Southern Negro first hand.

There is a bit of the sordid, however, which drags its slimy self through the first part of the story, playing up the licentious white in the person of Cap'm Lawson, who too frequently rides his strawberry mare through Dink's clearing, *looking for stray cows*. Dink's wife is half white, and there is the constant warring within her of her two selves—the white and the black. Aside from its sordid nature this warfare serves well as

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the vehicle for a subtle treatment of the two races. After the licentious white nature has had its fling and has reaped the whirlwind for Lessie, her black nature comes to the surface and lasts for the remainder of the story, teaching a moral that goes hand in hand. It is at this point that the dramatic power of the story grips the reader who wishes to help up the browbeaten nigger and slap down the swearing, domineering white who though it is supposedly 1918 still refuses to recognize Appomattox. Here, however, is just that part of the story that is overdrawn, for while such conditions and relations of white and black are characteristic of some sections of the agricultural Deep South, they are by no means true to numerous other sections where the Southern white and the Negro have their parallel civilizations, each rising as high within his own as his ability will permit. The story, however, does rightly reveal the weakness of farm tenantry for both the white and the black tenant in that it smacks of the usurious nature of the time merchant and the supply-furnishing

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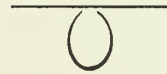
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plantation owner. From the beginning of the story in which Dink Britt lives his colorless life among clumps of sassafras bushes, patches of swamp sedge, and bushy, green dogfennel—a lazy life beside a lazy river over which come faintly the plunks of banjo strummed by nigger fingers on a neighboring plantation—from such a commonplace level the story rises to a powerful and dramatic climax in the unwarranted lynching of Big Shine, and after the horrible ordeal sings suddenly low again—as low as the humble souls who have an undying faith in the eternal fitness of things.

A. C. JORDAN.

*To those of its readers who wish to purchase this book, the ARCHIVE recommends the THOMAS-QUICKEL Co. of Durham.

The Green of Tragedy

The Laughing Pioneer. By Paul Green. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 282 pp. \$2.00.

With *The Laughing Pioneer* Mr. Green has taken a temporary departure from the stage. Yet in no way has he taken leave of his people and the eastern Carolina locality that have been the actors and the setting for his plays. Regional interpretation is well; but it is well also to remember that a region will not bear but so much interpretation. I hope that soon he will go a little farther from home, or at least tire of the worn social problem that the degenerate aristocrats of *The House of Connelly* and *The Laughing Pioneer* have been faced with.

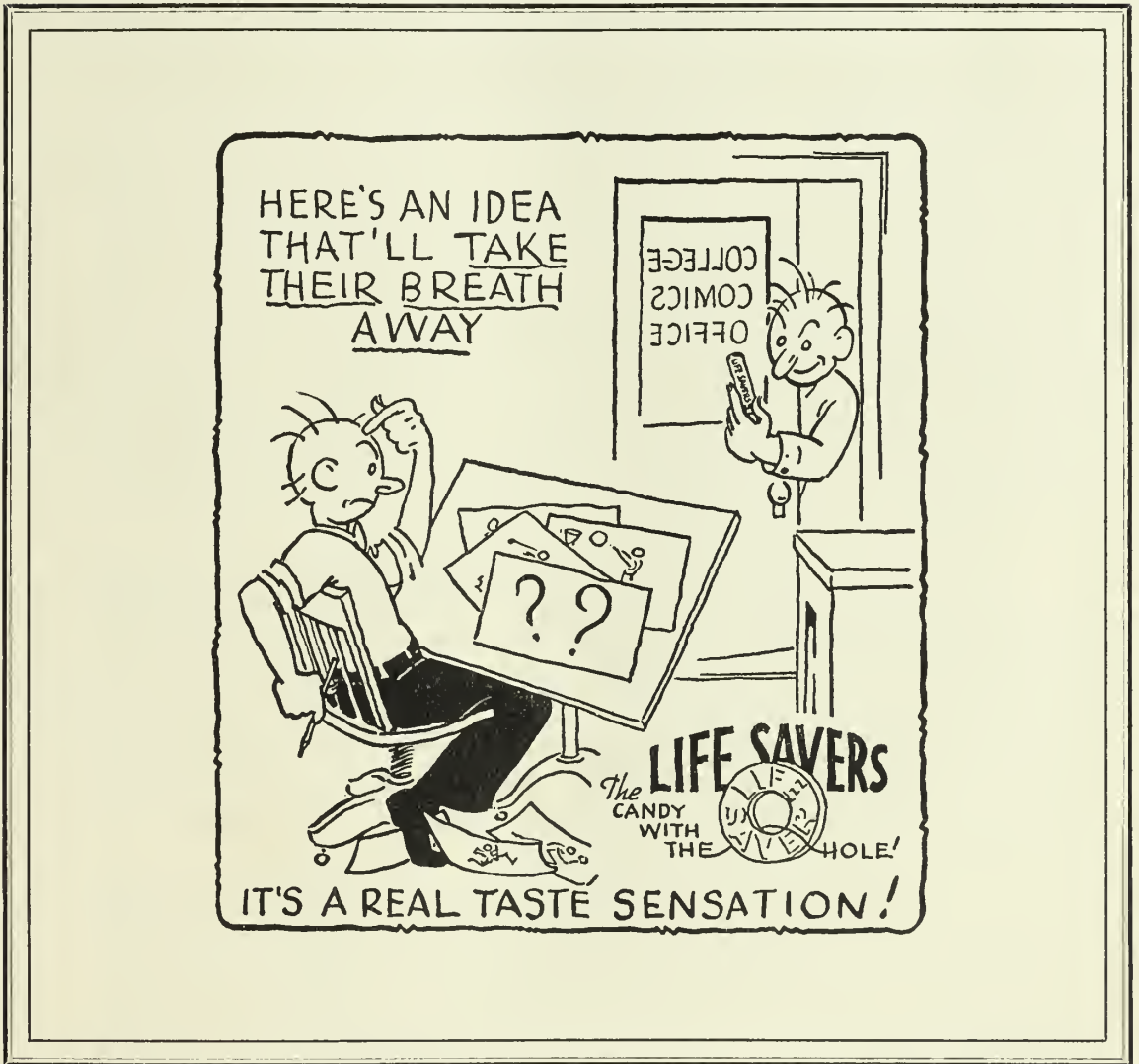
The plot of this novel is simple: Miss Alice is the daughter of Judge John Long. Theirs are the vapid lives of those whom present circumstances force to live in the past. But Miss Alice is not quite ready for resignation. A glimpse into a new life quickens the realization of the emptiness of her own. Danny Lawton is the new life; he is the antithesis to everything that Miss Alice has known. Thus in the ardor of new desire her conservative relations with the prosaic Rorie Armstrong are disrupted. Judge John dies; and in innocence and devotion Miss Alice and Danny begin a new life together. Danny repairs the barns and the fences; he reclaims the land; and with the freshness of the new life of the fields

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comes the freshness of romance. But such things the good neighbors can not tolerate. The plebian passion for conformity is the tragedy.

Clearly this novel is an attempt to illustrate the compromise of an inherently great social class; or as some have suggested, the kaleidoscopic adjustments of a new South. But is is a theme already well developed in modern American fiction. Mr. Green can add only deep sympathy and thorough understanding.

—OVID W. PIERCE, JR.



THE ARCHIVE

A Masterpiece of Sympathetic Realism

The Good Earth. By Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Co. 375 pp. \$2.50.

Pearl Buck grew up among the Chinese. She received her elementary education side by side with them, and she enjoyed her hours of recreation playing their own ancient games with them. With a certain pride and joy, rather than with any feeling of embarrassment, she tells us that she was not only among them, but she was really one of them, accepted and loved by them. Their life was her life, and when she came to America to enter college, she found herself bewildered and very much frightened by the turmoil, the noise, and the nervous hurry of the metropolises of what was, at least nominally, her native land. To her the American way of living seems to be rather frantic and futile.

In the American colleges she was regarded somewhat as a person not altogether real and normal; she was pointed out as something of a curiosity and as "the girl who grew up in China and who can speak Chinese." But she liked the American girls, she says, as soon as she became accustomed to the national peculiarities of their way of living, and it was here in an American school and in American communities that the conception of the theme of what was later to be a Pulitzer Prize winner had its incipency. It was then that she realized that life is fundamentally the same the wide world over, that these Americans about her were beneath their white skins identical in character to her brown friends in the Orient.

Later, after returning to China and entering upon a life at the university in Nanking, she set about the task she had elected for herself of revealing the great truth that she had perceived: to wit, regardless of the external forms and conventions of the people in the divers parts of the world, the great principles upon which their lives are founded and the eternal emotions that motivate their conduct are identical in essence. The theme was treated in her first effort, *East Wind: West Wind*, but it was not until later in *The Good Earth* that she really attained the excellence which marks her as one of the truly great artists of our time.

Founded upon the author's years of intimate contact with its people, *The Good Earth* affords us of the western world a detailed, authentic study

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of China that comes as something of a godsend at this peculiar time when the affairs of the East are of such vital concern to us. There has not been any study of China to excel it, and, in my personal case, this land on the other side of the world was made real for the first time. To us who have obtained our information of China from the mercenary work of tourists who, after sojourning for a brief time in the European city of Shanghai, set about writing highly romantic and colored descriptions of the Orient, our impression of China has been one of a fairy-land where tinkling bells of picturesque pagodas are heard continually drifting across still night air that is laden with the seductive fragrance of lotus flowers, a land where one's time is idled away gazing upon dark, almond-eyed beauties or losing oneself in erotic opium dreams in which the beauties are even darker, even more almond-eyed, and much less encumbered by clothing. Or perhaps our impression has been derived from works that interpreted this foreign land only in terms of "the Yellow Peril."

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THE ARCHIVE

But *The Good Earth* is free of all that. China is revealed as a great land whose inhabitants are essentially like ourselves. Wang Lung, the Chinese farmer, is more than that—he is Wang Lung, citizen of the world, and his life is in its basic features the life of any man whom we might meet on Main Street. His struggle against poverty, his rise to a position of affluence, his loves and ambitions and trials—all could have been told, with only the differences of external custom, of a farmer in the Carolinas or Iowa, on the steppes or the veldt or the pampas. And it is for this reason—its universal and everlasting quality—that *The Good Earth* has won its place as an excellent piece of art, for art, in the last analysis and regardless of the diverse specifications of individuals, is the expression of the universal and eternal in life. True art must show the permanent and the universal that is immanent within the transitory and the individual. The primary excellence of *The Good Earth* is that it possesses this quality.

Mrs. Buck's style is extremely simple. She explains it as a natural consequence of her life among the simply-speaking, almost taciturn people of her childhood and of much intense reading of the Bible. Her characterizations are thorough and vivid: Wang Lung is virtually a man of flesh and blood, whose breathing we see and whose thoughts and feelings we know almost as we know our own. O-lan, his stolid, patiently plodding wife, is no less thoroughly drawn. Through all the long years of Wang Lung's struggle against poverty we see her toiling silently at his side, and though she seldom speaks, her pain and her suffering strike a note of poignant sympathy within us. Wang Lung bought her from slavery in the great House of Hwang, and she went to his home to share in his labor. She tilled the soil with him, she bore him strong sons, she cooked his meals, she cared for his aged father—she was a good wife. The minor characters are portrayed equally well, and it is as much due to their excellence as to that of the protagonist that *The Good Earth* takes its place as a masterpiece of sympathetic realism.

GEORGE HARWELL.

THE ARCHIVE

ROSES

(Continued from page 9)

The old man's grasp tightened on my arm. "Tell me," he said, forcing his wizened, anxious face into mine. "Tell me that my flower is the most beautiful."

I felt myself sinking, weak and sick. Striking out blindly, I pushed him from me.

"Your memory is your damnation!" I cried bitterly, anxious to hurt him. "You remember only the fragrance. Have you forgotten the thorns? the hard, cruel thorns that pricked you and caused you to bleed? Have you forgotten them that wounded you, stabbed you, would have killed you when you only sought the sweetness and the beauty?"

He relaxed his hard grip upon me, but keeping one hand on mine, he turned slowly, and my eyes involuntarily followed his that stared beyond into the shadows of the forest.

"Tomorrow, out yonder somewhere"—he pointed toward the dark, mysterious forest—"I shall go and find a new kind of rose—one that will be more beautiful than this one. It will be a rose that blossoms forever in sunshine that is never clouded and that is never scorching. It will be fed forever by cool springs that rise deep within the rich soil that nourishes its roots, and it will never wither."

He left me standing alone, gazing into the blackness and the eternal solitude that was the forest. From somewhere out of the void that engulfed me, I heard again the soft, sweet notes of the organ floating across the stillness. Calm and peace and comfort gradually came to soothe me again, and, like a man eased of a feverish dream, I saw and understood all: the worn path that men had traveled down the years, the path that so mercifully paused at the little chapel before it passed on into the dark veil of the mighty forest.

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CON CREGAN'S LEGACY

(Continued from page 13)

dows behind Murphy's house, the forge, and the right of turf on the Dooran bog. I give him, and much good may it do him, Lanty Cassarn's acre, and the Luary field, with the limekiln; and that reminds me that my mouth is just as dry; let me taste what ye have in the jug. [*Dying man takes a hearty pull, and is refreshed.*] Where was I, Billy Scanlan, oh, I remember, at the limekiln; I leave him—that's Matthew, I mean—the two potato gardens at Noonan's Well; and it is the elegant fine crops grows there.

MAT: Ain't you gettin' wake, father, darlin'?

CON: I am, Mat, my son—I am gettin' wake; just touch my lips again with the jug. Ah, Mat, Mat, you wathered the drink!

MAT: No, indeed, father; but it's the taste is lavin' you.

[*General chorus of compassionate pity.*]

CON: Well, I'm nearly done now; there's only one little plot of ground remaining; and I put it on you, Matthew—as ye wish to live a good man, and die with the same easy heart I do now—that ye mind my last words to ye here. Are ye listening? Are the neighbours listening? Is Billy Scanlan listening?

[*General chorus—Yes, yes, father—we're all listening.*]

CON: Well, then, it's my last will and testament, and may—give me over the jug—[*a long pull*] and may that

blessed liquor be poison to me if I'm not as eager about this as every other part of my will; I say, then, I bequith the little plot at the crossroads to poor Con Cregan; for he has a very heavy charge; and is as honest and as hard-working a man as ever I know. Be a friend to him, Matthew, dear; never let him want while ye have it yourself; think on me on my deathbed whenever he asks ye for any trifle. Is it down, Billy Scanlan? The two acres at the cross to Con Cregan, and his heirs in secla seclorum. Ah, blessed be the saints! but I feel my heart lighter after that—a good work makes an easy conscience; and now I'll drink all the company's good health, and many happy returns—

[*Mat fears more loquaciousness, so hurries all the folk out of the house, to let his father die in peace.*] [*He returns—*]

MAT: Con, ye did it all well; but sure that was a joke about the two acres at the cross.

CON: Of course it was, Mat, 'twas all a joke for that matter. Won't it make the neighbours laugh hearty tomorrow whin I tell them about it?

MAT: You wouldn't be mean enough to betray me?

CON: Sure, ye wouldn't be mean enough to go against yer father's dyin' word, would ye, Matthew?

[*Mat is speechless, Con gives a low, wicked laugh, and reaches for the jug as—*] THE CURTAIN FALLS

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An Offer

In this month's editorial the staff has in all fairness extended an invitation to every student of Duke University, an acceptance of which would do much toward restoring the ARCHIVE to its former position of popularity and respect on the campus.

The editor, duty-bound to his school, realizes that it is his obligation to see that the magazine is printed each month, regardless of the source of his material. Furthermore, understanding that this is the same problem which recent editors have had to face heroically and being convinced that these same editors have had to turn, out of sheer desperation in many instances, to outsiders for contributions with which to fill the pages of the ARCHIVE, he wishes to present his own case to you as plainly, as forcibly, and as earnestly as possible.

There is at present enough material written by students, supplemented by articles of foreign sources, to compose one more issue. If, during the next few weeks, student writers fail to submit their work and continue to disregard their school magazine as a welcoming medium for literary expression, the editor, in all faith to his office, must go the same road that has been traveled by his predecessors of late and request contributions from outsiders. Now, he is offering you your magazine and is asking for your support in his attempt to make the ARCHIVE once again a publication of the students, by the students, for the students.

IT'S UP TO YOU !

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT ?

The ARCHIVE

VOLUME XLV

NOVEMBER, 1932

NUMBER 2

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, at Durham, North Carolina.

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Dedication to

Marie Updike White

Instructor in English at Duke University

In whom we see embodied those essential womanly qualities:
charm, intelligence, and understanding.

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"... point their long dirty fingers through my soul..."

—I, MURDERER

by Leslie Albion Squires.

The ARCHIVE

NOVEMBER 1932

VOL. XLV

No. 2

EDITORIAL

COLLEGIATE RADICALISM

When the first elements of radicalism begin to appear in the basic structure of a community devoted to the advancement and culture of its members, it is imperative that the leaders and administrators of such a threatened group provide means with which this evil may be confronted, defeated, and barred from future penetration. To the colleges and universities of this nation, faced today more than ever with the intrusion of the policies, the theories, and the philosophies of these radical elements in their effort to plant firmly their beliefs as to the weakness and deficiency of organized society, falls the heroic and gigantic task of eliminating and forbidding such disastrous preachments among students, many of whom without sufficient experience and in an unsettled state of mental development—qualities which are vital to the individual in detecting harmful action.

The college youth of America, supposedly safe from the influence of undesirable thinkers, has come into contact with a force so embracing in its national sweep that, while not succumbing completely to the novelty and bizarre effect of the movement, he has allowed his mind to become polluted with the ravings of radical advocates—mental fanatics seeking to tear down that which is upheld by sane society and to put in motion that which may lead to decay and utter ruin. He has imagined in this new exploited doctrine a salvation for the oppressed, a haven of refuge for the laboring weary, and a light that will guide the ignorant from their abyss of darkness into the brilliance of a new beginning and an everlasting peace. He has seen himself in the role of a martyr, a man destined by Fate to strike the manacles of abuse and tyranny from the chain-scarred limbs of industrial slaves, a great leader from whose lips will pour the hysterical cry to arms for an army of believers who have waited long for this deliverance. He has overlooked the insanity of the scheme, the impossibility of control by a distinct minority-in-sympathy, the objection to a change in power held by the more conservative

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social order, and a study and complete understanding of the theories which his eager sponsors are seeking to instill in him. He has not thought carefully of these factors, because he has become an embryonic disciple of the cause, advocating liberalism in speech and thought, whether or not such action be for the welfare of the social whole—yet, so intrigued by active participation in the crusade that he has failed to consider the reaction of the opposing millions, millions who stand to assure the integrity of a nation founded on principles that promote good for mankind and on principles that shall not be overthrown to satisfy the unquestionable greed of impossible extremists.

There are many universities which have succeeded admirably in forbidding the adoption or the practice of radical views, and it is on these institutions that exponents of radicalism are concentrating their power in an effort to gain a substantial foothold. They have found that the best medium which they can use to reach every student is available through the campus publications; consequently, daily mails bring a deluge of their propaganda in which they appeal to the intelligence (or lack of it) of the editor, reaffirming their belief in a need for governmental, social, and industrial change, and requesting favorable editorial comment, all the while playing upon the vanity of the unsuspecting young journalist in presenting to him a most extraordinary list of outstanding writers and thinkers who have expressed confidence in their wild plans, which usually is merely a gesture on the part of these outspoken men of letters in order to satisfy the demands of their artistic temperament through an opportunity to reach their eager public in a manner startlingly different. Occasionally some young editors fall for this “hooey” speak “frankly, fearlessly, and in the interest of mankind”, and immediately find themselves in an uncomfortable position, facing condemnation by a sane public on the one hand and subject to the will of governing campus authorities on the other, with the result in all probability being resignation from office and immediate expulsion from a community devoted to the upbuilding of character and the unhindered cultivation of a cultured mind. Then he is free to go his way in making the world safe, but usually he discovers that his march ends in the camp of his Svengalian masters, and he settles down, takes his pen in hand, and proclaims to the world that his is another artistic mind, laboring in the cause of his weary brothers and mis-

(Continued on page 31)

I, Murderer

A Fantasy

By LESLIE ALBION SQUIRES

She has hard eyes. Sometimes they seem soft in the reflected light of another's affection. But most often they glint with the hard luster of flinty steel. There have been times when those eyes, held close to mine, have seemed as deep a blue as a bottomless pool of ice cold water. On such a night I held her close, and said, "I love you, I love you." And then those eyes seemed to shine with a vivid brightness, but now I know that it was only the reflection of my own joyous eyes in those pools of ice that fit the hollows of her head. For tonight my eyes are far away from hers and they have lost their luster, their color, their glow of love, and seem only bits of coarse-grained grey rock stuck at random in her pale face. Tonight, no longer does the overflow of light from within my own, lend an illusion of warmth and color to those eyes of hers. Tonight, she sits far from me, aloof, cold, while I sit unknowing what, or why, those eyes of hers, once so dear, seem no longer to flame with love unmeasured.

She speaks. "Tonight's as good a time as any,—you had to know it soon,—my love is given all and ever to another,—you should have seen and known our affair would end."

She has hard eyes. Those words that spell my fate come out without a sparkle from their dead depths. Their dying light seems to shine on through my heart, and like some unknown ray, sets off a skyrocket of emotion there. Like the sudden rending of the earth when first the blast of some inner trembling is felt, my own body, shaken by those words, those eyes, that cold relentless wave of thought, beats a dull rhythm. "But she is mine, but she is mine." So speaks my mind and settles itself into the rocking gate of those words. They swing back and forth across my consciousness and dig an ever deepening channel into my flaming brain. "But she is mine," the chanting bard begins. And the echoing chorus picks up his song and carries it on a wave of ever increasing deafening beat. The roar of their crescendo voices fills my whole being. From out their usual places

THE ARCHIVE

within the compartments of my brain flee all my other thoughts, driven to momentary exile by the deafening roar of that tumultuous chorus. For me tonight there is no other thought than this, "she is mine." And like the false echo that receives a thought and returns, instead of its brother, the unasked answer, the caverns of my brain and soul ring with the challenge, "and ever more shall be." But her eyes are hard and now reflect upon their slaty surface only the tumult raging deep beneath my own. And yet she's mine and ever more must be. Upon that determination now settles my whole power and existence. Mine she must be.

Unseen by my eyes, so concentrated on those orbs of hers, a little satanic scarlet devil is creeping through the empty caverns of my mind. "Kill her," says he, "and ever more shall she be yours." Would that those exiled thoughts were now within their accustomed walls. For now within the empty towering turrets of the gaunt castle of my brain, is but this one satanic thought, "kill her, and she shall be yours for ever." It leaps from floor to rafter, from rafter back to floor. "Kill her, and she shall be yours for ever." My brain, and heart, and soul revolve in a whirlpool of devil-planted melody. The bard and the chorus, their grey frocks dyed the deep red glow of living blood, fling back the message through the vaults of that deserted mansion, "Kill her, and she shall be yours for ever"

Those hard grey eyes seem colder still. Like two departing shadows the spirits flee and leave behind the death-like shell, two bits of dull grey steel. No longer do they reflect the light that to them comes, but even then seem dull, and cold, and lifeless.

And to my emptied mind return those exiled phantoms, and there rebuild their castle. Reason once more is in its home and looks aghast at this the product of a mind deserted in a time of need.

Four walls of stone hem in my body and my soul, four little walls of mighty blocks. A little bed, a simple stand, these are my home, my world, my life. Why must they wait so long? I killed her. That I freely admit. I killed her, and so far that my life must too be taken. I don't complain. But why, oh why, must these four walls of death-cold stone become my only life, my whole world for these the last few days that I may walk upon the earth. If I must die why should not my few last hours be spent

THE ARCHIVE

in joyous thought. Far better would it be if these long days and lingering nights might find me in a forest of towering trees, trees that reach upward, ever upward towards the blue and star-flecked sky. Or might I be where flowers grow, and people run, and talk, and sing gay songs of life and love and happiness. If these last moments that I spend within this earthly shape might only find me living once again. But no, instead, within this little cubicle of cold black stone must I eke out my few remaining days.

And now I trade those walls for yet another room. This time before me on a stand sits justice, weighing in scales my life against my deed. She knows from the first essay just how the balance falls, and yet she lifts the weight and tries again. And always the deed is heavy, the life too light to balance it. And yet if truth were spoken, how could such scales as these, crude and unwieldy, and in such a biased hand, weigh justly so light and immeasurable a thing as a human life. And yet I killed her. That I freely admit. And so I stand and listen while the dirge drags on, “—and that day shall be electrocuted and may God have mercy on your soul.”

Why must they keep me longer chained within this bit of earthly hell? Beside me men who wantonly have wasted human life. Whose rattling bullets speeding far and wide have cut down gangster, children, and unknowing men. They killed what was not theirs to kill. Their hands have bathed in blood that was not theirs, their deeds have emptied hearts they never knew or cared for. I too have taken life divine. And yet that life by my own law was mine. I took what life had given me, and then unjustly wished to snatch away. I kept it, against the will of fate, and so must pay the price of death. But they, they took what was not theirs, and yet they pay the same unincreased penalty.

How long must I stand within these walls? How long can this thin thread that's holding mind and body in one grasp keep these two wild roaming forces chained together. Each day is like a lengthening year. Each day my mind seems dimmed and torn a bit farther from its moorings. How long must these dead walls constitute my whole world? This thread must snap!

I'm starting down the walk. Bars, iron bars seem all around me. They're before my eyes, in my head, sticking their hard steel points downward into the bottom of my soul, like sharp little pins in a cotton pincushion.

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THE ARCHIVE

Lank, the big nigger in number seven is singing a broken melody, "I'll be climbing up dem golden stairs," he sings.

Golden stairs,—stairs of iron bars, bars that reach up even to heaven's gates, or point their long dirty fingers down through my soul to the bottom of hell. Hell?

"Hell," mocks cell number eight, "look at de lady killer, his knees are wobbly, his knees are wobbly."

His voice trails off to a whisper but his lips still curve in sounds. My ears, my head, my heart. Is this death? Am I nothing but a body walking in a forest of trees, trees made of rotten black bars. And these men beside me. What are men? Little clockwork animated toys that play a game of chess with souls as pawns. My soul,—am I a soul, or is this my body?

"Keep your feet moving, buddy," Hank in twelve reaches out a long lanky hand to slap my shoulder, "keep going boy, I'll see you plenty soon."

Are these my legs, my hands, my lips? Keep moving, boy. Keep moving, boy. How can I move what isn't mine? This body to which I once belonged is separated from me. I am but a phantom.

Keep moving, boy! Keep moving, boy!

This black door,—where am I going?

"Hold him up, Pat, he isn't going to make it on his own feet."

Hold me up. Hold up this body. Keep it standing or it'll slump to the floor. Hold it up. Ha! Ha! Try to hold it up you fools. It's dead! It's dead! Ha! Ha! Ha!

"He's in a tough spot, Casey, you'd better get behind him and lift him up. He'll never make it."

"Sure, Pat, he's a killer. Yea! That's a killer for you, plenty yellow clear through."

Look! those faces. Men! They've come to see me die. Men have come to sit and watch while I die. Men come to watch death perform on the stage. Ha! Ha! It's funny—my death's an amusement. Go to it, boys. Open up the box-office. Get out the tickets. Usher in the spectators. Clear the aisles, boys. Come on you fools. Step up and watch me die, watch me die,—you get it, I'm going to die. They're killing me and they come to watch. Men? Fools—fools—fools! I'm the actor. I take the center of the stage.

THE ARCHIVE

Watch me now. Watch! Look! There's the stage, the setting, the chair.

"You'll have to carry him up and put him in the chair, Pat. He's as limp as if he were already dead."

Ha! fools, I am dead. Carry my body up on the stage—put it in the chair—clip my hair—put on the bands—. Look at the audience! They've come to see me act, to see my show, to see me star in my own death. Men! Men! Something of the divine. And they come to sit and watch their handiwork. Watch! Watch!

"O. K., Pat, he's all fixed up. Are you ready?"

Listen to the stagehands. Away you fools. This is my show. This is my scene. He's reaching for the switch. More iron, steel, cold, grey death-like steel. Go on, throw me into damnation and hell. Fools of men, kill me, kill my mind. Don't you know I've two seconds to live after you kill me. And in those fleeting bits of time, I'll—.

"O. K., Pat."

"O. K., Casey."

Little streaks of grey blue fire start at my legs and rush to my brain. Flaming embers. My brain's aflame. My brain, my brain, it's burning. She had hard eyes. I loved her. I loved her. Little streaks of blue grey flame reach towards my heart. Yes, I killed her, I killed her, she's mine and I killed her. Blue flame scorches my soul. "—and that day shall be electrocuted, and may God have mercy on your soul." May God have—.

One second.

Black zig-zag branches of flaming lead run through my brain. Black bars that reach from heaven to hell. Black, black prison bars. My body is no more. They've burned it. "I'll be climbing up dem golden stairs." Golden stairs of black bars. My—.

Flaming embers on a cold black shore. A dull red sunset on a rocky coast.

Two seconds.

A deep blue sunrise on an unknown strand. A calm unbroken sea untouched by the splash of paddles. Blue heavens and a pale rising sun of purest red. A still cool wind, unbroken, and unknown. The great wide cry of a seabird. An infinite of sea, and air, and sky, and sound.

Collapse

By JOHN SHARPE

SCENE: *A farm house near a small town. It is almost bare, save for a few chairs and a table. There are two doors: one at the right, leading out, side, another to an adjoining room in the rear.*

TIME: *The present. Evening.*

CHARACTERS:

JOSEPH, *a farmer*, 35

LIZZIE, *his wife*, 30

JIM, *their son*, 14

[As the curtain rises, Lizzie is seated to the left of the table, her chin propped up by her arms, staring at the door to the right. She is tapping one foot, and her face expresses as much malice as expectation. Presently Jim appears at the door to the rear door, in sleeping garments. He looks at his mother for a moment, then comes in.]

JIM: What's wrong, Ma? Hasn't Pa come home yet?

LIZZIE [*gives him a bare glance*]: No, he ain't here.

JIM: What time is it?

LIZZIE: It's time you was gettin' back to bed.

JIM: I'm not sleepy at all.

LIZZIE: Go on now, an' don't disturb me.

JIM: You ain't *doin'* anything.

LIZZIE: Well, I might be an' I might not.

JIM: *What* are you doin'?

LIZZIE: I'm waitin' for Pa.

JIM: I'll stay with you.

LIZZIE [*now cross*]: No, you do as I say!

JIM [*starts to go, but turns back*]: Why don't you come on too?

LIZZIE: I got to see him 'fore I can sleep this night.

JIM: Is somethin' the matter?

LIZZIE [*laughs bitterly*]: No, there ain't nothin' the matter.

JIM: You look like you was mad.

LIZZIE: Mebbe I am. But I knows what I'm about, an' that's more'n your Pa does.

JIM: What's he done?

LIZZIE [*sarcastically*]: Oh, mebbe he ain't *done* nothin'. Mebbe he's just *forgot* to come home.

JIM: You ain't worried for fear he's *hurt* or somethin', are you?

LIZZIE: No. He ain't hurt *yet*.

JIM: What you mean?

LIZZIE: He just don't know what's good for him, your Pa.

JIM: He can look after himself, I reckon.

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LIZZIE [*bitterly*]: Yes, he shore can. He can look out after Joseph Hunt, he can, but nobody else don't matter.

JIM: Has he treated you bad, or somethin'—

LIZZIE: Oh, no. He ain't treated me at all! [*with great hatred*] It's that Breece woman *he's* been treatin'!

JIM: How you mean?

LIZZIE: He's been over there to see her, ain't he? You said yerself he was there this evenin',—you *seen him!* [*as if to herself*] An' last week. He come in from over that away, an' when I asks him where he's been, he sorter smiles an' says, "Oh, jus' walkin' aroun' a spell,"—as if he didn't get enough trampin' behind a plow all day. An' then I sees *her*, after that, all nods an' looks, like as she had somethin' on me—a secret, mebbe, which she weren't agoin' to tell. An' she talks like she wanted to *congratulate* me, like they does at a weddin', an' say somethin' about what a fine husband I has.—And again yesterday, the same way. But I told her then, I did. I told her plenty! An' she knowed what I meant, too. It took a lot o' wind outen them sails o' hers. She was a-needin' it.—[*decidedly again*]—Oh, I knows *her*, an' I knows your Pa, an' there's somethin' goin' on between 'em.

JIM: You think so?

LIZZIE: Think so? I knows it! I knows it from the way he does when he's here at home. The way he acts—like this was all right, mebbe, but not quite so good as Mrs. Breece's house—an' like mebbe he'd *enjoy* it more if

he was over there with *her!*—An' the way he looks about an' smiles! I come in an' catch him sittin' here at the table, sort o' grinnin' to hisself, I reckon, thinkin' he's been puttin something over on me.

JIM: Oh, he ain't tryin' to do any thing like *that!*

LIZZIE: Well, he'd better not be! It won't do him no good. But mebbe he has, an' I'm goin' to find out.

JIM: Then you'll be sittin up till he come in, won't you?

LIZZIE: I will that! An' when he gets through with whatever is keepin' him out so tonight, he'll have plenty more to do a-tellin' me, an' explainin' all this.

JIM: You don't think he meant no harm?

LIZZIE: It ain't what he *meant* that's countin', it's what he's been *doin'*.—But he won't try it any more!

JIM: What are you goin' to do?

LIZZIE [*calming down*]: Nothin', mebbe. —You get on to bed.

[*Slow, heavy footsteps sound outside to the right.*]

JIM [*looking toward the right door*]: I think I'd rather stay here an'—

LIZZIE [*threateningly*]: You get on to bed.

JIM [*weakly, still eyeing the door*]: Well. [*He goes out at the rear.*]

[*Lizzie again stares at the door in front of her, grimly calm. It jerks open, and Joseph enters, heavily, and methodical with liquor.*]

JOSEPH [*sees her staring at him; advances toward the table*]: Well, well,

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Lizzie. So you waited up fer me, eh?

LIZZIE: An' you finally decided to come home! You thought mebbe the cool night air weren't goin' to jest suit your health! [*Looks him up and down*] An' yer drunk, too. [*waves an arm*] "Ray fer Country, God an' Truth, but thar's no place like home!" [*She leans her elbows back on the table, contemptuously*] Well, here you are.

JOSEPH: Yes, I'm back again. [*He sits down, growing confidential*] An' you know, Lizzie, it seems like a couple o' weeks since I left, 'stead o' jest a few hours. It always seems that away when you've been drinkin'. You come back, an' you feels like you been on a journey somewheres.

LIZZIE [*sneering*]: Like on a vacation, you mean. A vacation of gettin' away from home, an' enjoyin' yerself. Reckon this here place ain't good enough fer you to live in steady any more. You gotta get away fer a while, so as not to have the sight o' these here four walls [*looks about contemptuously*] before you, an' have to look at everything bare, an' needin' paint, an' crackin' fer want o' keepin' up. You don't relish much the idea. No, you don't. But *I* got to stand it, ain't I? I got to see things goin' to rack an' ruin, an' you not raisin' a hand. It's me that's bound to stay here day an' night, so's to keep the place from tumblin' down on our heads, an' be lookin' after the cow, an' feedin' the chickens an' hogs, whiles you saunter 'long 'hind a plow, whistlin' an' singin', an' stoppin' to rest the mule while you lie out on

the ground an' wonder how you'll spend the next money you get without me seein' none of it.

JOSEPH: Don't take on so, Lillie. It ain't so bad as all that.

LIZZIE: Oh, ain't it, eh? Well, you jest try it sometimes an' see. It's slavin' fer nothin', it is, slavin' fer nothin'. With a man like you there ain't a thing to look forward to—jus' more an' more days o' livin' like this: a-sleepin' an' gettin' up with the sun, a-workin' 'till he's gone down, an' makin' up some-thin' to eat fer three times a day.

JOSEPH: Didn't 'pear you was so set against it when we was fust married.

LIZZIE: Mebbe I won't then, but I am now, 'cause I see that there ain't nobody else's wife havin' so hard a time as I am. I was expectin' some improvement, I tell you, but you ain't never made a move since I come to live with you.

JOSEPH: Now, Lizzie, you all wrong there. We got corn in the bin, plenty o' ham in the smokehouse, a cow an' hogs. —All o' them fits our needs an' brings in money on the side.

LIZZIE: Yes, they does. An' what comes o' the money soon's it's made? You the one as knows that. Me an' Jim jest happen to live here. We can eat yer food, an' sleep in yer house, but we don't get nothin' else, no matter how hard we work an' earn it.

JOSEPH [*raising up*]: You'se powerful worked up this night, Lizzie. If it weren't that I've had near on a half gallon o' rot-gut liquor, an' that you is so seldom this a-way, but usual only

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don't-give-a-damn-like, I dunno what I'd be a-doin'. [*As he stands he grows more bold.*] You take the notion you ain't been treated jest right, or somethin', an' lay it on me fer bein' no good an' lazy like a nigger. Well, I ain't. I'se worked hard fer you, an' not took more'n my right due outen what we made. So you needn't be a-layin' down the law to me jest yet, leastways not till you hear the whole story.

LIZZIE: What you aimin' to say?

JOSEPH: Jus' what I been wantin' to tell you fer a long time, an' ain't had the courage to before. It's the way you looks at things, Lizzie. When a man an' woman's married, it's supposed to be a trustin' agreement, an' if they cares about each other at all, they'll respect it. But you've growed to be spiteful, Lizzie, an' after all these years I think I'm jest beginning to know you. You suspects everything I says an' does, an' you don't put no trust in me when I'm outen yer sight. It uster make me awful oneasy; now o' late I'd growed sorter used to it so's it didn't matter any more, but all the time it's somethin' I can't forget. [*More softly.*] An' there's many more faults I could be a-findin' in you, an' a heap o' quarrels ripe fer pickin' with you, Lizzie, if I was a-mind to. [*He starts toward the rear door.*] But I know there wouldn't no good be in it, [*in the doorway*] so come on Lizzie, come to bed.

LIZZIE [*grimly unmoved*]: Not until you tell me what you been doin' this night.

JOSEPH [*turns back with a hurt*

look]: Why do you want to know?

LIZZIE: I got a right to know, ain't I? I'm yer wife.

JOSEPH: There ain't nothin' I've done that'll do any harm fer you not knowin'.

LIZZIE: Well, I want to find out.

JOSEPH [*leans over the table, resignedly*]: You wouldn't take my word for it, would you?

LIZZIE: Not yours, nor any other man's. You're all alike—can't none o' you be trusted. If you think you can get away with a thing, there's nothin' will stop you.

JOSEPH [*harshly*]: Jest what do you mean?

LIZZIE: You know what I mean. It's you an' that Breece woman I'm thinkin' of.

JOSEPH: What *about* Mrs. Breece?

LIZZIE: There's nothin' I need to tell you about it—you tell me!

JOSEPH [*not sure*]: I don't understand jest what you're hintin' at—but I want to know. [*Menacingly*] You say jest what you're thinkin' of.

LIZZIE: I'm thinkin'—I'm thinkin' it's about time you spent the evenin' at home.

JOSEPH: This is the *first* time I been away at night, ain't it?

LIZZIE [*stubbornly*]: It's about time you spent the evenin' at home, instead o'—

JOSEPH: Instead o' what?

LIZZIE: I don't need to say.

JOSEPH [*angrily*]: You speak the words—say it!

LIZZIE: I won't have to.

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JOSEPH: You will! Or by God, I'll wring 'em out o' you!

LIZZIE [*sneering*]: Ain't you the *man*, though? You'd use yer strength on me, wouldn't you?

JOSEPH [*threateningly*]: Say the words!

LIZZIE: There ain't nothin' to say.

JOSEPH: You opened yer mouth wide enough a minute ago.

LIZZIE [*resentfully*]: I reckon I did. An' I won't *stop* askin', either, till you tell me where you was.

JOSEPH [*sits down in disgust*]: You an' yer dirty, rotten suspicions. Where do you think I was?

LIZZIE [*slowly and deliberate*]: I think you was over there to Mrs. Breece's house.

JOSEPH: So! An' what would I be doin' there?

LIZZIE: There's only one thing you *could* be doin', this time o' night.

JOSEPH [*stands up, infuriated*]: That's the kind o' ideas you been havin', is it?—Why, you—you damned evil-minded—[*He breaks off his words, and then begins to laugh loudly, finally subsiding into a chuckle*] Me down at Jake's place drownin' my sorrer in a fruit jar, 'cause I'm ashamed to come home an' face you with all my plans fell through, an' you sittin' here, not even recollectin' that tomorrer's the day we married on, fifteen years ago.—Not recollectin', [*he becomes accusive*] 'cause yer mind is all tuk up with rotten ideas, suspicions about me—[*laughs derisively*] *me*, yer lovin' husband, who don't know how to treat you right an'

be good enough-fer to associate with you.

LIZZIE: You was over there this evenin'.

JOSEPH [*with contempt*]: So I was. An' you—was you thar, too, behind a bush or somethin', a-keepin' tab on me?

LIZZIE: Jim told me.

JOSEPH: Oh! You got it out o' him! Mebbe yer trainin' him fer a spy, or a peepin' Tom—or was you jus' curious?

LIZZIE: He saw you meet her at the door, an' go in with her. An' when he finished what he was doin' it was a half-hour later, an' you was still there. Still in the house with her, alone, an' her husband not dead more'n six months at that.

JOSEPH [*smiles lasciviously*]: An' you think—?

LIZZIE [*faces him defiantly*]: I think you been deceivin' me with her.

JOSEPH [*takes a step forward, then draws back*]: You're fitten' to be killed, but I ain't *vile* enough to tetch you! It's the last thing I could find myself a-doin' now,—now that I know what you really are. [*Awed.*] I warn't aware God made such creatures!

LIZZIE: You're drunk.

JOSEPH [*lowers over her*]: Am I? Mebbe so. Mebbe it's the first time I been drunk enough to see everything like it is! Mebbe I been dreamin' up to now, an' jus' wakin' to find what kind o' woman you are under the skin! [*He speaks more slowly.*] Mebbe I'm dreamin' now, an' that ain't you sittin'

(Continued on page 32)



POETRY

Autumn Light

By TOM CARRIGER

The birds have flown away,
And are no longer here to sing,
So I must sing, though softly;
For a cool, clear light covers the land
And through the needles of the slender pines
About my trail
Weave murmuringly stirring, languid airs
As though the spirit of the summer's flowers
Now moved mysteriously
Before the darkly flaming leaves' of dogwood,
And the softly golden sycamore
All aglow in the beauty of their passing,
Aglow in autumn light,
In the midst of the Spirit
Of exultant freedom, tinged
With a passing sadness—
The Spirit of the Fall.
There is a song of mellowed joy
In the air,
And the birds have gone
So I must sing, though softly.

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Forebodings

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

Tobacco growing yellow on the stalk
Proclaims the summer's wane.
Across each wooded path
The spiders fling their silken threads.
The nights are vibrant with the cry
Of Katy did and Katy didn't.
The days are drawing in,
The tang of fall is in the air,
And winter, with its dying breath,
Can not be far away . . .
And then . . . another spring?

Sonnet

By EDWARD HUBERMAN

What boots it now this moment of reflection?
Of what avail this sharp, this bitter halt
In the day's work? So acrid a deflection
Your world will never pardon. 'Tis a fault,
Almost a crime, you know, to dare to think;
"Ideas are not fashionable these days."
People will look askance at you, and wink
Among themselves. How curious your ways
Will seem to your smug friends who'll take amiss
"Another fool, another dreamer, come
To plant disturbance, mar our daily bliss,
Upset our Routine, and corrupt our Home."
Be wise in being foolish: Spare yourself
This struggle of your soul to find itself.

BARRETT'S LAMP

The Little Boy sat on the edge of the weather-beaten porch, his legs hunched up close to his poorly clad body, and gazed out at the dismal scene that met his view. Squalid tenement houses, row upon row as they always are on a cotton mill hill, deep buried in a slush of slippery mud and factory soot; unpaved streets, reeking with the filth of poverty and over-run with ragged little urchins, racing helter-skelter against the wind and rain of the bleak November day; a pall of foggy smoke drifting over the patched shingles of the sagging house-tops and gradually clinging to the moist, sticky lumber as it swirled to the rubbish-littered ground.

The Little Boy shivered, dug his hands deeper into the pockets of his faded blue sweater, and looked away from the endless street, his childish eyes lighting with warmth as they passed over a meagre bed of flowers beneath the fence railing. Then he smiled a wee bit and reached out a hand as if to pluck a few buds from the swiftly dying blossoms. A shrill blast broke suddenly on the cool autumn air, and he, startled, half-fell from his seat, but realizing its source, regained his composure and rose to his feet. The smile was gone now—the flowers were fading away in the gathering dusk—and little yellow lights, pale and mirthless in the drab depths of the many alleys, began to crop up through the darkness.

"It's nearly six," he thought, "and soon my Mama's coming." And then he dropped lightly from the porch and ran out to the wooden gate that creaked mournfully when the wind whistled around the eaves of the old house or when the trains went rattling along on the tracks beyond the yard. There he stood, his tiny hands clinging to the wire bars and his eyes scanning the path that led away from the sad little flower bed up and over the bare hill to the big factory where his Mama worked and where he knew his bread and milk and fatback came from every day.

The great red sun of the long afternoon was sinking rapidly behind the black housetops and the grey mist of early twilight was softly enveloping the muddy street, as the Little Boy stood painted there against the

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shabby fence and watched the first of the day shift coming home to rest and eat and sleep before another day called them back. He looked wonderingly at them as they filed by—one by one. Their faces were drawn and pinched and their eyes were empty. Men with gaunt faces and scowling lips—women with hollow cheeks and sunken breasts, kneeling wearily to clutch a baby to their heart as the tots recognized and scampered to them! And then he saw her—his Mama, slowly plodding through the mire of the mill path and shivering as a full blast of the wind struck her. He did not notice her colorless cheeks, her bony frame, her once beautiful brown hair now fringed with stray bits of wispy cotton, the sunken holes that were her eyes—he did not need to notice these things, because she was his Mama and all the neighbors said that she was “the purtiest gal her Ma ever raised.” And, too, he was only a child—a child of the mills—and that was enough, so everyone told him. He held out his arms; she picked him up; kissed him with her dry, wrinkled lips; and swung through the creaking gate. A moment more and they were in the house, yellow light flickered in the window, a bit of smoke curled up from the mortared chimney, and evening had come. The hill was in darkness and silence reigned. Then from the old house of the creaking gate came the merry laugh of the Little Boy and the first peep of the full moon through the long curl of white smoke from the chimney brought night. The lonely blossoms in the flower bed dropped their heads and slept.

Years passed. The Little Boy grew up, became a man, and yearned for things that were not of his life. His Mama lay awake at night, when she needed her rest so much, and cried through the long hours. Her Little Boy was a man now, she kept saying over and over, and she was afraid, because he was dissatisfied, that she would lose him. He had never been like the other kids on the hill. They called him sissy and sassed him and dared him to stand up and take a licking. But he was different, and then she would smile. He could write and he could make a speech and he could get his name in the paper in an honest way. She was proud of her Little Boy and she loved him, for to her he still remained the same tiny budy who used to meet her at closing-time. But she felt sad and carried a heavy heart, talking of it as if she felt homesick and had no home to

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find. Her baby had ambitions—he was not satisfied now that he had gone through high-school—he wanted to go higher, even to the great school up-state of which he talked every day. But she was afraid. They had little money, no friends away from the mill—they had nothing but themselves. Yet, her Little Boy was not happy to remain here. And of course not, she consoled herself. He was not put here to slave in a factory, to wear out his energy in the midst of looms and spindles and shuttles, to have his ear drums deafened by the clang and roar of grinding motors and lapping belts. He was different: his heart was soft and warm, his eyes clear, his whole being aflame with a desire to conquer. And so one night when they were talking after supper, she told him she would go with him, and they would work together, and he could carry on his hopes.

The beginning was hard in the strange city to which the brave woman and her Little Boy came to defy the fates. There was little work, expenses were enormous, the small amount of a life's savings was dwindling rapidly—it seemed that reward was not for them. And then God must have remembered that one tiny flower bed deep on a mill hill, because He smiled and lifted His hand and success came.

* * * *

The streaming lights of the university beamed through the stillness of the chill November evening. A million stars clustered around the moon of harvests as it sailed the clear blue sky, and all seemed to be smiling down on two people—the one, a woman whose hair is brown and beautiful and shining; the other, a man whose eyes are clear and brilliant and hopeful—and they were standing alone at the entrance of the vast campus. The Man placed his arm tenderly about the Woman and pointed far off into the night. "Look," he was saying, "the chapel is calling to you and to me." She nodded her head and looked down. Then she smiled. "Look, Little Boy," tears were in her eyes. "There are flowers at your feet." The golden bells of the chapel had begun to ring.

BOOKS

The Second Generation of the House of Wang

Sons. By Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Company. 467 pp. \$2.50.

In selecting a war lord as the chief character of her latest novel of China, Mrs. Buck gains in one respect and loses in another, if we are to do the inevitable and use her Pulitzer Prize winner, *The Good Earth*, as a criterion. *Sons* is vastly superior to its predecessor as regards interest of purely the exciting type, but in the matter of universal appeal—or better, of possessing a cosmopolitan motif—it is a work inferior to the story of Wang Lung, the man of the soil. The excellence of *The Good Earth* lay principally in the fact that its story, though actually in a Chinese setting, was one characteristic of man in all corners of the world. *Sons* is considerably less endowed with this particular quality and stands to be judged an inferior work to just the degree that one feels and regrets this deficiency.

But this defect is primarily one that will draw the censure of only some few of the professional critics and those dilettanti of *belles-lettres* whose interest in contemporaneous work is confined mostly to prating of art for art's sake and the mass be damned. The general public will find *Sons*, if not actually a finer book, at least a more interesting one than *The Good Earth*. In so far as the mass of readers was concerned, the primary interest of Wang Lung's story rested in its vivid and thorough description of life in a land that lies on the other side of the globe; the source of interest, in other words, was the reader's curiosity, and the pleasure afforded by *The Good Earth* was principally the wholesome satisfaction of learning. *Sons* will enjoy equal popularity, but its attraction is of a different sort: its appeal is to the public's perennial appetite for adventure, and the pleasure it affords lies in Mrs. Buck's ability to tell a gripping tale.

This is not to say, however, that the author has vitiated her art and succumbed to the formidable temptation of permitting her romantic subject matter to dominate the work and be, therefore, the basis of its bid for

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recognition. Not at all—Mrs. Buck, evidently aware of her danger, strove nobly to avoid it, and she is rewarded with absolute success. The adventurous story of a war lord has been carefully—one might say, painstakingly—subordinated to the intended theme, which is obviously of a two-fold nature: to wit, the decadence of a great house after the death of its zealous founder, and the characterization of an introvert who happened to be—of all things—a war lord, dreaming dreams on a hopelessly vast scale.

Sons was, one could say, inevitable. The author herself affirms such a statement: "I found," she says, "my mind so filled and absorbed with Wang Lung's family that I felt quite compelled to go on with them." The case is one common among authors—great characterizations seem to possess the Galatean power of infatuating their creators and forcing them to assume the role of a recording Pygmalion. And Wang Lung and his family in *The Good Earth* were exceptionally fine characterizations—one is not at all surprised to find Mrs. Buck held fast in their spell.

The chief excellence of Mrs. Buck's character portrayals is that they are done so thoroughly in her simple style. She does not—Allah be thanked!—resort, as some of our contemporary novelists do, to lengthy, tedious processes of quasi-psychoanalysis that prove to be, for all their verbiage, ridiculously specious. The portrayals in *Sons* are quite vivid and human; yet the author does not once forsake her method of simple exposition. Wang the Eldest and Wang the Merchant are well-nigh perfect reproductions of characters to be found in the Occident as well as in China, and Wang the Tiger, though he is a somewhat more unique character, is real and pitifully human.

Dissatisfaction may be expressed, however, in some quarters in regard to the ending of the work. In so far as the story of Wang the Tiger and his brothers is concerned, the author has quit her tale at the exact point that art is best served—further depiction of these characters would seriously jeopardize the excellence of their portrayal. But the matter of the future of Wang the Tiger's son is left suspended, and the reader finds himself wondering whether the boy chooses to follow a military career or yields to the atavistic impulse within him and returns to the soil of his grand-

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father. Perhaps it is the subsequent career of this young man that the next volume will concern, for Mrs. Buck has already announced that there will be a sequel of *Sons* which will complete the trilogy of the House of Wang.

—GEORGE HARWELL.

*On sale at Thomas-Quickel Company.

"I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes"

To Make My Bread. By Grace Lumpkin. New York: The Macaulay Company.
384 pp. \$2.00.

Here is a story so powerful in its theme and so gripping in the tragic realism of its plot, that it must surely elevate its author, hitherto comparatively unrecognized in the world of letters, to a foremost position among the truly great American novelists.

It is evident that Miss Lumpkin has obtained a personal knowledge of the subject material which she injects with surprising ease into her novel. Telling the story of those simple mountaineer folk with whom she has merged herself, she brings to understanding light for the outside millions a clear discussion and revelation of the mighty conflict in the Southern mountains—a conflict so devastating in its vast sweep that it with the passing years is rapidly transforming the simple people of the hills into the crushed and beaten workers of city factories. However, let it be plainly understood: *To Make My Bread* is not propaganda to be used and exploited by radicals throughout the nation. It is a novel claiming literary distinction on its own merit and presenting the unbiased views of a woman who knows full well of that which she writes.

Miss Lumpkin has not attempted to contrive purely fictitious situations into which she may wantonly introduce even more impossible characters to appeal to the sentimental tendencies of her readers. She has selected people whom she knows and has known for years, and very adroitly has set them in their original surroundings, described and enlarged upon the gradual encroachment of the outside world on the contented life of the mountains, and then, with all the skill of a true artist, torn these people asunder and flung them in merciless abandon before the sweeping onrush

THE ARCHIVE

of the mills. She demonstrates the effect of poverty on these people, shows how it strips the life of mountaineers to its primitive essentials, and raises the virtues, passions, and religion of the hill folk to intense heights.

The story is told in the poetic mountain speech, in the unembellished human terms of the life of the people. It consists of two sections: the first part which deals with the simple existence of the Kirkland family hidden deep in the recesses of their beloved hills, and the second with the disruption of this life by the factory invasion and the tragic fulfillment of the native prophecy. To me the initial chapters are superior to the latter section, because they hold a certain freshness and love of humanity, which disappear in the closing pages. It is this drabness and possible over-working of an altogether too sordid situation that form the one defect of the novel. But we may accept it for its worth and regard it as it was intended by the author: the tragic telling of a lost hope and a forgotten race.

—J. B. CLARK.

*On sale at Thomas-Quickel's in Durham.

The Old South Recaptured

Peter Ashley. By DuBose Heyward. Published by Little, Brown, & Co. 316 pp. \$2.50.

The South in general and Charleston in particular boasts of a talented son in DuBose Heyward. He has perhaps given to American literature the most intimate and truly Southern portrayal of life and scenes of any Southern author. He is known and remembered for *Porgy*, and *Mamba's Daughters*. This is his first book since *Mamba's Daughters*, and bids fair to outstrip all of his previous works in popularity, since *Peter Ashley* moves with a very much faster pulse beat, and a much more colorful background that is dearer to the hearts of truly Southern literary lovers than either of his previous books.

Peter Ashley is a highly colored, sensitive, and tremendously exciting romance of Peter Ashley, his beloved uncle, Pierre Chardon, and the quaint city of Charleston, when time stopped in its race toward eternity for just an instant before the Civil War. Here is the glamorous Charleston that

Page Twenty-five ❖

THE ARCHIVE

DuBose Heyward loves and knows so well. Here is the Charleston that he alone has the delicacy of touch to reproduce in a literary panorama. Here, in *Peter Ashley*, are the people with whom the age of chivalry has passed forever.

Primarily, *Peter Ashley* is a love story including, incidentally, a horse race and a duel that rank with any in literature. Furthermore, it gives the first complete picture of that hushed period of suspense of the strain and the passion that filled those days before the Cataclysm.

DuBose Heyward opens his story with an introduction of the beloved Pierre (uncle of Peter), just at the moment when South Carolina has signed her secession articles. In the very first sentence, one is impressed with the fact that Pierre is one of the grand old gentlemen of ante-bellum days. Throughout the entire story, Pierre Chardon typifies the Southern gentleman. He has had a very romantic life. During the War with Mexico, Pierre lost his wife and two babies. The shock was so great that it almost drove him insane. Peter Ashley's mother, realizing the condition of Pierre's mind, allowed him to take her youngest son, Peter, to fill the vacant place in Pierre's life.

With more than a fatherly affection, Pierre educated Peter, who returned from his college graduation at Oxford to Charleston just as the news of secession was being shouted across the bay. Peter is a sensitive youth, living alone and finding no peace in anything until he had first thought it out and reached a decision in his own mind. He found himself in a peculiar position upon his return to Charleston, for having been educated at Yale and at Oxford, he was an Abolitionist. The intensity of feeling and the activities leading up to the preparation for war left Peter in a position of abject loneliness. He was not at ease with his former playmates; he was unpopular with his brothers and his father—"He should be a planter, not a damned author."

In his loneliness, the belle of Charleston, Miss Damaris Gordon, deigned to smile upon him, and thus turned the channels of his whole life, for from thence on in Peter's mind, it was "What would Damaris think?" DuBose Heyward probably reaches his heights in this novel with his handling of the race week which Peter Ashley has been assigned by a local

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newspaper to report. Here one can almost smell the fragrance of the lilacs and azalias, feel the tenseness of the race, and hear the pounding of the hoofs.

Following the race, Peter is forced into a duel with a bragadoccia young army captain, to save his honor, according to the truly chivalrous standards of the Charleston gentlemen. Again DuBose Heyward scores a decided literary accomplishment in his handling of the duel at dawn, in which Peter very nearly loses his life, and by the same token wins his heart's greatest desire, the love of Miss Damaris Gordon, who, true to the ideal heroine, nurses him beautifully back to life and to a feeling of at-homeness and understanding with his people.

With his ending of the book, DuBose Heyward leaves you with the feeling that somehow or other, Peter has lived his life, has had his share of love, and won't come home. Even so, you still feel that it has not been in vain that he lived and that it is not tragic that one of so sensitive a nature and so delicate a temperament should have been cast into the great cataclysm.

—KROUSE QUICK.

*On sale at Thomas-Quickel Company.

The Atlantic \$10,000 Prize Novel

Peking Picnic. By Ann Bridge. New York: Little, Brown & Co. 355 pp. \$2.50.

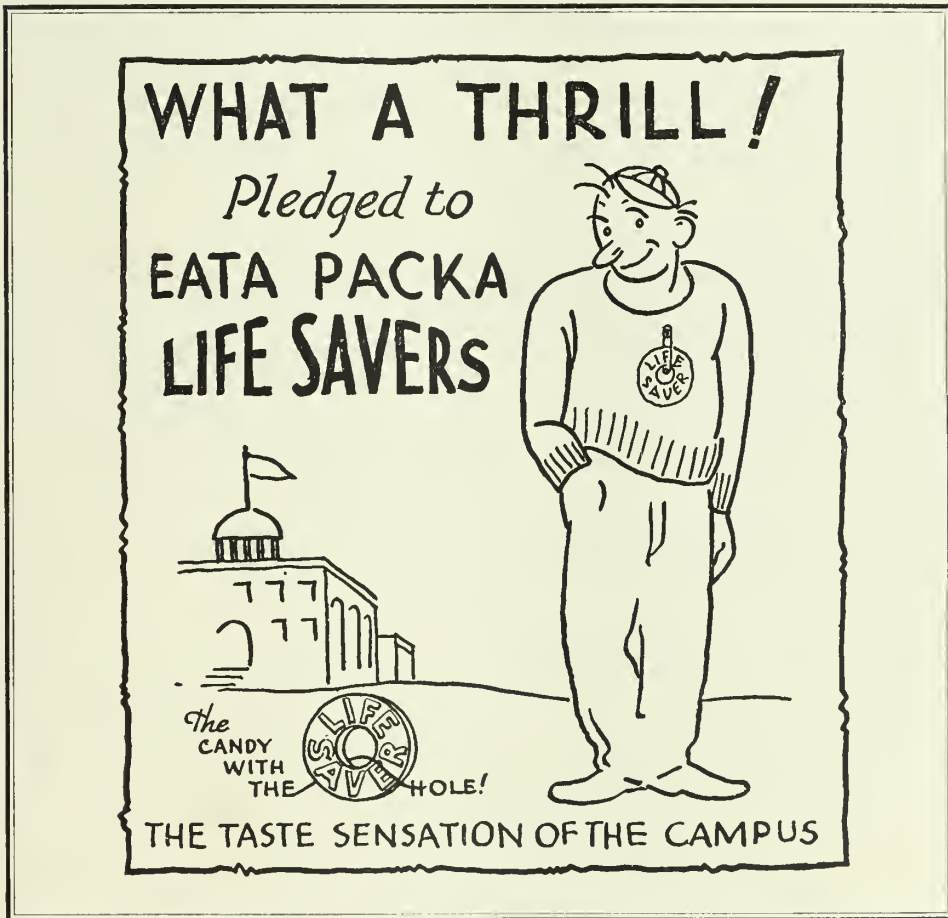
Peking Picnic has the distinction of being the second Atlantic Monthly Prize novel and won that distinction over a group of 750 competitors. The first novel to win this coveted \$10,000 prize was Mazo de la Roche's *Jalna*. In the last contest the award was not made due to the fact that no book measured up to the standards set by the judges.

Peking Picnic is an absorbing story of Legation life in China. First of all, it is a good story so far as plot is concerned. We are interested from the outset in the lives and fates of this group of European and American people surrounded by the mystery which is China. For the most part the story moves in a leisurely manner pausing now and then for description and reflection. The chapters dealing with the capture of the picnickers by

THE ARCHIVE

marauding Chinese soldiers are, however, as exciting as one could wish. The end is utterly right and satisfactory though not the conventional happy ending.

The strength of the novel rests in its characterizations, particularly of its heroine, Laura LeRoy, a sensitive but sensible Englishwoman who is devoted to her husband and children yet capable of a love few people experience and understand. Women no doubt will not like Laura though they may secretly admire her, but men will find her desirable for she understands them and sympathizes deeply with them and is gentle in both



THE ARCHIVE

her understanding and her sympathy. The other characters form a group which serves as a background for Laura: Nina Neville, the hostess; Miss Hande, the American novelist; Judith, the Singing Kuniang; Lilah, the unmoved; Hubbard, the incomparable English maid to Laura; Derek, the English rake; Henri, the eternal Frenchman; and Vinstead, the professor. These people indelibly stamp themselves upon the memory.

Miss Bridge has sprinkled her work with delightful descriptions of China in the Spring. Her gift of creating before the eyes a picture of a temple smothered in cherry blossoms, of a religious ceremony, of a village street is as sure as her gift of penetrating the Occidental and Oriental minds. Her style is straightforward but not austere. It is the firm, expressive style of an experienced writer despite the fact that this is Miss Bridge's first novel.

—A. T. WEST.

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COLLEGIATE RADICALISM

(Continued from page 6)

understood by the vast rational society of which he was recently a worthy and respected member.

This grave danger, men who have been entrusted with the guidance of collegiate publications must guard against. Minds must be kept clear to develop intelligent thought, and careful consideration must be paid articles for publication which would tend to influence detrimentally the thought of the readers, in order that such expression may be given no outlet. A university should make of the individual an intelligent citizen who can participate wisely in the machinery of the social order of which he is a member. Therefore, to assure success in this undertaking, there must not be permitted within the community any teachings that would tend to shape the student's mind for a position in a narrow channel of thought. It should be an essential duty of a collegiate publication to so bar and forbid the appearance of radical material in its pages that it will prove a source of pride to the administration and an organ of respect among its student-body.

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COLLAPSE

(Continued from page 16)

there at all, but jest the devil hisself!

LIZZIE [*begins to cower*]: You keep away from me. *I ain't done nothin', it's you!*

JOSEPH [*gives a short deep laugh*]: Me! Ha! [*He grabs her by the wrist and pulls her to her feet, speaking close to her face.*] Ye're a-tellin' me what I been doin', air ye? Now I'll tell you! All the time I worked to earn the means o' keepin' us alive, you was groanin' an' complainin' 'bout the house we live in, an' the stock we own, an' the trouble you had to put yerself to to help me. You was naggin' an' houndin' the life outen me fer a new place, fer clothes an' hats, fer machinery fer to

make things easier fer *you*. Fer as far back as when Jim started school, you've been after me, because I said when I married you, that we'd be livin' in a home of our own, an' independent 'side o' ten years. —I tried to keep my word to you, an' done the best I could—made every penny count, an' done without the things I wanted. An' all I got outen you was sneers an' pesterin', an' words about me bein' lazy an' good fer nothin'.

LIZZIE [*shakes him off*]: You air lazy!

JOSEPH [*harshly*]: 'Cause I lays on my back in the sun? —They's more to makin' money than jest plowin', Lizzie,

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J. E. Thompson, '28
Manager

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an' the main thing is plannin'—thinkin' things out ahead. When I ain't been doin' nothin' else, I been studyin' out the future, so's not to make any slips, an' that's how I kept things goin', an' cleared the costs every year up to now.

LIZZIE: But I ain't seed no good come of it. You takes everything we makes. —An' that's what's wrong with you now—'sides bein' drunk—your conscience is a-troublin' you.

JOSEPH [*incensed*]: What you say?

LIZZIE: Your conscience. It's a-troublin' you an' makin' you act like this 'cause you ain't done right by me.

JOSEPH [*makes a move toward her. She backs away and sits down heavily again in the chair*]: What right has you—? [*He halts his speech, looks at her contemptuously, then breaks out into loud laughter.*]

LIZZIE [*calmly*]: What strikes you so funny?

JOSEPH [*bursts out into another peal, then*]: I was jus' thinkin', Lizzie, as how today's the first time in years my conscience ain't hurt me! [*Laughs again.*] You see—all along, the money you thought I'd been throwin' away, I'd been savin' an' puttin' aside. To-morrer, when we been married fifteen years, you was goin' to get the house you wanted fer so long, all fer yerself to fix up as you like, an' the land fer me, an' no more rent, 'cause it'd all be ourn. [*Laughs loud and long.*]

LIZZIE: Is you gone mad?

JOSEPH: No, I'se jest a fool—a plumb blin' fool,—to a ever thought o' pullin' a surprise on you.

LIZZIE: What you mean a surprise?

JOSEPH: Jus' what I say—a new house an' land, belongin' to ourselves, an' all paid fer from the beginning. It weren't possible five years ago, but now —tomorrer—it would a been, if it weren't fer yer damn suspicions!

LIZZIE: What's they got to do with it?

JOSEPH: Everything! Yer suspicion's the cause o' my drinkin' all night an' not comin' home till now. [*He puts his hands on the table and leans over, looking her in the eye.*] I had to ferget —ferget in one day all that I planned fer years. When I seen Mrs. Breece this evening—it was about four o'clock —we was goin' to finish up the deal about me buyin' her house an' land, but there at the last minute she wouldn't sell. It was goin' to be surprise to you an' everybody else, 'cause nobody know she was a-goin' to leave, except me. She said she jest couldn't live any longer in the new, comfortable house her poor dead husband built for her—it had too many memories. An' she was agreeable about selling it to me fer the price I could pay with the money I'se saved over all these years, she was—'till this evenin'. I ast her what was the matter, an' she says that you,—you,—has said sech things to her o' late an' acted so that she'd rather burn her house behind her than have you set a foot in it. You'se put on superior airs, she says, an' looked at her like dirt in the gutter, an' yesterday, when she can't hardly hold the secret no longer, she asks you how you gettin' along in our little house

THE ARCHIVE

here, you ups an' says, a-sneerin' in her face: "There ain't nothin shabby about the place an *honest* woman lives in!"—an' you turns an' walks off.

LIZZIE [*downcast*]: Well, it's true, ain't it?

JOSEPH: Shore to God it is, but there ain't nobody would say it to Mrs. Breece. She's one o' the finest women ever drew breath, an' you a mean, suspicious wife no man could trust. Look at ye—thar the lines o' evil thinkin' on yer brow, an' the fires o' hell in yer eyes; the curse o' the devil is on yer lips, an' it's a sin to *tetch* you! [*He pauses a moment in consideration, then turns to the rear doorway and calls.*] Jim! Jim! Come here!

LIZZIE [*fearfully*]: What you want

to get him up out o' bed fer?

JOSEPH [*slowly*]: So's he can see you this night like I see you.

LIZZIE: What you aimin' to do?

JOSEPH: You gonna know soon. [*He sits down at the table across from her, becoming calm and decided.*]

JIM [*appears as before in the rear doorway*]: Pa, you wanted to see me?

JOSEPH: Yes, Jim, there's a few words I got to say. Come over here.

JIM [*moves to a stand at the table*]: Well?

JOSEPH [*slow and meditatively*]: You've always been a tolerable smart fellow, Jim, but I reckon you never had a real chance, has you?

JIM: I ain't complainin'.

JOSEPH: No. You ain't never com-

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plained. You done yer work regular without no objections. But all the time you been a-dreamin' o' better things, ain't you?

JIM: I ain't sure what you mean.

JOSEPH: Ain't you never thought o' what things could a been like if only you had jest a little freedom? Ain't you never sat an' dreamed o' the future, an' made up stories in your mind about the way you'd like it to be? An' if you felt a thing strong enough inside you, couldn't you put yerself to it an' make it come out the way you wanted in spite o' everything that raised up against you?

JIM: Well, I reckon so, if you put it that way.

JOSEPH: Then if the chance was give you, you'd make somethin' o' yerself fer me to be proud of, wouldn't you, Jim?

JIM [*with more spirit*]: As much as I could—yes sir.

JOSEPH: Well, Lizzie an' me has been kinda talkin' things over this night—[*Lizzie looks at him sharply and he meets her gaze with stern eyes. He still speaks slowly*] an' we jus' decided that the two o' us is 'bout gone as far as we kin together, an' we don't need to try any more. But you're young an' strong, an' ain't never been hurt by things yet, an' so we gonna do the best thing fer you we kin, 'fore you 'come broken an' tired like us, an' lose the spirit to fight any more.

JIM [*distressed*]: Don't talk that away, Pa.

JOSEPH [*continues, ignoring him*]:

There's two thousand dollars, Jim, what Lizzie an' me has put aside year by year since you been born. [*Both Jim and Lizzie take notice.*] It was come by hard, an' we planned to take it an' buy a place o' our own. [*Decisively.*] But it's your now, Jim, to use in givin' you a start like you need, an' a chance to prove you got the guts to make a way fer yourself in the world.

JIM: But I don't want to take it this away from you an' Ma.

JOSEPH [*slow and undisturbed*]: You'll take it an' make it worth the life we've led a-gainin' it fer you. You'll go tomorrer, Jim, an' leave the memory of us behind, but you'll know that wherever you are we'll always be a-thinkin' o' you, an' a-wishin' you luck.

JIM [*ceases his objections, at the look on his father's face*]: I'll do the best I can, Pa. But when I come home—

JOSEPH [*straightens himself in his chair*]: You'll never come home. There won't be any home to come to! Lizzie an' me'll never see you again, or each other!

JIM [*pathetically, turns to Lizzie*]: Ma! Is you—?

[*Joseph stares firmly into Lizzie's face. She is qualmed before his gaze. His strong lips move without a sound*]: Say it, say it!

LIZZIE [*looks away from Joseph*]: That's right, Jim, you heard.

JIM [*turns again to Joseph*]: But I can't leave with—!

JOSEPH [*unmoved*]: We'll settle about the money in the morning. Good

THE ARCHIVE

night, Jim,—that's all I had to say to you.

[*Jim stands for a moment stupefied, then turns abjectly about and leaves the room the way he came. Lizzie bows her head to her arms upon the table,*

but without a sob or tear. Joseph remains erect in his chair, staring at her, one hand gripping the edge of the table, the other laying upon it, clenched into a fist.]

The Curtain Falls

OUR READERS

"I have just read a statement regarding the new policy which you have adopted for the ARCHIVE during the coming year. Let me commend you upon the action which you have taken."

—DEAN JUSTIN MILLER,
Duke School of Law.

"I have examined the first number of this year's ARCHIVE and feel that you have made a good beginning. . . . I hope succeeding numbers will be equally attractive and worthwhile."

—DEAN W. H. WANNAMAKER.

"The change in policy is one which I feel is welcomed by the entire student body. To the support of this literary program we are obligated to dedicate our cooperation."

—LAWSON B. KNOTT, JR.,
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The ARCHIVE

VOLUME XLV

DECEMBER, 1932

NUMBER 3

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, at
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Dedicated to

John Crawford Clark

my father

who lived and died a man

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Announcement

The ARCHIVE, endeavoring at all times to provide its readers with the best in literary expression and attempting to stimulate better writing within the student body through the appearance in its pages of literary figures of national importance, is proud to announce an hitherto unpublished article on the Shaw-Terry correspondence by the authorized Shaw biographer, Dr. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, which will appear in the next issue.

THE EDITOR.



Julian's Return

—WAITIN'

by JOHN BARRETT

The ARCHIVE

DECEMBER 1932

VOL. XLV

No. 3

EDITORIAL

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

North Carolina has a native son of whom she may be justly proud. That man is Archibald Henderson, scientist, literary critic, historian, and biographer. Born a country boy in the picturesque region surrounding Salisbury and boasting of a long line of distinguished ancestors all of whom have been instrumental in the progress of North Carolina, Henderson has gradually and through his own keen intellect assumed a position among men of letters that bids fair to place him on a higher pedestal of fame and achievement than his illustrious forefathers ever attained.

His is a mind for the world—a great, restless machine that is continually seeking out those factors and those things of most potent for the advancement of intelligence. He is as versatile as he is brilliant. The fields of his study and his contribution are practically limitless, so gifted and so zealous in his endeavors to create is this remarkable man. A mathematician noted the world over as one of the few living scholars who understand Einstein's Theory of Relativity, Dr. Henderson has won for himself additional prestige with the passing years as head of the Department of Mathematics at the University of North Carolina where he received his education. Thus, serving his native state by his great work at his own alma mater, it seems to the average hero-worshipper that this task, this field for a life-work, would be sufficient for the time and talent of one individual. Not so with Henderson, for he has gone farther to aid the state that has honored him so highly. He has collected and written nearly a quarter of a million words on neglected and unexplored topics of North Carolina history, his discoveries being in wide demand by the press of his home state, the readers of which having gained a new stimulation and interest in the past of this section. His praises could continue indefinitely. He has been spoken of as "the most internationally-minded literary critic in America." And

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who can justifiably dispute this? His labors lie in many lines of literary productivity, writing for newspapers and other periodicals of both America and Europe, which for the past thirty years have been publishing his writings.

But, had he no other claim to fame and literary immortality, the fact that he is recognized by the world as the authorized biographer of George Bernard Shaw would surely give him that unique distinction and importance associated with the truly great of the earth. It is no exaggeration to say that today Shaw is regarded as one of the most influential intellectuals in the realm of literature, and it cannot be denied that for any person, biographer or otherwise, to have had intimate contact with him is an honor and a beneficial experience of which one might well be proud. Such a rewarded person has been Archibald Henderson, man of many talents. Some thirty years ago, Henderson, then an earnest and ambitious student, saw one of Shaw's plays performed, sensed in the makeup of the Irish wit qualities that are far from common in the average writer, and proceeded to begin a correspondence with the rapidly rising playwright—a correspondence which has given rise to an everlasting friendship between the two. Since that memorable day when Henderson declared he would present the world with this “find” of his, there have come from his revealing pen eight books dealing with Shaw as a man or with Shaw's career, each of them seeming to portray the subject better than the preceding study. This work has finally culminated in the preparation and publication of Henderson's second *Life of Shaw*, a treatment which must be regarded complete and authentic. Herein, the North Carolina author accomplishes what all other Shaw biographers have failed to do; in the words of Shaw himself (taken from a personal letter to A. J. Buttita of Durham, N. C.): “I became an individual where I had not even been a species: I had only been uncollected odds and ends. Henderson collected me and thereby advanced my standing very materially.” Is not this a worthy tribute to the man's talents? Is not Shaw's own admiration for his Boswell fitting reward for his efforts?

The world has seen born many figures destined for eternal fame, but it has rarely witnessed the mutual abilities of two such co-operative workers

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Haitian Nocturne

By RICHARD SMITH

I

Gently, almost reverently, Esperance placed the heavy pieces of silver around the table, and then stood off to watch the candlelight creep into the crystal, filling with iridescence the quiet beauty of the garden. A white-washed wall gave to the fragrance of the lime trees a delicious intimacy and seemed to guard their sweetness from the stealthy gropings of the night. High above, the somnambulistic moon was caught in the branches of a tree, where its struggles showered the earth with crimson blossoms. From within the blue stucco house came the music of a piano, and close on its reverent melody the faint, insinuating scent of jasmine.

Only in the softly moulded loveliness of this garden, did he find surcease from the brooding mountains, which seemed to be slowly inching the Cape into the blue depths of the Caribbean. His father had spoken of those mountains. They were the symbols of hate and lust and blood. And, his father had said, deep within those somber forests burned the flame which once again would free all Haiti from its white burden. It was the flame long fed by the ghosts of Christophe, Toussaint, and the great generals of the falcon sword. Since he was old enough to understand, he had been told of the great blood heritage he must fulfill; he must quicken the beating of that sluggish heart that pulsed beneath the clatter of commerce. He must execute the plans, which for three generations had seared the brains of his exiled ancestors. But he did not want blood and carnage, the people seemed happy, only the mountains and the dying eyes of his father commanded it. What place had the bloody specters of forgotten revolt among the automobiles and railroads of a new and raucous age? And so since his arrival two months ago, he had not left the little garden, where the clarion call of a trumpet was only the gentle, soul-filling whisper of winds on a summer evening.

From the house came the lilting tinkle of feminine laughter, followed almost immediately by footsteps along the cobble path, as Monsieur and

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Madame Rayelle accompanied the colonel to dinner. Esperance looked in open delight at the rather large golden evening slippers of madame. He had never ceased to wonder at their brilliance, and tonight they seemed more dazzling than ever, making even the rather generously planned Madame a thing of exquisite femininity. And to him they *were* the symbols of femininity; men could not wear such things. From Madame his glance swept to Monsieur, small, black-bearded Monsieur, and then to the hearty colonel, who smashed so many tea cups and made so many bad jokes. These people could not be the ones so savagely described by his father. These people were not the descendants of the French armies who had built the now ruined fortresses and blighted the island until black death and creeping fevers had wiped them out. Why these people were only interested in things they called "budgets." And yet the mountains called for death.

He watched them eat. So gay in the sunlight, at night they seemed to shrink together as though the hate that hid in the mountains were something tangible, something that could be felt like the breathing of death for those in an airtight chamber.

Like some jungle animal, the night seemed to creep closer, and each individual struggled with the heavy air which locked him in with his own thoughts. Everything remained unchanged; the village below gave up its clamor in the same hysterical way, and the ships in the harbor swung placidly at anchor, their port holes yellow stenciled in the water. But always there was that insistent tenor, calling from the mountains, calling from the forests, with the voice of a thousand dead. Someone to lead, someone to fight. From the sea like a tomb scattering its contents in the darkness, came stealing the smell of foul caves and rotted ships. Finally, Madame Rayelle spoke: "It is cold, let us go inside."

Esperance watched the golden slippers twinkle up the path and vanish in the house. Here in the garden they were both safe. But the mountains were still waiting.

II

It was late, and the night had taken on that heaviness which comes of age. Stars hung hot and low from the heavens, while to the southward

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the false cross trailed its shroud in the weed of the Saragosso Sea. Esperance slowly made his way along the overgrown footpath. Letitia, with a smile from red lips and a soft light in her dark eyes, had told him that her house was just beyond the ruined fort.

Far below, the sullen waters of the harbor clawed at the rocks and ahead, through a tangled mass of decayed vegetation, loomed the tumbled masonry of the old fortress.

Suddenly he found himself within its walls. Barracks stared hollow and crumbling from the grip of jungle creepers, cannon sprawled like drunken men, and over all there was the heavy, breathing silence of a slaughter place. Black shadows clogged the gun embrasures, and from within the hollow buildings came the odor of mouldering things.

Hurrying across the sounding courtyard, he suddenly found himself on the brink of a stone pit. From its very blackness it seemed to draw the darkness into itself like some monstrous devil-fish. Dropping to his knees, he struck a match and let it fall into the hole. Down, down, down, sped the tiny flame, and then the darkness seemed to slip back into place almost audibly. He hastily lit another, and this time, from far down in the depths, leapt a yellow tongue of flame. It grew, and with its growth the walls of the pit became small and shallow. It spread, feeding upon rags and debris on the bottom. And then upon the walls smoke and shadow began to etch strange pictures, pictures from the stories his father had told. Great masses of people weaving to and fro, hideous people with bloody mouths and staring eyes, struggling and dying there on the wall. Cannon flaring, plunging horses, men on the rigging of flaming ships, chaos and blood, soldiers with bayonets, men and women reeling, charging, and falling. Guttering torches, blades stained to the hilt, shattered helmets and looted rooms, fire and night and blood.

Trembling with terror, he watched the pageant, which ripped and tore at his brain. These were the creatures of his father! He watched and watched until he thought something must snap or he would go mad. And then before his staring eyes the shadows seemed to blend, and a solitary figure stood forth. That must be Christophe! His father had said so.

(Continued on page 34)

Waitin'

By JOHN BARRETT

CAST

GRAN, *a mother*

JULIAN, *her son*

ANNIE, *a servant*

MISS MILLICENT, *a keeper*

PLACE: Living-room of a county poorhouse.

TIME: A winter night: Christmas Eve.

THE SCENE: *The old-fashioned living-room of the county poorhouse. It is very neatly but plainly furnished and exemplifies a taste of well-preserved and colorful antiquity. Pictures and framed mottoes decorate the walls in tidy array and fading wall paper, yellowing and slightly peeling from long usage, may be seen. In the rear right of the wall there is a deep window, on whose panes may be seen frosted snow that glistens in the moonlight, while beneath the window is a small shelf. There is a door in the rear center leading out onto the porch, and occasionally when it is opened light swirls of snow drift into the room and blow over the heavy carpet on the floor. An ancient organ, covered with numerous Victorian trinkets, is placed up left from the open hearth and fireplace that is in the left wall. On the mantelpiece is an unlit candle in its holder and a miniature pendulum clock, whose faint ticking is heard throughout the play. Before the hearth is a huge, cozy armchair of inviting plush and by its side stands a little knitting basket, in which is placed an unfinished knit sweater. A small table, in the center of the room, holds a huge oil lamp, and from the whiteness of its oval shade shines a faint, hazy glow that blends into the flickering flamelight of the great wood fire on the hearth, and casts a ray of comfort and serenity over the room. A door in the right wall leads out into the hall and the stairs of the sleeping quarters. It is Christmas Eve and the little room has been gaily and tastefully decorated for the Yuletide season. Holly and cedar trimmings drape the window curtains and the numerous wall ornaments, and a minute fir tree, adorned with silver streamers and brilliant glass globes, is placed down center by the table's side. Outside snow is falling gently and through the window shines the gleaming moonlight, revealing the soft, white flakes as they drift to the ground. Darkness has descended. From far over the snow-covered fields comes the soft peeling of church bells, chiming the message of Christmas throughout the land. A frail*

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girl—possibly twenty—bending slightly with the effects of long, unceasing toil, is kneeling by the hearth, placing more logs on the grate. The flames leap up brightly and cast their mellow glow on her face. It is a pretty face, but thin and sallowing. Her hair—glistening in its raven blackness—hangs in disarray over the coarse jacket around her shoulders. She sighs slightly, presses her hand to her forehead, and slowly drops to a half-reclining position on the floor. She throws her head back and closes her eyes. For an instant there is complete silence, save for the ticking of the clock, and then a woman's voice, hard and brittle, is heard off right.

MISS MILLICENT [*off stage right*]:
Annie; oh, I say Annie.

[*Annie gets to her feet quickly, stoops to the floor and picks up a dust broom that she has placed there, and turns toward the door at the right.*]

ANNIE: Here I am in the front-room, Miss Millicent. I was seeing if everything was all right.

[*Miss Millicent, a woman of hard countenance, comes to the door and stops.*]

MISS MILLICENT [*harshly*]: Likely as not, you been meddling the same as ever and got everything mussed up. I thought I told you to stay out of here, anyhow.

ANNIE: But I didn't bother a thing, Miss Millicent. I just came in and lit the lamp and warmed a bit.

MISS MILLICENT: I'll attend to this room myself, and I don't want you snooping around in here. It's all straight and fairly decent now, and, if I can keep you out, maybe it'll stay that way.

ANNIE: I didn't mean no harm.

MISS MILLICENT [*savagely*]: Of course, you didn't, you little good-for-nothing. You didn't mean no more harm than none the others in there when they sit around and whine and cry and belly ache all day.

ANNIE [*sadly*]: I'm sorry, Miss Millicent.

MISS MILLICENT [*sarcastically*]: You're sorry. Yes, and you should be, with me slaving my hands to the bone to keep this place going. How do you suppose you and the rest of them paupers could live if it wasn't for my working all day long for you? And then having to put up with a busybody like you every hour of the day.

[*Annie has begun to cry and turns aside.*]

MISS MILLICENT [*clutching her by the sleeve*]: And don't try pulling that baby stuff on me, either. I get enough of that from old lady Windslow in yonder. With her sitting around all day never cracking a smile and moaning over that son of hers.

ANNIE: She's old, Miss Millicent, and he was her only son.

MISS MILLICENT: Well, that's no reason for her to mope around here, and I won't have it either. Everybody knows she's lost her mind since her son got killed, and the poorhouse ain't no place for crazy folks. She's got to be got rid of, and I'll see that it's done, too.

[*Annie gazes wonderingly at the woman for a moment and then slowly shakes her head.*]

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ANNIE: There's no where else Grannie can go, Miss Millicent. She hasn't got a soul left in the world.

MISS MILLICENT [*hard and cold*]: Oh, yes, there is. She can go to the asylum. That's where feeble-minded people belong.

ANNIE: It would kill her, Miss Millicent, kill her stone dead.

MISS MILLICENT: She'd be better off. She's no good as she is, nobody wants her, and she's got nothing to live for. Maybe she'd be satisfied then—maybe she'd have her "dear, dear, Julian boy" back again.

[*Miss Millicent laughs cruelly and pushes Annie aside.*]

MISS MILLICENT: Besides, what's it to you? You ain't got nothing to do with it. She don't mean nothing to you.

ANNIE: She's been good and kind to me. I love her.

MISS MILLICENT: So you've been taking up time with the inmates, too? And me working round like a dog doing everything. Why, I oughtta skin you alive.

[*She wheels quickly, rudely grasps Annie by the arm, and slaps her savagely. A shadow appears in the open door at the right and a little woman, winning in her quiet ways and wrinkled and bent, emerges. It is Mrs. Winslow—Grannie as she is called, a little wisp of a lady, with a kind face that has no trace of a smile, although it is apparent that her nature is one of sympathy and love. Silver strands of hair hang loosely from beneath her small, black stocking-cap, and, as she stands silhouetted in*

the doorway, the soft light of the lamp falls on her, lending her an almost ethereal touch.]

GRANNIE: You've not been harming Annie, have you, Miss Millicent?

[*Miss Millicent turns, flushes, and then regains her composure. Annie is sobbing quietly, her hand pressed to her cheek.*]

MISS MILLICENT: What if I am? It's none of your business.

GRANNIE [*coming down*]: She's a good girl, Miss Millicent.

MISS MILLICENT: I'm a judge of that. And, furthermore, I'm in charge here, and things go like I want them to. Try and let that sink in and remember it—both of you.

[*Grannie has come to Annie's side and has placed her arm soothingly around her, and is trying to quiet her tears.*]

GRANNIE: Annie wouldn't do anything wrong, Miss Millicent. I know that. She's been good to me.

MISS MILLICENT: Well, she's been doing things she's not supposed to do and I'm going to put a stop to it. And, hereafter, you watch your step, too; do you might find yourself singing a different hymn.

[*There is a slight pause. Far off the Christmas bells are heard.*]

GRANNIE [*softly*]: Listen, Annie. The bells are ringing again. Listen and tell me what they are saying. Don't cry, little girl, everything's all right now.

[*Miss Millicent shrugs her shoulders and walks over to the fireplace, appar-*

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ently noticing for the first the size of the fire.]

MISS MILLICENT [*turning*]: Who built this fire?

ANNIE [*slowly*]: I did, ma'am. It was cold in here.

MISS MILLICENT [*sarcastically*]: And you evidently thought you'd heat up the house while you were at it, is that it?

ANNIE: No, ma'am. I thought maybe it might keep warm until morning. It'll make the old folks feel better, it being Christmas Day.

MISS MILLICENT: Well, it's a needless waste and I've a good mind to thrash you for it.

[*She scowls angrily and Grannie holds the girl more securely. Suddenly, the door center swings open and light swirls of snow blow into the room. The wail of the wind is heard outside and the falling snow may be seen drifting to the ground. Miss Millicent rushes to the door, and Annie comes to her aid, finally pushing it shut.*]

MISS MILLICENT: That ain't been fixed yet, either, and I suppose you'll leave it for me to do.

[*Annie is silent.*]

MISS MILLICENT: Well, before you go to bed, see that you bar it and bar it so it'll stay closed. I don't want to be getting up in the middle of the night and trudging all the way downstairs to close doors.

ANNIE: The wood's getting low. I'll have to get enough tonight to cook breakfast in the morning.

MISS MILLICENT: Well, thank your

own self for that. If you hadn't made such a roaring fire in here, you'd have enough wood to last without having to trudge after it through all this snow.

ANNIE: I don't mind.

[*Miss Millicent gives a slight sneer and turns toward the hall doorway.*]

ANNIE [*slowly*]: Miss Millicent.

MISS MILLICENT [*turning*]: Well?

ANNIE [*whispering*]: You didn't mean what you said about Grannie just now, did you, Miss Millicent? About sending her away?

MISS MILLICENT: If it's any relief to you—yes, every word of it.

ANNIE: You're quite sure?

MISS MILLICENT: Absolutely! [*She turns to go and stops.*] And don't forget to bar that door. Anything could happen in this storm.

[*She goes out, and Annie turns to Grannie, who has walked down to the armchair and is looking sadly into the flames. The girl places her arms about the little, old lady.*]

ANNIE [*softly and smiling*]: Merry Christmas.

GRANNIE [*startled*]: Oh, what was that you said, my dear?

ANNIE: Merry Christmas to you.

GRANNIE [*slowly*]: Merry Christmas? What does that mean, child?

ANNIE: You know, Grannie. It means happiness and giftgiving and joy. It's the birthday of Jesus.

GRANNIE: Birthday? Yes, it is His birthday—and my Julian's birthday, too. He's getting to be quite a big man now, Annie. You'd like him.

ANNIE: Yes, I am sure I should.

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GRANNIE: He'll come back, Annie, he'll come back some day, I know. And then you can meet him. You'll love him—he's so tall and strong, not a bit like me.

[*For a moment there is silence.*]

ANNIE: Gran, why don't you ever smile just once? I've never seen you yet.

GRANNIE [*shaking her head*]: There's nothing for me to smile for, Annie. Not until Julian comes home.

[*Annie turns aside and lifts the corner of her apron to dry her eyes.*]

ANNIE: And you believe he will come back some day?

GRANNIE: Yes, Annie, my boy will come home. They tell me he won't—that he's dead—but my heart says no. That's why I live—why I want to live—God will send Julian to me before I go.

[*The nearest trace of a smile steals over her lips—Annie has backed toward the rear door.*]

ANNIE: I'd better get the wood, Grannie, before it gets later. You sit down there and I'll hurry back.

[*She pulls her cape more snugly around her neck, opens the door, and dashes out. Gran watches until she has gone, then steps back from the armchair and walks slowly over to the window where she peers out. She is there as Miss Millicent comes back to the hall doorway.*]

MISS MILLICENT: Where's that girl?

GRANNIE [*turning*]: She went after the wood, Miss Millicent.

MISS MILLICENT: And I suppose it's

taking her all this time out in that snow to get it?

GRANNIE: She just left to get it.

MISS MILLICENT: Oh, she did? And what has she been doing since I left the room?

GRANNIE: She talked to me just a minute.

MISS MILLICENT: Just a minute, eh? Well, I've grown tired of her "minute talks" with you. She's kept here to help me work—not to gab with all you old fussy gossipers—and I'm putting a stop to it.

GRANNIE: But it wasn't Annie's fault. I always begin talking to her.

MISS MILLICENT: Well, I'll fix that too. But now, you gone on up to your room and go to bed. It's nearly ten o'clock.

GRANNIE [*nervously*]: If you please, Miss Millicent, I wanted to ask a favor.

MISS MILLICENT: Well?

GRANNIE: Annie says it's Christmas—that's my boy's birthday.

MISS MILLICENT: What's that to do with it?

GRANNIE: It may seem foolish to you, Miss Millicent, but I want to stay up tonight—all night and see if he'll come back. God will send him to me.

MISS MILLICENT: Why' it's absurd! You know as well as I do that your son's dead—has been dead ever since the war.

GRANNIE [*crying*]: Please, please, Miss Millicent. I can't—I won't believe it. He'll come to me I know. Only let me stay here and wait. I won't be

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any trouble. I'll just sit here and wait and keep a candle burning in the window all night.

[Miss Millicent is seen to wince, but she quickly becomes her former self.]

MISS MILLICENT: You're a silly old woman and you're liable to die from exposure sitting in here all night, but, as far as I'm concerned, you may do as you like. *[She turns to the hall door.]* Remind Annie to bar that door when she comes back and don't use any of that wood she brings in on this fire. If you get cold, go to bed. That's where you should be, anyhow.

[She goes out and Gran stands for a moment gazing after her in silence. Then she walks back to the window, gazes out, and raises her arms. The silent prayer ended, she walks down to the old organ, fondly touches it, and almost smiles. The rear door opens and Annie, carrying a load of wood in her arms, comes in, and rushes down to the hearth, shivering and coughing slightly. She warms her hands and looks up.]

ANNIE: Terribly cold, Grannie. Better get to bed.

GRANNIE: I'm going to sit up, Annie, all night.

ANNIE *[surprised]*: But Miss Millicent. Gran—

GRANNIE: Miss Millicent knows, Annie. She said it was all right.

ANNIE: Honestly, Gran?

GRANNIE: She isn't so bad, Annie. We just don't understand her, that's all.

ANNIE: Well, if you're going to stay up here, you'll need a good fire. I'll put some more logs on and—

GRANNIE: Miss Millicent said for you not to, Annie. It'll be a waste, and, besides, it's perfectly warm enough.

ANNIE: I'm afraid, Grannie. I wish you'd let me put you to bed.

GRANNIE: No, child, something has told me to stay here, and I want to. Why, to imagine that perhaps he will come back—that he'll be right here where I am—here at the organ. I told you before he could play, didn't I, Annie?

ANNIE: Yes, Gran, you told me.

GRANNIE: He used to play for me when he was young and just learning. And it was like Heaven. He was all I had left, Annie, and I loved him—God knows too much to take him from me.

ANNIE *[kissing her]*: Bless you, Angel. Goodnight.

[Annie turns to go and Gran suddenly remembers Miss Millicent's warning.]

GRANNIE: Miss Millicent said you were not to forget to bar the door, Annie.

ANNIE: Yes, I'd forgotten.

[She goes to the rear door, places a heavy bar in its grooves, and goes back to the hall doorway, where she turns.]

ANNIE: The chorus from the city is going to drive over in the morning early to sing some carols for us. You'd better get a little sleep if you want to hear them.

GRANNIE: Don't worry about me, Annie.

ANNIE *[softly]*: I hope he comes.

[She runs out and Gran is left alone]

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on the stage. For a moment she stands motionless, and then she goes to the mantelpiece slowly, takes the unlit candle in its holder, lights it, and walks back to the table, where she blows out the table lamp. Now, the room, save for the flickering of the firelight and the soft glow of the candle is in darkness, although a little beam of the moonlight pours in through the window. The snow may still be seen falling, as Gran places the candle on the shelf beneath the window. Then she gazes out in silence and turns back toward the organ. She moves slowly over to it, gazes fondly at any detail that might remind her of her boy, and then comes down to the armchair, where she sits and takes her knitting from the basket at her side. She commences her knitting and as she continues, the firelight dies down slowly. The candle is flickering at the window and the light of the room becomes hazy. Gran nods and her fingers move more slowly at her work. The wind outside is heard to moan unusually loud. Suddenly, the rear door opens, a bit of snow swirls in, and a young man, clad in a khaki uniform, and very tall and handsome, appears in the opening. He is Julian. Gran has not noticed his entrance and remains unaware of his presence as he comes down back of her chair and bends over to place his hands over her eyes.]

JULIAN: Guess!

GRANNIE [*startled*]: Oh, my! I'm sure—I—why, I—

JULIAN: It's Julian, Mother, I've

come back—come to take you away—to take you home.

GRANNIE [*joyously*]: Is it true? Can it be? [*She nervously feels his face, his hair*] It is, it is! Oh, God, you did remember—You did give him back to me.

JULIAN: Of course, it's me, Mommy. Why not? Why it hasn't been long, has it?

GRANNIE: Long? Only ten years and it has seemed a century.

JULIAN: Ten years? Surely you're joking, Mother. Why, I just left you a few months ago.

GRANNIE: What are you saying, Julian? You know it has been years—and long years, son, since I last saw you.

JULIAN: You've been dreaming, or somebody's been playing a joke on you. But, now, I'm back—what does it matter—a month, a year, ten years. It's all the same now—we're together. That's all we need to know.

GRANNIE: Together. [*A sigh of almost perfect satisfaction follows.*] Always together from now on.

JULIAN: I've been thinking what I'd do for my mother when I got back. And I've decided to leave it to her. Ask what you will—the best is none too good.

GRANNIE [*holding him tightly*]: Just to hold you, boy, just to hold you.

JULIAN: That'll be easy. Didn't I say there'll be no more separation for us?

GRANNIE: Then I can rest, Julian, and feel relieved.

(Continued on page 34)



POETRY

Mona Lisa

By KENNETH WHITE MUNDEN

And now when other days more glorious
Are etched in unforgotten imagery
Like blown Venetian glass through which I see
In exquisite detail long-settled dust;
Now when the passions quiet, and in shame
Creep softly back through the long passage-ways,
And, too long lingered, the aged peach-tree lays
Its dead bough on the wind that asks its name,
It is perhaps in season that I speak
And tell thee things thou hadst not known till now,
Only thou wouldst but shrivel, as this bough,
And call thyself a weakling, who art weak . . .
Ah, Leonardo, if God laugh at thee,
Look to thine art! Where *is* thy heresy?

If I Can Hear You Singing

By JOHN D. LEE, JR.

When I am dead and brother to the dust
I ask the one last gift that Love can give,
That, though my ears may crumble, as they must,
My love of deathless music still may live.
And when you come, mayhap, to lean above me
When every tree is radiant with Spring,
When all the earth is full of haunting beauty,
My dust will quicken then to hear you sing.
Should you choose the song that once I cherished,
When Youth made every year seem overlong,
I wonder if the body that has perished
Would vibrate to the brilliance of your song.
The ecstasy will make my heart rejoice
As, through eternity, I hear your voice.

Moment Fugitive

By MARGARET TOD RITTER

Turning this leaf-brown hair between my fingers
I come upon bright copper at the temple:
A flame within a smoky brazier burning,
A thick warm perfume.

For centuries the rain-wet willows dripping
Into these green-pool eyes. O lovely laughter,
O husky voice, O strange, heartbreaking beauty
Of the Beloved.

On Seeing a Young Fawn

By KEITH CAMPBELL

No rose red burning in the dewy dawn
Could challenge fairly your sweet beauty's pose
That I this morning through a path I chose
Saw clearly at the burning's farthest lawn,
The wind away from you, (so young a fawn!)
Why should you leave the tender root for throes
Of flight when still unseen, unheard are those
From whom each deer aware is happiest gone?
Yet as I looked at pretty hoof upraised
And sad brown eyes and small unantlered head
I thought I saw that heavenly huntress near:
The pure Diana: and I stood amazed:
Her bow unstrung, she whispered in your ear:
Swiftly on velvet was the way you sped!

The Dragonfly

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

It took a thing like this bright fly
To bring down heaven to the eye.

From the slime-bug to perfection,
Here on wings is resurrection.

The crystal of the open air
Builds unseen wings for him to wear.

He flies at a standstill, irised gaudy,
His eyes are half of his keen body.

Only a deity could contrive
To make a jewel come alive.

The Promenade

By BEULAH MAY

At early candle-light
My mind, tiring of books, great chair and fire,
Buckles on a sword and whipping up a cloak
Goes walking.

A brisk wind bustles about the square,
Creaking the sign of the *Bear of Muskovy* and sending
Dust and pamphlets whirling on their way,
Flicking the rain on softly painted cheeks,
Blowing the powder from the great curled wigs,
And tossing neckbands of old Irish lace.
A padausoi petticoat tilts slightly
To show a high red heel
As an elegant mask pricks across the road,
Cherry ribbons fluttering in the breeze.

The air has a tang of salt,
And down by the quay the herring fleet
Rattles its chains and rocks with the tide.
Shadows gather in the street,
An old lamplighter clammers up a post
And the last few clouds turn scarlet in the west.

BARRETT'S LAMP

This is the story of a man torn by war, of a boy singing the song of childhood, and of a broken toy deserted and forgotten among the fading flowers of a lonely grave. And throughout there runs the theme of Life: turbulent and mighty as the roar of clashing arms—peaceful and soothing as the slumber of a smiling child.

The wind of the long afternoon moaned in the trembling boughs of the old oak trees that bent and swayed in the great lawn. It whistled fiercely as though it might be some restless spirit of the past wandering endlessly over the earth searching, longing, and ever singing to forget or to renew hope. A threat of snow was in the low-hanging clouds, and a dull greyness covered the ominous sky. It was December, month of memory, month of love. Already the tang of late Autumn had given way to the first blast of winter, and the little color that had remained on the shivering leaves was fast disappearing. Here and there in the sweeping meadow lay huge patches of gold and red and yellow, sad and helpless in the invasion of chilly frost. A blurred sun, pale and cold in the far West, was sinking slowly, mockingly. Night shades had begun to gather. Little lights flickered in the far-flung cabins down in the valley, and curls of silken smoke drifted up from fireside chimneys and into the play of the moaning winds. A few birds flying low passed in a body over the treetops and into the South. The forest noises ceased, and but for the increasing wail of the wintry blast, there would have been peace in the countryside. A faint trace of the moon peeped over a distant ridge. The cabin lights were more distinct now, smiling through the deep night and seeming to say, "Come home, come home."

A white ribbon, soft and velvety of touch, wafted in the sweep of the wind as it raced wildly around the corners of the old house that had stood for generations in the midst of its sheltering trees. Yellow light poured out from many windows and drifted away through the leafless branches into the night to blend with the cold glow of the moon. Shadows of mov-

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ing people printed themselves on the freezing ground, the flare and cheery dart of open hearthfires danced gleefully on the window panes, but not a sound, not a voice, came from the old house—white and ghostly against the night sky.

The little fellow lay on the bed and, with his chubby hands supporting his chin, looked through the panes of the window at his side. His smooth, ruddy cheeks, full and healthy in the prime of childhood, glistened with trickling tears in the firelight, and his lips trembled slightly as he sobbed to himself. He didn't mind if he was made to remain there with all the grown-folks while they sat around the fire and droned away in hushed voices. It didn't matter if they refused to leave him alone to do as he pleased, to cry out his childish heart, to console himself. They knew he was crying. They knew why, too. And they felt sorry for the little fellow and wanted to help him. That was why his mama took him in her arms and sat in the comfortable rocker of his grannie and sung to him as she rocked to and fro in the shadows of the dancing firelight. Then, he had closed his eyes and pretended to sleep, and she had carried him over to his bed and placed him down gently, kissing his feverish forehead with its tangled maze of stray curly locks. But, when she had tiptoed quietly back to the others and took her seat among them, he opened his eyes and turned over to gaze out into the night and meditate. There was little to see, and had there been much, in this dark moment his eyes of innocence would have looked far beyond, even to the shadowing hills, to see the smiling face of a man—a broken, pathetic man with tired, weary eyes—a man dreaming of things that never were and never could be—a man who was his daddy and his idol, who used to come running to grab him into his arms each night when he came home from work, and pitched “one-eyed catch” with him in the cool summer evenings, and sat caressing him in the bask of pleasant hearthlights during long winter nights while telling him wonderful stories of the days when he was a little fellow; and how he grew up and married a beautiful woman; and how they became very lonely and God felt sorry for them and gave them a little boy of their own; and how a great, cruel war came and took him from the beautiful woman and his baby and finally sent him home again, broken

THE ARCHIVE

and helpless. But now, and the little fellow's blue eyes grew hot and burned with new tears, now he had gone away, far away, and his mama said he was never coming back, for he was tired and needed to sleep a long, long time. They had put him in a big grey box with white silk inside and had held up the little boy to see him. His daddy was smiling—the same quiet, mysterious smile that seemed to always hide a nice secret—and the lines in his face were hardly noticeable. Only his hair, greying about the temple, told of the great struggle and his loss. He couldn't believe this hero of his was gone. He was only sleeping, he kept saying, only tired and sleeping and soon he would be up again to take the little fellow up into the big city for the shopping season and let him meet Santa Claus again just as he did last Christmas, and perhaps would buy him a toy or two to press to his happy heart as they trudged homeward through the fields. And thinking thus, he reached out a hand by his side and picked up a toy soldier that he had played with over and over since his daddy brought it to him the day he was taken sick. Claspings the trinket to his heart, he smiled, closed his eyes, and in a moment slept. The grown-folks continued to drone away and outside the wind moaned more than ever.

But the next day came and with it an afternoon still more threatened with snow, and the little fellow began to realize that his mama had told him the truth. He tiptoed through the crowd of people who had begun to call and into the bleak parlor where the big grey box lay on its bed of flowers. In his hand he clinched the toy soldier, holding it by an arm and allowing it to dangle as he walked. Peering over the border of roses, he stood silently and watched the face of the man who seemed to be sleeping peacefully. The boy was not crying now. Perhaps, he believed in and was resigned to "the way of the flesh and the reward of the mighty," as the school preacher up in the village always said in his long Sunday morning sermons. Anyhow, he merely stood there—strong, erect, a brave little fellow. And then his mama came in with a lot of neighbors and took him far back in the old house to dress him for the ride behind the shiny black automobile, that used to make him cross his fingers and turn his cap around whenever he met it on the road. The organ was playing, and he could hear the choir from his daddy's church singing one of the songs he

THE ARCHIVE

remembered from his grandma's "sleeping" a long time ago. It seemed ages that he waited. He glanced over at his mama. She was softly crying. Then over to the other women, and noticed their eyes filled with consoling tears. His lips quivered slightly—then he stiffened, the toy soldier dangling limply in his hand.

The long ride had ended, the big grey box was lowered in the gaunt red hole in the great field, and the school preacher was sending the people away with an assurance that "though he lie here in sleep, he will arise." The last song of the departing choir began. Holding his mama's hand, the little fellow walked slowly over to the flower wreaths on the mound that the old darkies from his grannie's place had made with their shovels. From his hand dangled the toy soldier, and, as he knelt to pluck a rose for his mama, the plaything dropped, an arm pulled off, and lay partly enclosed among the flowers. The sun was lowering as his mama led him away.

* * * *

With night came loneliness and long, sleepless hours. His window was at his bedside and through it poured the rays of the cold moon. The wind whipping about through the grove cast ominous shadows on the wall, and he shivered. Then, he braved himself and looked out. Away up in the sky, he saw the stars and especially the evening star. Child-like, he began to count them and his eyes closed. So, he slept, his eyes turned towards the star of December—the same star that shone over a lonely grave in a great meadow, and over a broken, brave toy soldier asleep in the depths of peaceful flowers.



BOOKS

A Truly Great Accomplishment

Bernard Shaw: Playboy and Prophet. By Archibald Henderson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 872 pp. \$7.50.

This is the much heralded and eagerly awaited authorized Shaw biography—a complete and massive study of the greatest intellectual of the age. It has been compiled from authentic sources during a period of some twenty odd years, revealing throughout that charming intimacy and heart-felt friendship which Dr. Henderson and his celebrated subject have enjoyed since the beginning of their acquaintance.

Not only does the author hold up Shaw in his best light; he undrapes the masque from the features of this famed literary rebel and exposes the trivial things that go into the makeup of every man—artist or laborer. Shaw is made to live, to breathe, to become a man whom one might meet in all the walks of life—not the retiring cynic or the loud-mouthed Socialist. We look into his heart, his home. We live with him during the struggles of his childhood, experience the pangs of social ostracism, and feel elation as he ascends the destined steps of fame. Family secrets are revealed, Shaw's greatest works are shown emerging from the embryo, his weaknesses, his hidden faults, his sincere outlook on life and conception of civilization—we read all as we follow the magic pen sweepings of this new Boswell.

For Archibald Henderson may well be acclaimed the logical successor to the Johnsonian biographer who has come down through the ages. He has seen his man even as Boswell regarded his beloved Doctor. In fact, it may be that he has observed more closely. Henderson never once allows his reverence and admiration for Shaw to dominate the narration of a single point in the Life. He puts Shaw down in black and white, strips whatever sham there may be from him, and bids an astonished and delighted world to gaze upon this intellectual giant—this playwright of the

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nations in whom Henderson was the first to suspect glowed the sparks of true genius. It was this conviction that caused Archibald Henderson a quarter of a century ago to cultivate the friendship of his "discovery" and to gain for himself Shaw's permission to become his authorized biographer.

Dr. Henderson, naturally, has written the *Life* from a personal point of view, but to those wary ones who might feel that he has overlooked vital points, a reference can be made to the statement as to the book's absolute accuracy and truth that Shaw read every line of proof and has not changed one iota the original facts and assertions. Almost every phase and aspect of Shaw's life is discussed freely, frankly, and, strange as it seems in a volume of its nature and immense size, as charming as light fiction. We see him as playwright; as critic of the drama, of music, of art; as novelist, and then follow him through his political life, grasping a new understanding of his religious and philosophical outlook, and finally living with him in his mellowing peace, sharing the contentment and happiness of his closing days as the age's most outstanding man of letters.

It is a *Life* that must live for posterity, because it is a true revelation and a masterfully painted portrait of a man to whom Destiny has already assigned a place in the annals of literature as secure as that of Shakespeare, or of Heine, or of Voltaire.

—J. B. CLARK.

The Nobel Prize Winner's New Novel

Flowering Wilderness. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 320 pp. \$2.50.

Pure irony is rarely so beautifully portrayed. The vindictiveness of the masses, especially when egged on by the mean individual, is a leveller which finds likenesses only in time and death. How many more centuries before the millennium of kindness?

Wilfrid Desert, poet, soldier, second son, and traveller, has been forced at the pistol's point to renounce Christianity and turn Moslem. To Dinny Cherrell, who loves him, the recanting matters not at all. But proper England cannot accept this kotower who refused to say "Shoot and be damned!", this coward who, to save his own skin, lowered the status of all Englishmen

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in the eyes of the East. First in the desert, then in the bazaars, and then in the London clubs they began to talk.

Dinny's uncles and aunts cannot help her. At one moment, they attempt to keep her from Wilfrid; at another, they try to join her to him. There is much floundering, and Wilfred goes quietly out of the lives of all of them.

Flowering Wilderness is a great novel, worthy in every respect of comparison with the tales of the Forsytes. Most people are indifferent to everything; let once, however, the few vengeful ones begin their Pharisaic harangues, and the die is cast. It is many years since we have seen so mighty a satire on the prevalence of hypocrisy in modern life.

—EDWARD HUBERMAN.

On sale at Thomas-Quickel's.

Frustrated Rebellion

Diana Stair. By Floyd Dell. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 641 pp. \$2.50.

In *Diana Stair* Floyd Dell has recreated with a reasonable amount of authenticity the most fascinating period in American history, the 1840's. The rococo enthusiasms of the time; Fouierism, transcendentalism, and humanitarianism are convincingly interwoven into the plot. The figures of Garrison, Margaret Fuller, Holmes, and other prominent personages of the period are incorporated as characters.

Diana Stair, the heroine, is an anachronism. A reckless, intellectual, unafraid woman living at a time when her sex read Gift Books, meekly obeyed their husbands, and fainted gracefully. Diana's career is a succession of enthusiasms, enthusiasms which are painfully futile. Fate is always stepping in to keep her from being an absolute success in anything. Leader of a group of strikers, she loses her fight when the authorities discover a pair of minister's trousers in her quarters. The abolitionists drop her because she smokes a Turkish pipe, wears pyjamas, and is seriously suspected of having once posed for an artist in the nude. She drifts from literature to domesticity, to socialism, and finally back again to the abolition movement.

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Her life is motivated by a search for trouble and truth. Trouble she has no difficulty in finding; truth is more elusive.

Diana Stair is not a great novel; indeed, its interesting plot and colorful characters barely save it from being a boring one. However, Dell's ability as a story-teller makes the book entertaining and, in a measure, worthwhile.

—L. J. CLARK.

*On sale at Thomas-Quickel Co.

The Snow-Bird

Ballerina. By Lady Eleanor Smith. Indianapolis: Bobbs, Merrill & Company. 1932. 366 pp. \$2.50.

Something like the old miracle of Pygmalion and Galatea has been achieved by Lady Eleanor Smith in that she has breathed life and reality into a beautiful creation. In fact it is difficult in reading the book not to fall under the illusion that Varsovina was a mid-nineteenth century personage.

She was born Paulina Varley, daughter of a Cockney actor and a Jewish dancer. A drunken prospective step-mother caused her to run off with Murdo, the mad juggler. This Pagliacci episode ended when she flew to the protection of Rosing, wealthy Belgian, formerly a dance master. Under his tutelage she acquired an excellence of technique which enabled her to dance at La Scala, first as Coryphee, soon as Ballerina. A series of brilliant conquests followed, public triumphs and renown. Nor was she without lovers. In fact her career was a sort of pas à deux of Terpsichore and Erato. Only once did the muses desert her, when she became the unwilling mother of a hunchback changeling.

The birth of this son might be regarded as a symbolic climax in her life. The dark forces of life—old age, disillusionment, death—began to close in upon her. The vigor of her spirit stood out more and more as decay achieved its insidious triumph. It can seldom be said about any novel that it gets better in the second half. This one does. That alone is high praise.

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One may look for resemblance between Varsovina and her sisters in the flesh of a later generation, Karsavina and Pavlova. The resemblances are there. Also one episode of Varsovina's life, the idyll of Fontainebleau, recalls a similar love passage in *La Dame Aux Camellias*. One is reminded of the Russian dancer, Grusinakaya, in *Grand Hotel* when Varsovina, the snow-bird, dons her plumage for her last mortal flight. But these figures which cast their shadows on Lady Eleanor's scene only enhance that strong impression of reality with which she endows her romance.

—MARY UPDIKE WHITE.

*On sale at Thomas-Quickel's.

Quantitative Supplement

Nicodemus. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company.
90 pp. \$1.75.

This is Mr. Robinson's first book of short poems in several years. Poetry lovers have looked forward with lively curiosity to the publication of this volume which contains ten poems other than the title selection, some of which are in print for the first time.

The moral atmosphere and the prevailing intellectual wind are those to which his close readers are accustomed. No hitherto untapped source of power is revealed in these poems which are in almost complete accord with the established Robinson *genre*. No one selection rises above the mass; they must be accepted as a quantitative rather than a qualitative addition to his previous efforts.

At times the poet seems to subserve the lyric element to the narrative and dramatic. Yet his cunning use of negatives, involuted phrasing, and characteristic wording seem to recall to the reader the beautiful lyric quality of some former poems and make less noticeable a slight retrogression in this respect.

To Robinson devotees who hold that he is the foremost poet of the day, this volume is significant; to others, less important.

—L. H. EDMONDSON.

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Boom! Boom!

Shoot and Be Damned. By Sgt. Ed Halyburton, D.S.M., and Ralph Goll. New York: Covici-Friede. 452 pp. \$2.50.

The author of this stirring drama admits (on page 356) that once he could have accepted enough money from German authorities to obtain, in their words, "a cash consideration sufficient to keep you very well the rest of your life." With the memory of Goose Creek and its ice cream socials firm in his mind, however, Sgt. Halyburton declined the bribe and, we are later told, received a letter from General John J. Pershing in which that worthy soldier states: "I have just learned with great pleasure of your magnificent and noble conduct while you were a prisoner of war in the hands of the enemy."

With the publication of *Shoot and Be Damned* after its serialized form in *Liberty* magazine, Sgt. Halyburton has doubtless been compensated for his honesty while a German prisoner. And with many thousands of people

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now reading Pershing's letter of commendation, the Sergeant probably holds a position of prominence in his native haunts. He is therefore one of those fortunates who has eaten his cake and still has half of it, the other half going, of course, to the actual writer of *Shoot and Be Damned*, Mr. Ralph Goll.

There is really little else to be said. Mr. Goll is a fair writer. Being somewhat skeptical, I doubt much of the contents of the narrative, because it was unquestionably written to make money, because it appeared in *Liberty*, and finally because it sounds absurd in many particulars.

That the book will prove popular, I have no doubt. It has been written by an honest-to-God American, who, fourteen years after the war, adds magnificent tolerance to his honesty by admitting that perhaps the Germans were not wholly to blame for the long encounter. The print of the book is sufficiently large for the kind of people who will buy it to read with great ease and pleasure.

—J. L. STEWART.

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ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

(Continued from page 6)

as are Shaw and Henderson. There have been greater writers, more compelling influences, stronger hands, but never an affection or a respect for each other to excel those of these two moderns. Shaw, powerful and feared in his own right, sees in Henderson something deeper than the mere power to chronicle the acts and thoughts of a man—he has looked beneath the surface of the historian, the mathematician, and the critic, to find a gentleness of heart and a warmth of soul for all of mankind. These things has Shaw discovered and these things he holds dear to his heart—a cynical, disillusioned heart, so some say—but one that holds forever the sincerest of feeling for a North Carolina country lad who carries on for his noble line.

HAITIAN NOCTURNE

(Continued from page 9)

Something cracked in his head. Why Christophe, Christophe the Conqueror, was wearing Madame's golden slippers! Christophe in a woman's shoes!

Suddenly he began to laugh. His laughter reechoed through the crumbling fort, driving back the shadows. He laughed and laughed until his breath came in great gasps. Christophe in a woman's shoes! His mirth soared and reverberated in a new found freedom. Letitia would laugh! They would roar together. He rose and skirted the pit, laughing . . . laughing . . . laughing . . .

WAITIN'

(Continued from page 16)

[He clasps her warmly to his breast and glances over at the window and sees the flickering candle.]

JULIAN *[softly]*: When I saw it

from out on the fields, I knew it was for me.

GRANNIE: For you, Julian, to show you the way.

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[A pause.]

JULIAN: The place seems rather nice.

GRANNIE: I did not mind.

JULIAN: There is comfort here.

GRANNIE: There is now.

JULIAN: We shall find it elsewhere

soon.

GRANNIE: Yes, we shall find it soon.

JULIAN: My organ resembled that one there. It has been long since I played.

GRANNIE: It seems an eternity, Julian. I should like to hear you and see how you have improved.

JULIAN [*laughing*]: No improvement, Mother, for the time has been short. But I shall play as I did before I went away. Will that please you?

GRANNIE: Oh, yes—so much!

JULIAN: Then a kiss and I begin.

[*He bends over and gently touches her lips. Then he rises, goes to the organ, opens it, and dusts the keys.*]

JULIAN: Ugh! It must have been long since this was played. The dust lies in thick coats all over it.

GRANNIE: No one can play but you, Julian. No one has played here since I came.

[*Julian has seated himself on the organ stool and has begun to play. The music is quite soft, and evidently it renews memories of youthful happiness and long-dead contentment for Gran, because as the music waxes more vividly and stirring, a slight smile begins to creep over her lips, as she rests in the armchair, with eyes closed and at ease. The music continues for a short while,*

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and then suddenly stops. Julian turns, rises, and comes noiselessly down to Gran, who has evidently fallen asleep. He looks quietly down at her and smiling shakes his head, bends over, and softly kisses her hair. There is a beautiful smile on her lips as he turns aside, tip-toes to the window, and, after glancing back, extinguishes the candle flame. Save for the dying firelight the room is quite dark. He steps to the rear door, opens it, and goes out. The wind has subsided and the snow has almost ceased falling. For a long while, but for the clock's ticking, there is complete silence. The firelight becomes more dim, and then a faint streak of dawn appears through the window. From far over the hills comes the sound of many voices in carol singing. The room is rapidly brightening. Suddenly, Annie clad in her bed clothes rushes

into the room, realizes the fire has died out, and goes to Gran's side. She gently presses her hand, and her face assumes a mingled expression of awe and sorrow. Speechless, she drops Gran's hand and looks away into space. Miss Millicent calls loudly but Annie does not answer. Miss Millicent calls again.]

MISS MILLICENT: Mrs. Winslow?

ANNIE [blankly]: She isn't here.

[Miss Millicent appears in the doorway.]

MISS MILLICENT [angrily]: Isn't here? What do you mean?

ANNIE [sadly]: She has gone?

MISS MILLICENT [surprised]: Gone? Gone? Gone where?

ANNIE: With him. He *did* come back.

[The carols are heard much nearer as—

The curtain falls]



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SHAW AND HENDERSON

The ARCHIVE

VOLUME XLV

JANUARY, 1933

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Staff Announcement

There will be an important meeting of the editorial and art staffs Thursday evening, January 12, at 7:30 in the ARCHIVE office. It is urgent that all members be present at this time.

THE EDITOR.

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Dr. Henderson, the official biographer of Shaw, is a native North Carolinian who has attained international fame. He is a professor of mathematics at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where he has made his home for many years.

Dr. Henderson's paper has been illustrated after the original photographs by Preston Brooks Moses, Art Editor of the ARCHIVE.

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Miss Rinehimer is a freshman at Duke. Her poetry has appeared in the *Distaff*, publication of the Woman's College.

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Considered by many critics one of America's best young poets, Mr. Campbell was forced to withdraw as a student at Duke in 1931 because of poor health. This poem was written during the holidays which he spent on the campus.

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Mr. MacQuarrie is a freshman at Duke.

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Dedication

As a tribute to his genius and as a simple means to partially repay him for his patience and kindness to us in publishing this issue, we respectfully offer the ARCHIVE in dedication this month to

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

Head of the Department of Mathematics at the
University of North Carolina

The ARCHIVE

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A Mysterious Imbrolio

SHAW — TERRY — IRVING — CRAIG

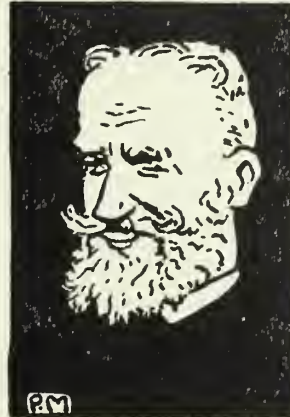
By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON



TERRY



CRAIG



SHAW

During the past two years, an extraordinary and puzzling controversy has been going on between two major figures in the history of the modern drama and theatre of the English-speaking world. The principals are: George Bernard Shaw, by many believed to be the greatest living dramatist; and Edward Gordon Craig, the son of the late Ellen Terry, very famous actress, and himself rather generally credited a genius. In 1931, to the astonishment of the world, appeared a volume of upwards of two hundred and fifty letters between Shaw and Ellen Terry.¹ The world was entirely unaware of the existence of such a correspondence; and even Ellen Terry's family were surprised by the discovery, among her effects after her death, of a hundred or more letters to her from Shaw. Ellen

¹*Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: A Correspondence.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1931.

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Terry's executors appealed to Mr. Shaw for her letters to him; and he quickly responded by turning them over to the executors, chronologically arranged. When all the letters were arranged together, they constituted what the editor of the volume justly calls "a correspondence unique in the annals of the theatre, and with very few parallels in the literature formed by the scant records we possess of the intimacies of well-known public characters." The decision was made by the executors, with Mr. Shaw's consent, to publish the letters as "an act of that supreme justice to the memory of a great actress which consists in letting her be seen as she never dreamt of showing herself, and indeed could not without impertinence have shown herself, except to those friends from whom she had no secrets—and with whom she could drop her public work of making the heroines of romance seem real and living."

The reading public of two continents had scarcely recovered from the astonishment over the existence of the correspondence and from admiration for the literary art, charm and loveliness displayed by the two principals, when a bombshell burst in the shape of the appearance of a book by Gordon Craig, making a violent and indecent assault upon Bernard Shaw.² The ironic subtitle to the book is: "A Plea for G. B. S." Craig charges Shaw with being deficient in the first principles of a gentleman in permitting Ellen Terry's letters to him to be published. "A man who holds in his hands letters from a woman, as Shaw held my mother's, does not part with them or show them to anyone. I won't discuss why—it's simply not done—it's an old and everlasting courtesy, observed by all."

On the face of it, Craig seems to have the better of the argument. Shaw had written the Preface to the correspondence; and there it was bared to the world, although long privately known, that Craig was the son of Ellen Terry and Edward William Godwin, to whom she was never married. The correspondence is not the revelation of a real romance, but only of a paper romance, between Bernard Shaw and Ellen Terry. But the jacket of the American edition bore the deceptive title (which is not that of the book itself), namely "The Shaw-Terry Letters: A Romantic Correspondence"; and reproduced, side by side, portraits of Shaw and Ellen Terry. Pique, anger, something of natural humiliation, and resentment for the misrepre-

²*Ellen Terry and her Secret Self*. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1932.

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sensation of the correspondence as romantic was experienced by Craig. So he burst forth with the following sharp protest: "I objected to what seemed to me to be a pack of deliberate lies, purposely invented to damage my mother, Nelly Terry, my father, myself, my family, Irving, and a few more. . . . Shaw . . . seemed to me to resemble nothing so much as a very large, malicious, poke-nose old woman, meddling with persons and things about which he knew not much, and with an idle and vindictive tongue spreading falsehoods about them up and down the street."

Fortunately, the true story of the events leading up to the publication of the Terry-Shaw correspondence can now be published, since the documents are in my hands and now lie before me.³ The full narrative would require a small volume for its setting forth; but the outlines will be sketched in here, with adequate detail and essential quotations of the fundamental documents. It is necessary to record, as explanatory of Craig's animosity against Shaw, that it dates from the production by Ellen Terry in 1903 of Ibsen's *The Vikings*. Gordon Craig, the stage director, was given a free hand by his mother in designing the stage settings. The production was sharply criticized by Shaw in a letter to Ellen Terry, which Craig bitterly resented; and when the Terry-Shaw correspondence was published, Craig succeeded in having this letter of Shaw's omitted from the volume. Moreover, Craig was a valiant champion of Sir Henry Irving, as man and actor; and he was deeply angered by Shaw's pronounced hostility to Irving, which runs through all Shaw's drama criticisms and is a sort of *leit-motif* in the symphonic poem of the Terry-Shaw correspondence.

The correspondence, which covered a period of some thirty years, is actually the expression of a relentless battle between Shaw and Irving for Ellen Terry. Not a romantic struggle for the woman, but an esthetic struggle for the actress. Shaw "courted" Ellen Terry on behalf of the modern drama—the drama of Ibsen and of Shaw. He, the knight-errant of modernism, sought to rescue the imprisoned damsel from the dungeon of the demoded Lyceum, presided over by her gaoler, Irving. As a drama critic,

³In the authorized biography, "Bernard Shaw: Playboy and Prophet," D. Appleton & Co. New York, 1932, recently published, I make no mention of the controversy. The story is here narrated, for the enlightenment of the public, at the request of the editor of *The Archive*. The documents themselves constitute the complete exculpation of Mr. Shaw from Mr. Craig's coarse and groundless charges.

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Shaw shrank from submitting his plays to Irving, for fear Irving would suspect that he was asking for a bribe for good notices of Irving's performances at the Lyceum. So he approached Irving indirectly through Ellen Terry, who persuaded Irving to accept Shaw's *The Man of Destiny* for subsequent production. Shaw, however, refused to modify the tone of his caustic criticism of Irving; and on one occasion intimated, as Irving thought, that he, Irving, was attempting to play a rôle while heavily under the influence of liquor. The inevitable result was that Irving returned *The Man of Destiny* to Shaw, and definitely abandoned all intention of ever producing one of Shaw's plays. This episode greatly angered Craig who, in his book, *Henry Irving*, published in 1930, caustically criticises Shaw; and in a letter to *The Observer* (London) of November 2, 1930, denounced him as a man who has "ever been the enemy of English art."

It may be asked, naturally, why Shaw consented to the publication of Ellen Terry's letters to him. The explanation is simple, and perfectly honorable to Shaw. Edith Craig, Christopher St. John, the lady who assisted Ellen Terry in writing her *Memoirs*, and others were eager to raise funds to establish a memorial to Ellen Terry, in the form of a dramatic museum and playhouse. The sum they wished to raise was \$75,000. After a year's efforts by an influential committee, the amount raised was the dishearteningly small sum of \$5,000. Craig wrote to Shaw on April 4, 1929, and asked him did he want the correspondence published. Shaw replied non-committally; but pointed out that the publication of the correspondence would raise the large sum of money which the Craig family sought, to establish the Ellen Terry Memorial Institute. When approached, however, on April 8, 1930, by a representative of *The Daily Express* (London), Shaw said: "Certainly I won't give permission and I refuse to publish the letters which Ellen Terry wrote to me."

But now, Edith Craig and Christopher St. John, convinced of the wisdom of publishing the correspondence, in order to reveal the true Ellen Terry to the world and to raise the funds for immortalizing her fame in a permanent way, brought strong pressure to bear on Shaw to secure his consent. Shaw, however, refused to give his consent unless Craig would give a categorical agreement to the publication of the correspondence. I am

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glad to be able to give below a copy of Craig's letter to Shaw, containing definite promises which he has since openly and flagrantly broken.

41, Downshire Hill, N. W.

1st October, 1930

Dear Mr. Shaw:

Mr. Adams,⁴ our mutual friend, is as you know, a little bothered by the situation. He wants to do something that you and Edith both wish to have done, so I will not stand in the way and you may rest assured that having said this I shall stick to it; and when the book containing my mother's and your letters is published you can rely on me not to write about it or to give interviews.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) Gordon Craig.

In response to the query whether Craig's statements, in the pamphlet attached to the volume, *Ellen Terry and her Secret Self*, were true, Shaw categorically replied:—

They are a string of flat whoppers. I have his written consent to the publication of the letters. He not only consents to the publication, but explicitly gives his word not to do what he has done in his book. But do not get virtuously indignant. His consent was extorted by circumstances, and his heart was not in his promise. I did not blame him, for I knew my man; and my object in refusing to allow my letters to be published without his assent was to make it impossible for him to attack his sister, and denounce the publication as an outrage. I guessed that he would be unable to resist attempting it, and I guessed right. But I shall not pretend to mount the moral high horse at his expense. . . . He was treated by me throughout with inhumanly scrupulous correctness, and by his sister with anxious consideration; for she made me omit everything written by me that could possibly wound him.

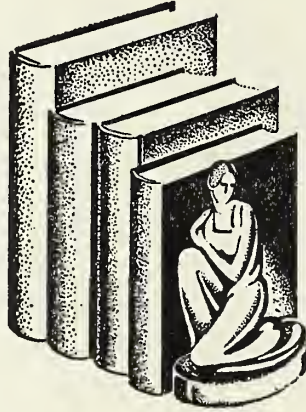
⁴The Mr. Adams mentioned in this letter is Mr. Elbridge L. Adams, who was instrumental in acquiring the letters, from Miss Edith Craig and the Executors of Ellen Terry's estate, for publication.

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To sum it all up, I don't think the public will be misled by Craig's grouch against me. After all, I wounded that sacred thing, a boy's idolatry of the first great actor he ever saw. And his psychopathic hatred of "the great Ellen Terry" will be forgotten for the sake of his romance about "little mother Nelly."⁵

In the publication of the beautiful and memorable correspondence between Bernard Shaw and Ellen Terry, which netted Ellen Terry's Executors more than \$50,000, the world's literature is enriched by letters which, for beauty, fascination, and intimacy, are destined to rank with those of Swift and Stella, Keats and Fanny Brawne, Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

⁵Ellen Terry and Her Letters. Interview with Bernard Shaw by G. W. Bishop: *The Observer* (London), November 8, 1931. See also "Biography," by Christopher St. John, in the new edition of *Ellen Terry's Memoirs*. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. 1932.



Shaw Biographer

(An Impression)

By LESLIE ALBION SQUIRES

A room with an air of literary usage, long and high, with a dark-railed balcony on the side; a pebbled fireplace, huge and open, fit for a roaring fire, a pipe-smoking group, and a high winter wind twirling denuded branches and sneaking into the remotest chinks of the walls.

There's a copper tea set on the mantle, bright and shiny, yet not new; and twenty four octavo volumes of Waverly Novels in contemporary bindings, set far back on the dark wood shelf below.

And on the walls—hanging lamps that seem old and mellowed, mellowed by the performance of long and arduous tasks. Lights that guided Cowper on his faltering way to Olney. Whose pin-point fingers pierced the smoky shadows of the Widow Bull's tavern on a May night, and came flashing back, reflected by the bright young blood of Marlowe, still flowing from the open knife wound. Lamps that once on boney wrists swung in the plague silenced streets of old London as the watchman paused beneath the window of young Pepys, and proclaimed, "Past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning."

But the man—tall and sharp, with greying hair, yet youthful gait; and a laugh that's composed of a succession of short eruptions, beginning and ending with a jar. It seems forced, but as contagious as his natural good humor.

His dress—a long blue lounging gown. Not literary (which being interpreted means frayed at the edges) but smart, precise, and comfortable. His slippers cover brown socks, upheld in the college manner, i.e., not upheld at all.

A prohibitionist, he serves cold ginger ale in clear glasses, with cheese crackers, small and round, and lightly flavored. Followed by cigarettes,—ashes in a chinese bowl.

Warm. Hospitable. Not cold or aloof. Southern in quality of heart, an aristocrat of hospitality.

(Continued on page 33)

EDITORIAL

THE OLD AND THE NEW: A COMPARISON

Not very many years ago there was a college in North Carolina, small and comparatively unknown when ranked in the eyes of wealthy institutions who boasted of the famous names among their alumni and of the tremendous influence which their faculty and administration wielded in affairs of national or worldly import. It was a young school slowly building by faith in its religious creeds, by belief in the type of men and women it sent out into the affairs of life, by pride in the respect which it held within its student-body and throughout the state. It did not seek to pollute the minds of the few hundreds who came each year to its surroundings eager to acquire the benefit of the companionship and the unstilted learning which it offered with the idea that they were the chosen of the earth, that they were the favored of God's children, and that they would receive in return for their days spent on its campus an assurance of acceptance by the world as stamped and approved specimens of culture. It did not seek these things, for it was more concerned with instilling in the heart of each a love of one's fellowmen, faith in oneself, and a loyalty and devotion to a school mother which continually endeavored to hold before them the principles of right living, toiling unceasingly to make these things foremost in their work and ever willing and eager to extend to each member a friendliness, a cooperation, and an assistance that these things might be accepted in their true light and practiced for the welfare of all concerned. It is not surprising that such an attitude could do other than command a mutual love and respect between both school and student. A spirit came into being—a great, far-reaching spirit which so imbued each member of that community with the highest of ideals that he could be recognized, even on some distant day when direct contact with his college surroundings had long been broken, as a product of that institution—true to himself, fair to his associates, admiring all that is good and fine in life, and loyal to those whom he had learned to call friend. That was the spirit of old Trinity—close-knit, worshipful, faithful.

Today there has come a change. No more is Trinity with its old buildings of simple touch, with its few students and their common bondage

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of friendship, with its ancient traditions or its power to create love among its followers. Sadly, pathetically has grown a new spirit which is as far beneath the standard of its predecessor as the towering of its modern buildings rise above the crumbling ruins of the old structures. Gone is the friendliness of old, the cordial greetings of passers-by, the cherished intimacy of comradeship and belief in one another. Now has come a new school of immense wealth, of world renown, of powerful prominence, and with it a new student—not the unaffected, cooperating, loyal student of Trinity but the sophisticated of today, with his petty likes and dislikes, his denunciations of so-called Victorian standards of conduct and morals, his negligence of requirements, and his refusals to conform to a social order of things designed for the welfare of all concerned. How may one account for this radical difference in such a small number of years? It cannot be that customs have affected the tendencies of character in a short space of ten years. Neither can it be that a change in location, in the physical appearance, or in the increased financial status, can have so startlingly affected the character of the student-body. The school is the same. What matters it that imposing Gothic monuments have risen to displace the antique wooden structures of many years' service; that millions of dollars now form the backing of the system where before there had been practically nothing; or that the institution itself has assumed a foremost position in education where a few years ago stood only a small, unknown college? The same administration that cooperated with Trinity students has, with few changes, remained intact, as willing today as ever and far more prepared to render assistance in carrying on the new program and in maintaining the spirit of the old school.

The answer evidently lies with the students. There can be no other explanation, if we are to agree that the mere appearance of buildings or the knowledge of certain wealth or the same administrative heads have not caused directly the sudden change in student attitude toward all phases of campus life, resulting in a new school spirit of retardation, back-biting, and fault-finding. Where there had been devotion to one another, an interest in things done by one student, and a desire to help that student by another, now there has emerged to take their places a new conception

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of loyalty. We are the new students—lovers of self, looking for flaws in others, disregarding the good qualities, holding up the bad ones in their worst light, sneering at others' weaknesses, refusing to lend a hand in aid for fear that we may be suspected of slipping in our role of intellectual, running from one to another criticising, shaking the hand of a comrade one day, striking him behind his back the next, ridiculing those who would help us, lending sympathetic ears to those who attack us. We call ourselves intelligent and feel that we are a chosen lot, but it is a decided pleasure when one faces the realization that in such an attitude we are quite wrong. We are not intellectuals through practicing such actions, but morons of the most pitiful and disgusting sort—mean, small, worthless hypocrites in our own ignorance of what we are doing both to ourselves and to the school which we represent. It is because of us, divided among ourselves and continually seeking some opening which we may use to attack a fellow-student or the administration or any phase of campus life which does not seem particularly pleasing to our sensitive ears, that Duke University now is drawing upon itself certain forms of detrimental criticism from outsiders—people who are verbally assaulting the institution for matters which have been perpetrated and enlarged upon by students, who when such attacks come draw into their measly little shells and allow the blame to be placed on irresponsible persons. Our fathers who were here before us did not practice nor uphold such conduct. They were men, believing in Trinity, in Trinity's ideals, in Trinity's students. Today Trinity is still with us—not the buildings, not the old faces, but the spirit—a spirit which lies sleeping, dreaming of a campus filled with friendships, waiting for us moderns to rouse it and let it live again in a new-found glory. Let us disregard self for the moment, cast aside the sham of snobbery, look about us and extend a hand of good will and fellowship. Let us throw off these shackles, convince ourselves that there are still here those same things which inspired and were beloved by our forerunners, go out and find these things, and in doing so feel assured that they are within us throughout and that we, through a disregard of that former destructive self, can give expression to those ideals. That will make the spirit of Duke!

Diana at Eventide

By HENRY S. ROBINSON

"The moon never beams without bringing me dreams—"

To lie awake at night, watching the moon and stars; to dream of a radiant future that fills one's every desire and wish; to wonder at the darkened heavens and ponder as to what lies beyond the beyond—to everyone, at some time, comes the opportunity of doing that.

Under the Mediterranean moon, out on the cliffs of the African shore, calmed by the gentle sobbing of the waves on the rocks below, lay a young man. About him were his comrades of the day's battle. Exhausted, they had lain down to sleep. But perhaps this one man, a tall, bronzed, lithe youth, lay awake that night, watching the heavens, his mind crowded with thoughts of the glory of conquest, of the destruction of the infidels, of the victory of Christ among the heathens. He may have seen, in the booty taken the day before, glistening jewels, intricate golden ornaments, pungent spices, brought there by the itinerant Arab traders from the mysterious, beckoning East. Maybe he dreamed of triumph over the pagans of this alluring land, of the mastery of his little, but valiant Portugal among these unknown, unchristian peoples. He smiled as he thought of these things; and he fell asleep, smiling. In the morning a new man was born, Prince Henry, the Navigator, and a new empire, Portuguese India.

In the chill mountains of Northern Italy, in a poor travelers' hut, lay another, an older man. The wind was moaning in the trees nearby, ghostly, disquieting. The man got up and went outside. He wrapped his worn cloak tighter about him, as he, too, gazed up at the heavens. He was an incongruous figure as he stood there, framed in the door, his hair blown free about his high brow, his cloak swirling around his feet. Silent and thoughtful, he watched the confusing, yet calming, evening universe. It may be that, as he shivered and pondered, a great realization came to him. For his eyes lit up with fiery interest and enthusiasm. His whole body tensed as he began to perceive the immensity of his new conception.

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For a long time he remained outside, under the moon, thinking such thoughts as no mortal dreamed before. Finally, slowly, deliberately he turned again inside. On the morrow a different man was found, Columbus, the Explorer, and a different world, America.

The moon, a brilliant jewel among the sparkling diamond stars of heaven, rose over the Scythian plain. Many tents were grouped together near a fettered herd of swift, Mongolian ponies. The flap of the biggest tent was drawn back, and a man moved out into the night, a giant, broad of shoulder, tall, mighty, commanding. So few years before he had been only a petty tribal chieftain! Now—hundreds of spears accompanied him to battle. Proudly he looked at the assembled tents of his warriors. Then his eyes wandered upward into the still, clear darkness. He saw the stars and planets, on every side stretching to the far horizon—to the ends of the earth. To the ends of the earth? He turned eastward. No, he could not crush that empire—just yet. But westward—the pleasure-loving and dissolute Turks and Persians. For a long time he looked west—ever west. Gradually his face hardened, a cool, clear glint came into his eyes, the visionary countenance of the conqueror displaced the lowlier expression of the Tartar leader. He turned back into the tent. And when the sun arose, there awoke another man, Tamburlaine, the Great, and another dominion, the Tartar Empire.

So many have the chance to build their Spanish castles under the moon! And how inspiring and wonderful those dreams, transient and futile though they be! Prince Henry, while he never achieved his goal, and while Portugese India did not last, died happy. Columbus, though he did not find the Indies, died with the realization that he had made a marvelous discovery. And Tamburlaine, the father of an empire that collapsed, was satisfied when he died. None of these men fulfilled their dreams with lasting accomplishments; yet they were happy in the little they did accomplish. Perhaps the moon and stars, eternal and universal, are not to be outdone in their eternity. Perhaps they only play with men, mere pawns in the hands of master players, to be lost or captured by the forces that move us upon "this checker-board of nights and days." For

(Continued on page 34)



POETRY

Longing

By JEAN RINEHIMER

I long for an artist's vision
To paint the scarf of sky.
I yearn for a violin's quiver
To catch the dying sigh
Of wind thru the naked treetops,
And the hush of the winter's dawn,
And the stealthy tread of shadows
On the sleeping twilight lawn.

But I can catch a sunset
And the glory-flaming sky
With the paint-brush of my memory,
And keep it there. And I,
When the colors bright have faded
Can still see the evening sea,
And hear, like a benediction,
The bells of Arcady.

Violets

By TOM CARRIGER

I saw
A child timidly drop
Her clinking coin
Into the cup
Of a beggar
Who had stumps for legs—
She gave and slipped away.

I saw
A boy divert with his arm
The aim of his pal's sling and stone
To save a resting bird.

I saw
A washerwoman
Rise from her aching rubbing
With soapsuds
Adrip from her fingers—
Rise—to breathe,
And to smile at her crippled man.

I saw
A white headed man
Defly and gently
With knife remove
A briar from the limping foot
Of a lean, stray dog.

I read
Of a Man
Who washed the dusty feet
Of his friends.

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Christmas 1930

By KEITH CAMPBELL

What golden memories I shall have of you,
Dear friend, who spun the hours out with me
With threads from that vast hour of poetry
Chaucer began with tales that still are new.
Each age trouped by in glorious review
And never any mortals such as we
Had witnessed scenes so drenched with melody,
Patterned from romance, dipped in every hue.
No matter what the day, when I have run
My fatal minute to a timely end,
Think then: "He was a most unfortunate fool;
His pin-point shaft of light was seen by none,
But now as part of that eternal blend
He spins a thread from some immortal spool."

The Wind

By ALAN M. MACQUARRIE

Creeping shadows o'er my curtain—
The bending, twisting, boughs—
The rustling boughs;
A silhouette,
A black silhouette,—
Weird shadows flung,
Wild—fantastic—
Unprotesting,
Against my curtain;
Woven lace of Nature's handiwork,
All proclaim—
The wind—the wind.

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The Faithful Guard

By MERRILL MOORE

Breakfast really was break fast to him;
That watcher, for as dawn broke through the dim
Firmament he stood where he had stood
For centuries presumably, though only
One night, in reality, on the outskirts of the wood
Of Bravabar. He stood and watched with eyes
Wiser than the sleeping world is wise
For something he did not find, he did not see;

He saw only trees, despair, and only the lonely
Rocks, the desolate grass, the abandoned weeds
Of summer, so he went back to his fire
As the morning sun swam up and up and higher,
And baked him a pone of bread made from the seeds
Of corn and ate it to strengthen his fidelity.

To Sidney III

By L. H. EDMONDSON

Believe in God?

No creed
Inflexible;
No binding liturgy.

Revere
In nature's mien
The Spirit and the Law.

Believe in God.

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Roman

By ELSA THANE

Fling away the wine-cup
On the withered sward—
The last rose smoulders,
And the vine charred.

Stained your mouth and twisted,
Querulous for sleep—
Snow, drift, cover us
Who drank deep, deep.

Lines

(From the Spanish of Gustavo Adolfo Becquér)

Translated by CARIE LUCAS

Invisible atoms of perfumed air
Flame up in the haze and beat;
The sky clothes itself in rays of gold;
Dawning earth lies at my feet.
The sound of kisses, the beating of wings
Float by in the air above;
The gates of my heart are closing slow—
What is it?— The passing of love!

Silver Shield

By RICHARD SMITH

Once, when the sun was low in the heavens, and the shadows of the evening were etching with gray the bright green of the grass, a young man wandered into a garden. Beneath the clustered beauty of a rose arbor, he walked sadly, and saw not the flowers, whose scented whisper followed his slow, reluctant footsteps. Rank on rank of daffodils glowed mellowly from mossy terraces, and the scent of lilacs deepened the lavender sweetness of the twilight. But of these he knew not, neither did he see the blue china dog, that once had known the golden hand of a princess. He paused for one brief moment before a trellis of gardenias, their utter whiteness faintly touched with rose from the pastel brush of the sunset, and then resumed his melancholy way along the cobbled path, where, in the distance, the tinkling of a fountain could be heard above the calling of the night birds. Louder and louder grew the tinkling, sometimes changing into a subdued murmur, again lilting forth in tumbled melody, as though to weave the souls of flowers and the soft responsiveness of the night into one breathless moment of immortal music. Softly he made his way to its basis, and softly seated himself beside its waters, burished in the starlight with all its brilliance of jewels long buried in some subterranean cavern. And the wind blew gently, as if it too could murmur of strange far-off places.

And then the young man began to speak. "Oh Fountain, you whose troubles are washed away in light and color, hear me! I love a beautiful lady, and am beloved of her. But into our happiness, always comes another—her ideal of manhood, a beautiful ideal, splendid and true, one she has cherished always. For me, who am but mortal, there is no hope of being him, and so, I fear to lose her."

The very stillness of the night seemed to be one of meditation, and deep within the cascades of the fountain there glowed a strange ray, sent, perhaps, from some far-off star lost in the slumbering vault of space. Then, like the low whispering of winds through the grottoes by the sea, seemed to come a voice, a small, distant voice, from the fountain.

(Continued on page 34)

BARRETT'S LAMP

Grannie stands at the window whose panes are sparkling in the glow of the leaping flames on the open hearth which reflect softly the crystal lines of snow frosted on the glass. She listens to the tune of the winter winds as they race madly through the boughs of the sad old trees that her father had planted there in the great lawn years ago, and pulls her tiny shawl a bit closer about her frail body as she notes the low-hanging clouds, heavy with more snow, haunting the sullen sky. The frozen ground beyond the garden-gate stretches grey fingers crossed by wind-whipped shadows into the mystery of the long night. Shading her pale blue eyes with a hand wrinkled by age and toil, she peers more closely as if sensing a magic in the chill air. Far below in the surrounding valley she can distinguish thin curls of silken smoke drifting up from the fireside chimneys of her tenants' homes, from whose windows stream soft lights of supper lamps plainly silhouetting in each a holly wreath or a wee sprig of mistletoe. A smile creeps over her lips and she nods her head, tossing the silver strands of hair that peep from the quaint woolen cap which she always wears, since Grandpa had given it to her before he died when I was only a little boy. That was a long time ago, so long ago that most of us grandchildren, many of whom were not even born then, have grown up and can take Grannie in our arms, as she used to do us when we were babies, and tenderly swing her about the room while keeping time to the organ music which little Ada, who fancies she may become a famous musician some day, manages to eke out of the old instrument that was quite battered when Grandpa courted Grannie. But time is of no consequence to people like Grannie. She seems to get younger and more beautiful, despite the deepening lines on her face or the constant drooping of her eyes, and her heart fills with more kindness with each passing day. Now, it is that holy days of Christmas have come again, and we are to assemble there "at home" with her—all of us, with our weaknesses and jealousies and regrets hidden at least this once during the year, thinking only of making

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her happy and receiving in return an inspiration and a desire to go back to our failures and build them into something of which she might be proud. That is why she has wandered to her window, looking out, anxious, the least bit fearful that one of us may fail her. And then, when the evening grows old and new snow has fallen to add a curtain of whiteness to the drama of Noel's coming, even the most tardy one of us has come to her armchair by the blazing log-fire and stooped low to print a kiss on her quivering lips and watch her eyes, filled with joyous tears, brighten with new life. The hours pass swiftly. With her children and their children gathered around her, with the soft light of crackling log flames casting fantastic shapes that dance in crazy play about the walls trimmed with cedar, and with the sound of tender Christmas music floating up in the wind from the village church far below where Grandpa has been buried these many years, she merely smiles and rocks in her favorite chair and looks from one face to another without speaking a word. There is John, the son of her eldest and her favorite, who, though grown to manhood and in college, still finds his place at her knee and comfort in her touch as she runs her gentle fingers through his hair—the same John whose hair was always growing long, even when he was a schoolboy who would buy pop with the money she gave him for the barber; and Kenneth, who is just coming into manhood; and Woody, the pitiful little paralytic whose laughter always tries to conceal his pain; and Ann, the baby of her baby, gazing wonderingly into the firelight; and Cora, her eldest, busy with the many bundles she has brought from far away; and Lottie, fat, jovial Lottie, playing with a laughing baby, as was her usual custom because she has none of her own. There are others, but these she openly prefers, not because the others may have been unkind occasionally or did not seem to respond to her petting, but because a certain, unexplainable attachment has been formed to them—a linking of love and devotion which neither person nor time can ever alter. But the hour grows late and sleep is calling the wee tots around the fire. So, hurriedly they are roused and given a box to place around the big tree covered with lights which stands in the hall, because Grannie has always been too generous to allow only wee stockings to be hung. And while the children laugh in

(Continued on page 35)

BOOKS

Democracy With a Headache

The State That Forgot. William Watts Ball. Indianapolis: Bobbs, Merrill Co. 1932. 289 pp. \$2.50.

Mr. Ball has written about South Carolina as only a South Carolinian would dare write. Galloping loosely along, sentence after sentence is packed with anecdotal reminiscences gleaned from his parents, friends, and after 1876, from his own memory. The author rejoices in his tale: his style is of one who talks by the fireside. The thesis savors of a true South Carolinian aroma: that the state was a leader, and all of her citizens (including slaves) were happy, when politics was a gentleman's profession, and the Ship of State, based fundamentally on English Parliamentary system, was manned by men of character. With the black and white spotted Convention of 1868 the Carpetbaggers, Scalawags, and negroes entered the state into a political miasma from which she has never recovered.

The gulf between the "Upcountry" and the "Lowcountry" Mr. Ball explains as a divergence in political and commercial attitudes. "Aristocracy" until thirty years after the War (there was never but one War in South Carolina) was a hill-countryman's term for contempt. Settled by Virginians, Ohioans, and Pennsylvanians, the inland counties welded themselves not with the seaside counties until 1877, when President Hayes called Federal troops from the State House.

By 1880 the bad blood of a "too numerous democracy" had so coursed through the veins of South Carolina that Ben Tillman, anti-Aristocrat though his father owned one hundred slaves, was able to hoist himself into the Governor's Mansion. Tillman is Mr. Ball's *bete noire*. Of late rottenness has been the theme of state and county politics: politicians rob: flagrant misjustice ramps: public opinion is diseased: intelligentsia avoid the political arena: one hundred seventy demagogues in power represent

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an equal number of opinions; but the worst of all is that nobody cares. South Carolina is deadened. Gone is her desire to lead. A "too numerous democracy" has been calamitous. It is foreign to the nature of the state. "There is no recovery."
—WILLIAM S. HOOLE.

*On sale at Thomas-Quickel's.

More Memoirs by Grand Duchess Marie

A Princess in Exile. By Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia. New York: The Viking Press. 306 pp. \$3.50.

In *A Princess in Exile*, Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia, has told the story of her life since her narrow escape in 1918 from the Bolsheviks, bent upon annihilating all connected with the Romanov regime. Marie presents a picture of her orientation from a life in which every action was dictated by the century old customs of the Russian royal family and the individual was completely submerged, into a life in which she finds it necessary to make for herself a place in the world as a self-supporting individual.

The scenes and actions of this orientation are continually shifting. She is in Rumania with her kinspeople at court, where she learns of her father's execution. In London she meets a cold reception from all but her dearly beloved brother, Dimitri. Forced by the gradual dwindling of her jewels, whose sale was at first her only means of livelihood, and encouraged by connections with Chanel, she sets up an embroidery factory in Paris. She is strongly reminded of the conventions of royalty in her relations with her son, Lennart of Sweden, whom she sees only very infrequently under strained conditions. Finally, severing ties in the old country, Marie comes to America, the proverbial land of opportunity, where she finds a warm reception both for herself and her writings.

This second book of Marie lacks the dramatic qualities of her first, *The Education of a Princess*, since it presents rather than a romantic tale of court life and revolutionary historical changes told by an important eyewitness, a more somber tale of the adjustment of a typical royal exile to surrounding conditions. *A Princess in Exile*, however, is written in the

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same simple, fluent style as *The Education of a Princess*. Characterizations are similarly vivid. The reader gets a seldom granted glimpse at European royalty through the eyes of one of their peers. Questions necessarily left hanging as to the fate of some of the characters in Marie's first book are answered in the second.

A Princess in Exile along with its predecessor deservedly takes its place among important works giving insight into the Russian situation as well as a foremost position among entertaining modern memoirs.

—MARJORIE GLASSON.

*On sale at Thomas-Quickel's.

Serenade

The Story of San Michele. By Axel Munthe. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 312 pp. \$2.00.

It is not often that we recapture even for an instant, the fragile delicacy of childhood dreams, when we were too filled with wonder ever to question. And yet, here, in the life of another, that of a man who walked with disease and death, we find all the beauty we thought had gone forever. All the little pleasures, and the soft creatures of fancy have come back, and with them a philosophy which has its roots deep in the sweetness of the earth.

The Story of San Michele is a phantasy woven from the life and dreams of a doctor. In it there is stark realism, and yet it is not brutal, because in this realism there is a haunting sense of fellowship with all earth-things. Cholera and Plague glide before our eyes, Earthquake and Famine stalk through its pages, and in the last chapter stands Death. But, somehow, we are not coldly interested in personalities; we have gotten a new perspective, a new sense of life as universal.

There is a tacit acceptance of its sorrows, and a poetry that transcends them all. It is the poetry of those who have lived close to the earth, Tiberius, old Pacciale, and the little boy who never smiled.

Axel Munthe paints in words what was only dreamed about in Schubert's *Serenade*.

—RICHARD SMITH.

*On sale at Thomas-Quickel's.

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Palatable Sex Philosophy?

Hands as Bands. By C. T. Revere. New York: Ray Long & Richard R. Smith, Inc.
330 pp. \$2.50.

And I find more bitter than death the Woman,
whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands.
—Ecclesiastes VII, 26.

This book starts out to be a powerful preachment but loses itself in a maze of risqué situations. However, some redemption is gained by a strong ending. If it were not for the obvious sacrificing of perspective in order to give the public what it desires in the realm of the unconventional, this would be a compelling novel of untold merit. As the book now stands it can be recommended only for its entertainment value. What little constructive matter that has been allowed to creep in has been distorted until it is disturbing.

Despite all the criticism it must be admitted that Revere has several excellent points. His character development is very strong and his descriptive powers are of note. You will admire June Wycliffe, the sprightly heroine. No, you will not understand her. She does not understand herself. Revere weaves the proper atmosphere at all times, and towards the end he rises to heights.

It was Revere's original intention to present an interesting and entertaining treatise on sex philosophy, but he makes a sacrifice to attain popular appeal. Delicate situations are not handled delicately. It is my prediction that this book will appeal to the masses, but it is easily possible to conceive of a few intellectuals who will not find it very palatable.

—C. M. FARIS.

*On sale at the Thomas-Quickel Co.

Another Attack on Football

King Football. By Reed Harris. New York: Vanguard Press. 254 pp. \$2.00.

Perennially some individual or group of individuals rises to tell the world that football is a relic of barbarism; that the participants are a mob of professional thugs; that the college administrations, athletic

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departments, and coaches are merely shady business men with moronic brains and gangster ethics. It is an old, old story. So the present blast by the blatant Mr. Reed Harris, former editor of the *Columbia Spectator*, will move the reader to nothing but bored yawns. Everything he has said has been said before, and more convincingly.

In presenting his case Mr. Harris resorts to such proof as, Halfback X of College Y says that Dean Z was a party to the paying of certain stars on the Y team. Such stuff is hardly convincing. Mr. Harris's actual participation in the game, it seems, was confined to a year as a second-string guard on the freshman team. Perhaps this fact may have something to do with his all too evident bias. His over-statements and half-truths are so obvious that the book becomes laughable.

No one will say that collegiate football is without its faults. But the Reed Harris method is not the solution; he uses his 254 pages to call names rather than to suggest any improvement.

—JOHN BROWNLEE.

"Go West, Young Man"

Good Times. By Ethel Hueston. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1932. 315 pp. \$2.00.

Occasionally one finds a book which, although it possesses no particular literary value or strength of plot, provides a refreshing reading interlude between more serious and distinctive works. Miss Hueston's seventeenth novel, *Good Times*, belongs in this category. It strives toward no set fictional standard nor does it have an especially impressive plot, but it is, nevertheless, a diverting, cleverly-written, intensely human story concerning the rather novel escape of four young New Yorkers from the grip of the much-quoted "depression." The book is lacking in certain literary respects, but the reader must remember that the author never intended that it should be more than a comedy; when judged as such, it is, without question, a gem of its class.

The author wastes no time philosophizing or probing deeply into contemporary conditions concerning her characters; she allows the story to run along smoothly to its climax without interruption. In places, the book

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savors suspiciously of the typical Horatio Alger novel, and some of its situations are rather far-fetched. The language of the story is risqué occasionally, but not objectionably so. Darcy and her companions seem to be a trifle too idealistic for the unconventional situations in which Miss Hueston places them, but, taken collectively, *Good Times* is an entertaining and engaging volume. After all, the best novel can be of no greater satisfaction to the reader.

—WILLIAM H. LONG.

A Fine Novel Marred by a Biased Pen

God's Angry Man. By Leonard Ehrlich. New York: Simon and Schuster. 401 pp. \$2.50.

A culmination of four years' work, this is the first novel from the pen of Leonard Ehrlich, who is already widely known for his literary criticisms which appear consistently in the *Saturday Review of Literature* and the *New York Evening Post*. It is to be recognized primarily as the first of a series of novels which the author plans to create out of the dynamic materials of our American history, while it is to be appreciated, not especially because of the novelist's willingness to adhere to fact or to restrain himself from a noticeable exhibition of biased emotions, but for its poetic beauty of expression and imaginative power of revealing the soul of a man—a man mad with the insane desire to deliver an oppressed race and to set himself up as the martyr of freedom.

The pitiful fanatic of Ehrlich's revelation is John Brown, the dreamer and the perpetrator of the Harper's Ferry tragedy. Assuming an attitude, which to the idealistic and impassionate Southerner of ante-bellum respect for the creeds and customs of his section appears wholly one-sided and, as such, more or less in sympathy with the plans of the marauding avenger of slavery, the author has contributed a grave flaw to mar what would otherwise have been a work to rank with the best novels of this era. His sympathy throughout seems to lie, not with the helpless and unfortunate men who were destined to encourage the fostering of the African curse that the future of their section might be assured, but with the cause of Brown and his tragic efforts to wipe out this blight on American progress.

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Ehrlich begins his novel in 1856 in Bleeding Kansas where we are given our first glimpse of John Brown standing in his fields with his eyes looking upward—a man of destiny, rugged, uncouth, dreaming his wild plan. Then we move back into his childhood and youth, watching the forces that are to shape him—his strange heredity, the many deaths of his loved ones, the influence of religion, mountains, lonely places, his failures and wanderings. Ehrlich forges ahead with power of expression and keen insight and brings us into the thick of the mad last years, where we experience the incredible sufferings of Brown, attend him on the eve of Harper's Ferry, and follow him after the tragedy through his trial, last days, and hanging.

Had Mr. Ehrlich remembered during the creation of this novel that there were two sides involved in the regrettable struggle, that each of those forces believed in their cause, and that today there continues to exist a remnant of this sectional feeling, however sorrowful the states as a whole may feel that such a defamation has been placed on the char-

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THE ARCHIVE

acter of this nation, and had he attempted to forget his sympathies with either cause and to view his characters from the standpoint of careful, unbiased, and considerate analysis, he would have given this country a truly mighty and momentous work. As it stands, however, we of the South, if there are no others, must see in it, regardless of its unaffected simplicity, its warmth of feeling, and the poetic qualities of its prose, a distinct compassion for John Brown, whose dream, mad though it was, is never to be forgotten in the blood and shame of its resulting struggle.

—J. B. CLARK.

*On sale at the Thomas-Quickel Co.

A New Version of Tristram and Isolde

Tristram and Isolde. By John Erskine. Indianapolis: Bobbs, Merrill & Co. 477 pp. \$2.50.

Readers of John Erskine's previous works will know what to expect from *Tristram and Isolde*. The idea which he popularized in *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*, and which he has used in three other novels—that of modernizing and treating in a light, somewhat satirical manner, ancient characters and fables, is again employed. However excellent any theme may be, it will eventually become tedious if constantly used. Erskine's jazzed up ancients are no exception.

The old story of Tristram and Isolde is changed in the novel only to the extent of elevating to the role of a principal character a hitherto obscure pagan knight, Palamede. According to Mr. Erskine, the poets who told the story in the past refused to consider Palamede because he was not of the true faith. In *Tristram and Isolde* Palamede is depicted as a more noble character than his rival for the hand of Isolde, *Tristram*.

Tristram and Isolde will probably appeal to anyone not already acquainted with Erskine's work. Perhaps, too, some of his old admirers will find something of worth in this one, for the interest is well-sustained throughout and there is, on occasions, some rather successful humor. Not much more can be said for it.

—L. J. CLARK.

*On sale at Thomas-Quickel's.

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SHAW BIOGRAPHER

(Continued from page 11)

A cigarette in hand, with a long ash, and a twinkle settling a little deeper into each eye. Not too verbose, yet not too concise, his conversation ripples with the uneven edge of inspiration, yet flows onward in a crescendo movement.

In range of mind, astounding. A personified seven league boots of learning, he drops from the sky on widely separated landing-fields of human experience. From the leg-gymnastics of a Ziegfeld show to the emotional tustle of an O'Neill trilogy is but a step; from the brain teasing of a Shavian puzzle to the heart twistings of a favorite flicker artist is but the jog of a moment.

But the most important—a long haired Persian cat. Aristocratic, untouchable, of a caste removed and set apart; yet, curled gracefully upon the blue gown whispering feline compliments to the hand that strokes her fur.

This then is Archibald Henderson, the Shaw biographer.

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DIANA AT EVENTIDE

(Continued from page 16)

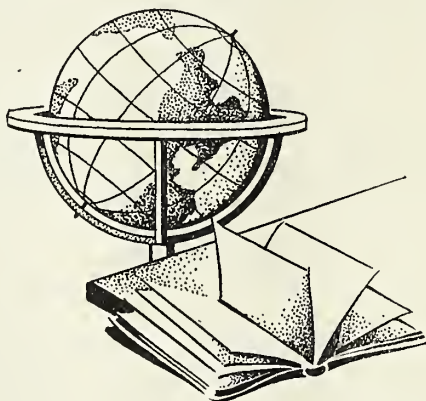
if all the dreams of mortal man were to find expression in immortal reality, how little would remain to be accomplished by those to come! Our dreams must give to those who follow us the inspiration for greater dreams. And we, with our great aims, must bow down before the aims which we have inspired. And so we are all pawns, mere pawns—yet happy!

SILVER SHIELD

(Continued from page 22)

“Listen. I will tell you of the man who built this garden. He was a dreamer, and his dreams were lovely, fragile things. His imagination built in soaring imagery a magnificent garden, superb as those of Babylon and Nineveh and Tyre, but his dream faded before reality and here you see—and that is left. Go, and tell her.”

The night seemed to bear the echoes away, perhaps as dreams for the sleeping flowers, and the young man rose and went his way, singing under the stars.

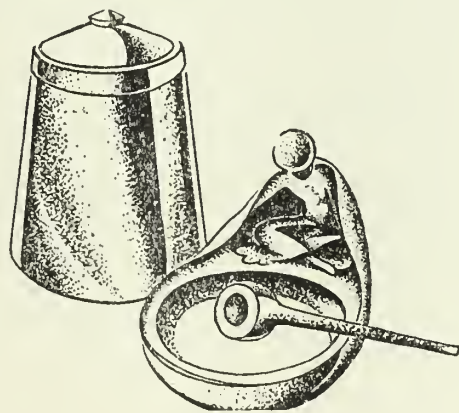


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BARRETT'S LAMP

(Continued from page 24)

their preparations, she sits rocking in her old chair, with John, his eyes dreamily closing, at her knee. One by one they come back and pass her chair and, giving a kiss, receive her blessing in return. Then, up the stairs, down the railing of which we slid as children, and to bed—big, warm, soft beds in cozy rooms with mellow lights—and sleep covers them. While, in the room downstairs, Grannie still sits rocking, the fire dimming slowly now, and the peal of the church bells far away seeming more distant. Snow is falling faster. The fields stretch away in endless blankets of white, and the wind, momentarily silent, has allowed the vast sweep of beauty to remain undisturbed. A clock on the mantle ticks away. John is sleeping. Grannie smiles and places her shawl about his shoulder. Far away she hears the church music and thinks of Grandpa asleep down there and pictures him by her side, the two of them dreaming together.



FORTHCOMING ISSUES

Beginning with the February issue, the ARCHIVE hopes to present each month a magazine of significant importance and value in adhering to a plan by which each issue will be based on one dominating theme and all material included will be related to that theme. In brief, this is an attempt by the editor to expand a program which has been practiced in a limited manner by this publication for several years. Manuscripts are desired to be submitted as early as possible:

FEBRUARY: The Poetry and Book Review Issue. A collection of the best verse by student poets, as well as representative work of writers throughout the nation, in addition to detailed reviews of the season's outstanding books.

MARCH: The Southern Issue. The South of yesterday and of today as seen through the eyes of writers who know the land and its people, picturing each through the short story, the drama, and the essay.

APRIL: The Sigma Upsilon Issue. In which the Fortnightly Chapter of this honorary literary fraternity will publish work by several of its members and will award a cash prize to the student whose publishings in the ARCHIVE during the year have conformed best to the requirements which it upholds.



The **ARCHIVE**

VOLUME XLV

FEBRUARY, 1933

No. FIVE

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, at Durham, North Carolina.

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

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DEDICATION

To

ALFRED THURBER WEST

Director of Dramatics at Duke University

For whose friendship and encouragement I am deeply grateful.

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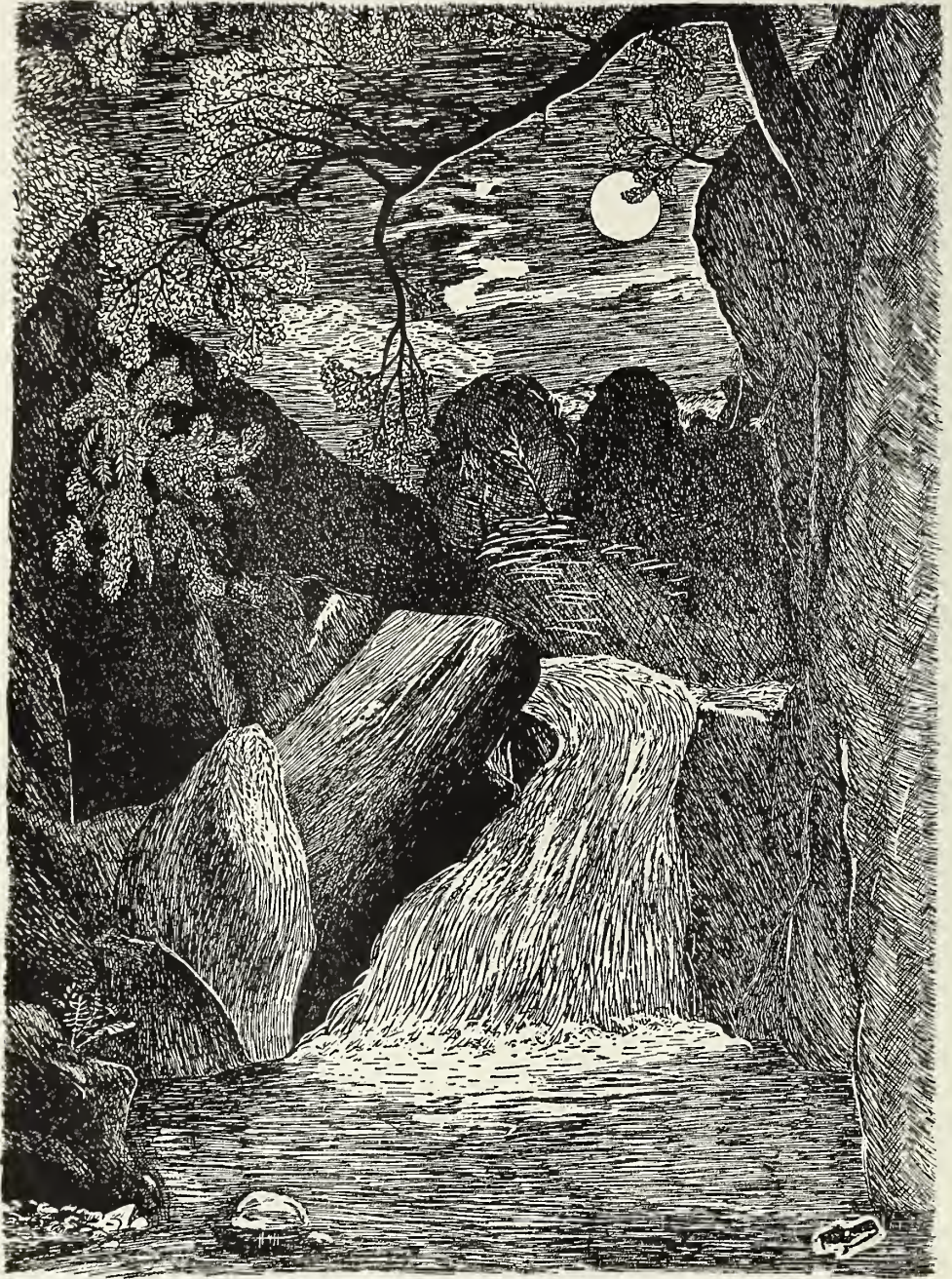
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Mrs. Hoisington is chairman of the poetry division of the National League of American Pen Women. She has won new fame as a translator of foreign verse.		
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NIGHT SCENE

The ARCHIVE

VOL. XLV

FEBRUARY 1933

No. 5

EDITORIAL

POETRY OF YOUTH

At one time or another every person during the emotional crises in his life has longed to express his thoughts and relieve the seething unrest within him by seeking refuge in esthetic creation. Those fortunate few who turn to the realm of poetry for sanctity do so because they have undergone an experience too beautiful in its material composition, too intimate in its occurrence, and too personal in its effect, to trust with the harshness of speech or the artificiality of a painted canvas. It is a field to be kept free from the rude meddling of the practical mind and must exist for the encouragement of the sensitive pen that pictures it in the stately dignity out of which it was first conceived dead ages ago when time began and life sprang out of dark nothingness.

Because it expresses those qualities of the mind and body which form his sensual impressions, youth has ever been as susceptible to its charms as have his elders. He is entering life and looking upon its beauty and its ugliness for the first time. The vastness and magnificence of the scheme of things entrance him and he stumbles onward toward maturity, blinded and bewildered. Now comes a quickening of reason, a casting off of the mask from his eyes, and a new picture of the living panorama—this time, clearer, more understandable, more appreciable. Something happens—a child is born, a loved one dies, soft flowers spring up on distant hillsides, and troubled seas become calm and stretch away into the dusk. Restless, a Being calls for deliverance from the hidden vaults of his mind, and the youth, answering this summons, severs the chains of restraint and allows a soul to come forth. This is the birth of the great poet, of the pagan dreamer, of the watcher of star-strewn skies; not of the fly-by-night mystic, who, not content with expressing himself decently enough through prose outlets, vomits the ravings of his apparently distorted and modernistic brain over the delicate surface of true poetry.

To discover the new geniuses and distinguish between them and the invading writers, the reading-public has looked to the nation's colleges

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to obtain evidence of this type of creative literature. Consequently, publishers from time to time collect and print representative verse from these institutions, and present the volumes to professional critics for comment. In almost every case the various readers agree as to the common defects of modern and immature verse: its contemporary incomprehensibility and its banality. While these criticisms are undoubtedly true in the majority of instances, there remain examples of meritable worth and importance. Critics must come to recognize and appreciate this difference, encouraging the pure strain and placing the intruder in his correct classification. Henry Harrison, the noted publisher, has succeeded admirably in this work, offering each year a volume of "American College Verse," in which he groups the very best work of academic poets chosen from typical universities of the country. Last year he gave the public a collection of 110 poems by students of 72 colleges, and of the total number it would be difficult indeed to select the best or the worst, so satisfactorily pleasing both to the musing reader and the keen critic are all of them. The poor verse has been eliminated and the opportunity for contrast is gone, necessitating each poem to rise or fall on its own merit. This, would-be poets should applaud. If they have promise their works, regardless of the inescapable deficiencies found in all early poetry, will show it, while a comparison at the same time with professional verse will aid in improving the immature writing.

Poetry must exist as a brilliant, a sacred tradition. It cannot be escaped by either the genuine versifier or the literary crank. Its fascination and its appeal are too intriguing, too resistless. Its very nature, the seeming ease with which past masters handled it, the grace and dignity of their ancient touch, lend it an air of charming familiarity for the least impulsive of its victims, who takes it in his hands as a subtle captive and sees it change into a distorted thing, while yet retaining its visible appeal. This is the fate of the unfortunate many who yearn to reveal their every longing through its nectared springs, only to find themselves stopped at the entrance for lack of food. There are few who go deeper into its realm, and they only because of its secret which they possess and which was revealed to them in some forgotten day when the soul was life and life was as strange as the intangible walls of song.

POETRY



Island-Garden

By MAY FOLWELL HOISINGTON

The fog rolled in, a fine rain fell;
The chill of the cold Atlantic swell
 Was caught in the balsam-firs and spruce.
Each lupine-leaf holds a crystal tear,
While jewel-weeds dangle a silver sphere,
 And misty-blue veils the flower-de-luce.

Red-berried elders are dripping wet;
But tall meadow-rues stay feathery yet,
 Though the fog-dewed stamens begin to droop;
A song-sparrow shelters himself in a fir,
He ruffles his feathers, not caring to stir,
 And waits, with the rest of the summer troop.

No, not all. By the foxgloves' lair,
Is a bumblebee Martha of hosts of the air
 Working away with nervous haste;
Gathering the nectar from hanging bells
That kept out the rain from the pollen cells.
 No time, no time has the bee to waste.

Poor little Martha! Here is the sun
Beginning to shine on the diligent one,
 Brave velvet bumblebee, clover's friend.
Sunshine or fog-veils, with salty breeze
Through fragrant shadows of balsam-trees . . .
 An island-summer should never end.

THE ARCHIVE

The House Sleeps

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Above me as I wake and write
My sons and daughters sleep,
They are storing up their strength
For days when they must weep.

They move through the halls of dreams
While I sit here awake,
And all of us believe the dross
Is diamonds that we take.

This one will go through the flame,
This one through the briar;
They will work like bees and find
Weariness entire.

We are piteous and weak
And splendid altogether,
Heirs of glory and the fruit
Of a change in weather.

I asked no being of my sire,
They asked none of me;
We run thankfully on to meet
Gray eternity.

We are kings in tragedy
With swords above our head,
Angels light us up the stairs
When we go to bed.

Angels cover up our eyes
So we may not know
Anyone but God alone
On the way we go.

THE ARCHIVE

A Sonnet To Sorrow

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

More fool than coward he who dares not ope
His heart to love's loud promptings, checked by fear
That sorrow, brother-twin, be lurking near,
Prepared to steal the place of fickle hope.

Let him but heed the mystic heliotrope
That hails the closing of the sun's career
With subtle fragrance: thus the silent tear
Of sorrow must proclaim love's power and scope.

Let him but note the sombre shades at noon:
Thus sorrow out of love's own glory springs.
Let him but listen when the Fall winds croon
Their dolesome lullabies: thus sorrow sings
The impassioned heart to peace that love has stirred
Too deeply . . . and again life's call is heard.

Taedium Vitae

By MARGUERITE CHAPMAN

Only twenty-five candles
You say you counted?
I adore your flair for emeralds!
You were the same ten thousand
Years ago at Hector's feast—
Or was it Priam's table?

Why speak of fables?
Oh, I don't know!
I had a birthday long ago
In still Shallott where lilies blow.

THE ARCHIVE

Thoughts on a Chapel Tower

THE FIRST

By LESLIE ALBION SQUIRES

High climbing tower—
Tall upturned finger in the sky,
What is thy aim, thy web-spun goal?
Why dost thou live, and still more, why,
Since man has shaped thy rock and frame,
Dost thou remain?

Soul stirring tower—
Art thou the emblem of a sigh,
A longing hope, a deep-felt wish?
And does thy frame ascending high,
Express for man throughout all time,
A thought divine?

Earth cursing tower—
Thy feet are small and scarcely touch
That vile earth from which thou art sprung.
And yet, as one holds a crutch,
That earth supports your needle spire.
Dost aid require?

Vain glorious tower—
Can man made baubles span the zone,
Or leave the clinging dirt behind?
Can bits of sand, and stick, and stone,
Break through sad chaos, space divine,
And soar sublime?

Sad useless tower—
Infinity lies not in shape or thing,
Or in that circling heavenly sphere;
That still sad earth to which you cling
With loathing, there dwells the soul,
The long sought goal.

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THE SECOND

By SETH HINSHAW

With long tasks finished
I meet the softness
Of the quiet morning
And rejoice
With the kindly skies,
Pensive pines, and the green grass:
A carillon call to worship
Finds in my soul
A vibrant joy and response.

In the subdued light
Of storied windows,
Magnificent beauty,
And quietness,—my soul
Reverently
Looks upward and sings
Praise God!
The restless world recedes,
And the veil is uplifted
From those things which are unseen,—
Eternal;
That indescribable longing
For life more abundant
Floods my soul:
Hear my earnest prayer,
And grant, O Lord,
Thy peace.

THE ARCHIVE

“When I Am Gone. . .”

By KEITH CAMPBELL

When I am gone, as some day I shall be
And I to you am no more than a name;
My living features but a memory,
A portrait dimmed thru absence of that fame;
When I am such, as rotting in good earth,
Am clean forgotten, for evil or for well;
When lichen overhangs my death and birth,
And sunk my mound, from sinking of my shell:
Think you of me (you the lone one I know)
As coursing thru those stars that on you shine,
Those stars to which I often longed to go
When life was hope, when hope was with me still,
That I could leave the valley, climb the hill
And claim the kinship of the world as mine.

The Palm Trees Of Parento

By VIRGINIA STAIT

They circle all the place with secrets deep,
That India keeps in shrines—and shrineless things—
In age-old idols and in opium dreams,
In dust of bones and in immortal wings.

They whisper and they whisper to their own,
With tales that tear the shrouds of the new-dead;
And then in triumph's jade they life as high
As the long memories for which life bled.

THE ARCHIVE

Unarguable things they guard and give,
That we must tell upon that farthest day;
When all is finished to the ash of time,
So finished there is found no word to pray. . . .

Sometimes I think this, then again I think
They only live to paint horizon's wall;
Return the suns and sieve the dirging rains,
And name, *and name* the east—and that is all.

Two Madrigals

(From the Spanish of Recardo de Sepulveda)

Translated by CARIE LUCAS

I

In the depths of the sea the pearl was born,
In the poor earth the violet blue;
In the flowers the dewdrops were born,
And my dreams gave birth to you.

In an emperor's crown the pearl has died,
In a nosegay the violet blue;
In the bright air the dewdrops have died,
And I in the thoughts of you!

II

Sighs are made of the air
And back to the air they go.
Tears of water are made
And back to the sea they flow.
But tell me, dear, when love is forgot
Whither does it go?

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Skeptic

By VIRGINIA TAYLOR McCORMICK

Fill your soul with wonder
at the spinning of young planets.
Question the sun as it slips
over the hills of evening.
Plunder
the night of its gold,
and send strange messages
by lovely ships.

Look for your answer
in hieroglyphs on the moon,
in the waves of Berenice's hair,
or the curving claws of Cancer;
make the round of the Zodiac,
it has a shining silver track.

You will know all things too soon,
for knowledge ever sweet and fair
will crown with laurel your cold head
when you are dead.

Under The Evening Star

By TOM CARRIGER

Bells in the evening
When the sun has gone
Diffuse in the coolness
An ancient song
Scatter it over the hills.

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Hearts in the evening
When they are young
Beat to the rapture
Of love begun
Over a dewy rose.

Hearts in the evening
When they are old
Warm in memories
Their eyes have told,
Under the evening star.

Wreckage

By RICHARD SMITH

Must we lament the centuries, stumbling deep
Within the twilight labyrinth of all time,
And vain recall the strident great who stand
Such jealous watch upon the glory of their page;
Or cities now long dry of blood, their brood
Fast gone to bone as white as their own ruin;
Or galleys that did charge the setting sun
For bits of green upon a thick-lipped sea?

For yet they live: in bits of bronze, in stone
That found the rhythm of Attila's laugh
To bear the throbbing of a thousand drums,
An emerald box that knew the trembling touch
Of some unhappy Helen. And so we are content;
We who know that in one soft caress
May bloom the rose of all romance.

THE ARCHIVE

“I Thought Someday. . . ”

By EDWARD LOUIS MYLOD

I thought someday I shall go back again,
Between the hour of tea and time for bed,
Before the parting rays of sun are shed,
I shall go back, and loose the bolt and chain
Locking our world that all too long has lain
Dusty and undisturbed since you were dead;
And I shall find the happiness that fled
The day you left us for a higher plane.

But when I gather up my toys and go,
A heavy darkness holds my spirit back;
And all is sorrow and a world turned black.
Though I would come, it cannot be, I know:
The way is barred that leads up to the door,
And all my toys lie broken on the floor.

Black Magic

By BEULAH MAY

A red stain on earth
Pounded flat by bare feet;
Colored grass and feathers
Shaken loose in a dance;
The ashes of a fire
Smelling strangely of gums and roots.

Trumpeting shrilly with fear
The elephant herd crashes through the jungle.

Black Magic!

THE ARCHIVE

Escape

By JOHN BARRETT

An infant moaned and in its plaintive wail
Of innocence, the sombre shadows of the room
Seemed lifted, though slowly now a veil
Of chilling mist descended casting gloom
Of those who were within.
A woman sighed and raised one feeble hand.
From somewhere shone a light
Radiant on that withered skin.

More swiftly ran the endless sand,
Whispering of the deepening night.

A man knelt by her side
And softly touched her pallid face,
But, ah, too late, and though he tried
To quiet her fears, he knew the race
Was lost. The baby cried, and through the night a bell
Rang out as if to lull
The small, wee thing to sleep.
The shadows now were deep;
She slept, and from her hand a vial fell—
On it was stamped a grinning skull!

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Elusive

By KATE HALL

You slip through my fingers like water,
A sparkling fountain, you gush suddenly,
Sprinkling me with glinting drops of spray,
I laugh to feel it coolly beating my hands
Up in the bright air.

Then you drop suddenly into a deep, black pool
I cannot fathom. Peering into its sullen depths,
I dip in my hands and bring them out—empty.
You slip through my fingers.

Trilith

By L. H. EDMONDSON

The sky—
 a lady, beautiful,
 bedecked in robes of silver blue,
 with lace as white as Kjolen's crest.

The sun—
 a Viking, powerful,
 arrayed in golden livery,
 unmatched by man's inventiveness.

The rainbow—
 their Isoldic child,
 brought forth amid the mother's tears,
 as father smiled benignantlly.

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Hillside At Night

By KENNETH WHITE MUNDEN

Above where shines the brilliant evening star;
Far to the West where now like cinnabar
The sunset sweeps its brushes on the sky,
And yonder to the yellow moon, and high
Above where shines the brilliant evening star;
Thence down across the meadow and its line
Of green hills greener in the twilight-fall,
And to the forest from whence shrills the call
Of some wild bird or other in the pine—

So do I turn my eyes: then, while my tears
Dissolve my cup of clarity at last,
I lose the touch of you, beyond the past,
Beyond the thousand thousand crumbled years,
Beyond infinity if that is but
The omnipresence of the mind unshut.





VISION

BOOKS



Forerunner of Modern Realism

Josh Billings, Yankee Humorist. By Cyril Clemens, with an Introduction by Rupert Hughes. Webster Groves, Mo.: The International Mark Twain Society. 1932. 197 pp. \$2.00.

Among literary historians and book collectors there is today considerable interest in the works of half-forgotten popular humorists, of whom Josh Billings is one of the best. The humorists seem in some ways pioneer realists; they satirized the sentimentality, the smug complacency, and the prudery of more orthodox Victorian writers. They wrote not of far-off persons and places but of everyday Americans and their environment. Josh Billings belongs to a tradition that reaches back as far as Benjamin Franklin's *Poor Richard* and which is still alive in Will Rogers, George Ade, and Ring Lardner today. Lowell's *The Biglow Papers* is the literary masterpiece of the general type, but there were many others who deserve not to be wholly forgotten. Many of the humorists belonged to the old Southwest: Longstreet, Baldwin, Hooper, Thompson—all forerunners of Mark Twain, who began writing in the tradition of these men and never wholly got away from it. "Western humor," said Howells in *My Mark Twain*, "is essentially a product of the old Southwest."

Josh Billings, however, came from Massachusetts; and his real name was Henry Wheeler Shaw. He was "turned out" of Hamilton College for removing the clapper of the chapel bell. After this episode came a period of wandering in the West. He settled down and sold real estate in Poughkeepsie. Having some leisure time on his hands, he began writing for the newspapers. It is worth noting that one of his earliest and most famous productions, his *Essay on the Mule*, attracted no attention until he filled it with misspelled words. As *An Essai on the Muel*, it was perennially popular. His *Farmers' Allminax* became the most popular venture of its kind in the century. Shaw became also, after a long period of comparative failure, one of the most popular lecturers of his time.

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Mr. Clemens has uncovered a considerable amount of material bearing on Shaw's life and work, and he has obviously expended a great deal of time on collecting his materials. Some periods of Shaw's life still remain obscure, but there emerges a picture of the man. The book gives many extracts from Billings's humorous writings, some of which do not deserve oblivion. I give a few samples: "Humor iz hybrid and iz a nice cross between sense and nonsense." "Next to a klear conshience, for solid comfort give me a pair of eazy boots." "When I hear a fellow bragging about his ancestors, I don't pity him much, but I certainly do his ancestors." "There iz only one good substitute for the endearments of a sister and that iz the endearments of sum other phellow's sister."

In calling Josh Billings "an American classic," I should make more reservations than Mr. Clemens. Josh has a thorough knowledge of human nature and a real gift for phrasing, but too many of his funny sayings "date" too obviously now. The humor, too much of it, belongs to the village stage in our life or to a passed nineteenth-century fashion. Urban Americans of today see little that is funny in an essay on mules, for they know nothing about mules. The phonetic spelling, imperative in Billings's day, seems no longer funny. I hope, however, that some at least of his better sayings will live several centuries longer—at least this one: "It is better to know less than to know so much that ain't so." —JAY B. HUBBELL.

A Rose-tinted Revelation of a Supreme Actress

Ellen Terry's Memoirs. Edited by Edith Craig and Christopher St. John. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 367 pp. \$3.75.

Ellen Terry, one of the most interesting and important figures of the theatre in the age just past because of her life-long service to her art and because of her association with that giant of the English stage, Henry Irving, has already been introduced to this generation through the printed page. Her son, Gordon Craig, has published a biography, *Ellen Terry and Her Secret Self*. Recently the Shaw-Terry correspondence was published. Now there appears another volume on this famous actress. This time she speaks for herself.

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The Memoirs of Ellen Terry are like most such reminiscences in that they are more or less rambling in form and of a highly personal character, yet show the effect of restraint due to the knowledge that the contents would soon be public property. There is very little of the important facts of her life, very much of her career softened of course by time and prudence. As a story of Irving and Terry in the theatre it is fascinating. Details of productions, little incidents and anecdotes concerning theatrical folk, personal reactions to the great literary and artistic figures of her day make the book enjoyable to one interested in the theatre and its progress. There are few unpleasant memories. One gets the idea that Ellen Terry led a happy, carefree life always, yet one knows that she has purposely left out the darker spots of her long and useful life. While the book presents only this brighter side of her life it is significant in that it shows her to have been a woman of great personal charm, of keen insight, of a high intelligence, of great artistic perception, and of noble character.

What she has omitted in the matter of dates and authentic fact has been supplied in the form of notes at the end of each chapter by her daughter and Miss St. John who was as she says Miss Terry's "literary henchman." In addition to the memoirs and notes there is a brief biography of Ellen Terry's last years done by Miss St. John. In it the author plays the role of vindicator and it is quite evident that she resented the attitude taken toward her by Gordon Craig and those whom she calls Miss Terry's "fair weather friends." It is written with sincere appreciation and sympathy, yet at times it is colored with that personal bitterness which Miss St. John felt toward those who might have aided so much in making Ellen Terry's last days among her most "golden" yet did not stir for reasons best known to themselves.

—A. T. WEST.

Not Hero: Not Rogue

Sherman, Fighting Prophet. By Lloyd Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 690 pp. \$3.50.

Here is a picture of Sherman that is entirely different from the average biography of a military man. The reader first is given an intimate picture of Sherman's boyhood: his early nickname of "Cump", which

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followed him through life; his adoption, at his father's death, by Thomas Ewing; his early school life; his entrance into West Point while still but an overgrown boy. Follows a narrative of his early appointments—all in the South which he loved. Failure of promotion caused him to resign his commission. Several years as a banker; in California in the gold-rush days; in New York in the trying days of 1857. The banks he was connected with failed. He lost all his money, but his hands were clean.

Discouragement; the feeling that he was a Jonah, a "chip in the whirling tide." Disgust with the growing ranks of abolitionists. Heart-sickness over the politicians who used abolition as a political football. A great tide shattering the Union which he revered. Apprehension over his appointment as Commandant of the Military Academy of Louisiana, over whose doors was the motto, "The Union—*Esto Perpetua*."

Christmas vacation to the Commandant. The boys he loved all home for the holidays; only he and Boyd, West Pointer from Virginia, at the Academy. Secession in the air. South Carolina withdrawing from the Union. When would Louisiana follow? To Boyd, his teacher of foreign languages: If war comes it will "make me fight against your people, whom I love best." And in the same conversation: "War is a terrible thing. I know you are a brave, fighting people, but for every day of actual fighting, there are months of marching, exposure, and suffering—only in your spirit and determination are you prepared for war."

"Cump" bidding goodbye to the boys at the Academy with tears in his eyes. His speech forgotten in his agony; his hand clasped over his heart: "You are all here"—in a choking cry, as he turned on his heel and was gone, gone from the state which had offered him command of its forces.

Then the appointment to a colonelcy in the Union army. Bull Run, and his first smell of powder. Confusion. Untrained youths on both sides slaughtered. Nausea; moodiness and regret. Bitterness toward newspaperman. Removal to St. Louis to join Halleck, the politician soldier. Revengeful newspapermen charging that "Cump" was "queer", that he was disloyal because he hated log-rolling abolitionists. Charges of downright insanity. His removal after Halleck's supposed credence of the charges.

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Soon reinstated, Sherman began the climb that carried him to fame. The remainder of the narrative is fairly well known, except for the intimate touches showing his continued poverty, his hasty temper, his absent-mindedness which allowed him to reprimand a soldier for a non-regulation uniform while he himself was wearing a battered stovepipe hat.

The author's style is calm, but never dry, for in dealing with prosy details, he forecasts with such art that the reader's interest never lags. Out of a patient collecting of interminable details of a primary nature, the author has given a most readable account of Sherman, a book that will be a valuable addition to any man's library. —GEORGE M. GREGORY.

Mr. Wells Dissects the Contemporary Brain

The Bulpington of Blup. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. 414 pp. \$2.50.

Mr. Wells promises, in "The Bulpington of Blup" (short for Theodore Bulpington of Blayport, at your service), the revelation of "adventures, poses, stresses, conflicts, and disaster in a contemporary brain." To a large extent he has succeeded in fulfilling his promise.

Theodore is taken very conventionally through his precious youth and middle age; the total effect produced, however, is most unconventional, and not at all cognate with that of any previous Wells romance. Every incident which might possibly be revealing has been carefully catalogued. Consequently, we have Theodore at a nursery age wondering "why it is that Berlioz so often falls just short of greatness," and at a college age weeping salt tears because Margaret won't have him. The Great War then provides a convenient bit of background, and the book seems to come down to this day of grace in the month of February, 1933. There is really no ending, because Theodore still lives.

Personality has here been very cleverly distilled into ink. Slight actions and petty passions are made to flood the channels of behavior for many a following day. Though Mr. Wells the novelist reminds us always, through his persistent application of an "Outline of History" terminology,

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that he is also a scientist and a historian, the story itself has just enough charm to keep one interested for four hundred pages (with judicious skipping, of course).

There are choice purple passages in "The Bulpington of Blup." The reader who carries a pencil in hand will encounter continual temptation to underscore lines and mark exclamation points in the margins.

This is one of those books in which we are first delighted and then disturbed to find reliable mirrors of ourselves. We are all Theodores, and Teddies, and Margarets, and Rachels. We are shams and "Inheritors"; we are at once imitative and inventive. Our impressionable brains are storing everything, and may some day play havoc. The time may even come when a few glasses of wine may make us think of Felicia Keeble and Miss Watkins as "refined intelligent women—ladies." That's what happened to Theodore!

—EDWARD HUBERMAN.

Lincoln's Wife

Mary Lincoln: Wife and Mother. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 412 pp. \$3.00.

Since her death, Mary Lincoln has remained something of an enigma to the American people. As the years have passed the hatred with which she was formerly held by a large group has of course disappeared. But still the mystery. Was she insane? Or was it just another case of marital incompatibility? Carl Sandburg's book answers most of the questions. With an evident lack of bias and with a convincing array of facts, the author has sympathetically delineated his subject.

From the time of her marriage until the tragedy at Ford's theatre, the neurotic Mary gave her ungainly, easy-going husband little peace. She lectured him upon his weaknesses, criticized his speeches, fought to have her favorites given political preference, and on one occasion, so the neighbors said, greeted him from a window with a pail of very cold water. Through it all Abe remained staunchly convinced of the truth of his maxim: "If you make a bad bargain, hold it all the closer."

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For Mary the period in the White House was a dream come true. At last she had power. And she exercised it in the manner of an Elizabeth. This domineering attitude was the cause of alienating many people from her who might later have been of use when she so badly needed friends. Much of the antipathy was justifiable, but much more was the result of silly gossip. That she was a Southern spy during the Civil War no intelligent person would now believe but many of her contemporaries were convinced of it. Public opinion was so bitter against her that a charge of stealing furnishings from the White House was seriously investigated. After the death of her husband, the mental deterioration which had long been suspected by some, became more pronounced. Her son Robert was finally forced to put her in an asylum, and with that the life of the little tyrant of the White House was over.

In *Mary Lincoln* Sandburg has not given us another biography as great as *Abraham Lincoln*, but the present work, whatever it may lack in power and scope, is quite as interesting and informative. No other literary man in America could have written the story of the eccentric Mary Lincoln more capably than has Carl Sandburg.

—LOUIS J. CLARK.

Artistry Paints a Seething Russia

Lances Down. By Richard Boleslavski and Helen Woodward. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 333 pp. \$3.00.

Lances Down is strong stuff. Like the rat-tat-tat of the machine-gun fire he describes, Boleslavski spits out action in short sporadic bursts of steel-jacketed words.

Bitter as untouched bile! Acrid as the sight of streets piled high with wriggling bodies! Peppered with rancid vignettes: a dog licking a puddle of blood in a shallow gutter; a child splattered with bullets, his three dimples frozen solid by the chill of death. And yet, punctuated with an odd sprinkling of philosophical moments, deep in intensity, heart-touching in brilliance, revealing in subtle power.

Perhaps because of these qualities, black on white pages flash with a magnetic brilliance that spins the reader to the bloody streets of revolu-

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tionary Moscow; where terror, destruction, horror, and death, a macauber company, gambol to the raucous blending of *La Marseillaise* and *The International*; where feeble cries of "Freedom and Equality" die half uttered in the throats of the Whites, stabbed by the tumultuous crescendo of the Red byword, "all power to the councils."

Lances Down is not a novel, an autobiography, or a history, although it partakes in a measure of each of these literary forms. First and foremost it is a series of one-act plays, theatrical interludes, some blood-curdling in intensity, others filled with a deep intellectual pathos, each perfected, and strung on the central thread of a man's life story. Once again, as in *Way of the Lancer*, Boleslavski gives evidence of his dramatic training in the Moscow Art Theater.

Upon the basis of what he saw Boleslavski rears the many turreted castle of dramatic imagination. The finished product is not an account of the streets of Moscow in October 1917, but a penned record of the theatrical production of that scene in the mind of the author. And, unfortunately, the hand that held the recording pen was not that of the dramatic director. For this reason, although the direction of the theatrical production of the story is perfect, the written record of the performance lacks the masterful excellence exhibited in the director's efforts.

The author of the lines speaks her piece with the unmistakable accent of the ghost-writing profession. Anything goes for effect. *Lances Down* crashes from incident to incident with the powerful but unguided hand of action. Restraint, that important attribute of art, is lacking in its pages.

This failing, however, only slightly destroys the excellence of Boleslavski's direction. With the skill and precision of a master of his art, the author chooses his cast, sets the stage, starts the wind-machine and thunder, and retires to the center row to watch the performance. The device is perfect. Such minute stage direction of novelized material has seldom been seen.

—LESLIE ALBION SQUIRES.

THE ARCHIVE

Another Fine Novel from the Pen of Sigrid Undset

The Burning Bush. By Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 473 pp. \$2.50.

In *The Burning Bush* Mrs. Undset has fully equalled the standard set by her previous works. Readers will remember that *The Wild Orchid* brought us up to 1914 and the first quarrel between Paul Selmer and his young wife, Björg. The period of the World War is briefly presented; but the economic effects on a neutral nation, and the speculating fever induced by the war are plainly and aptly portrayed. Early in the book Paul believes his religious doubts sufficiently dispelled and adopts the Catholic faith. This is a contributing factor to the growing estrangement between husband and wife.

The main theme centers not about religion, but about Paul and his childish and erratic wife. Paul is as sensitive and impulsive as ever. His problems with his children during their infantile growth and their gropings toward Christianity are well told. Paul himself commits one indiscretion after another through letting his heart rule his head. The desertion and infidelity, however, of Paul's lightheaded wife diminish the importance of his own indiscretions. Finally Paul's love of student days, Lucy, returns. When her real reasons for deserting Paul are disclosed, the climax is rapidly approached and the story is realistically brought to a close.

Much credit is due Mrs. Undset for her sure and natural characterization of the secondary characters. Under her pen these many people have assumed life and live as do normal people. Credit is also due Arthur G. Chater for his vivid and accurate translation from the Norwegian.

—E. I. RUNNER, II.

An Interlude for Hemingway

Death in the Afternoon. By Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 418 pp. \$3.50.

Some of the critics have dealt viciously with *Death in the Afternoon*, an interlude opus, by Ernest Hemingway. A more burlesque type of criticism has come in the nature of a radio song hit number, "Please, Mr. Hemingway." But that does not concern Hemingway who has written,

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in this case, about bullfighting because of his infernal interest in the craft of writing. And, say what you will, Hemingway can write. Few deny that; but the question remains, why waste the effort on bulls? For an answer more than a perusal of the hundreds or so pictures is necessary.

Briefly, *Death in the Afternoon* is an attempt on the part of Hemingway to write what is really felt when actual things do happen to produce the emotion experienced. To do so Hemingway proceeds to write about the simplest of things, in this case, violent death. Now that wars are over and *A Farewell to Arms* is a matter of past creation, the only place to see death, stripped of all its irony, decay and glory, is in the bull ring. This death, premeditated without the magic of divine patronage, creates a feeling of immortality, human and devastating.

But that is not the entire scope of *Death in the Afternoon*. Hemingway has given the drama of the bullfight in its acts and scenes . . . the courage and cowardice of both bull and fighter . . . the artistry and color in the whole display of careful showmanship . . . a series of dialogs with an Old Lady concerning the prose and poetry of T. S. Eliot, the success of William Faulkner as a finished writer of bordello stories, comments on playboy Aldous Huxley, the fact that tuberculosis kills as many fighters as do bulls. The work in its entirety is serene and challenged with the excitement that suffices Hemingway to remain the gay debauched rebel of sentimentality.

—A. J. BUTTITA.

Don Juan Rides to New Glory

The Flying Carpet. By Richard Halliburton. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 352 pp. \$3.75.

Halliburton is back! Halliburton the wanderer, the adventurer, the pet of the ladies' Tuesday afternoon literary club, and the darling of every hero-worshipping debutante in these United States. And with him comes the glowing account of his most recent escapades and death-defying searches for new thrills and conquests.

Strongly reminiscent, naturally, of his three previous books, all of which have dealt with his restless journeying to remote places and the hazards therein attached, this—*The Flying Carpet*—never quite strikes

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the same note of sincerity with which he so skillfully imbued his other writings. Halliburton seems to have forgotten one vital factor—the willingness of the public to accept the veracity of his statements to a certain point of credulity, and then no more. As his narrative progresses, his adventures becoming more sensational and his ability to gain entrance into places denied the average man assuming an uncanny touch, the reader begins to wonder if the account is really a true description of super-adventure or a strikingly impressive work of fiction. However, that is of little importance in considering the entertainment afforded, and there is more of this than enough, in addition to profuse photographs by which he hopes to prove many of his claims, to satisfy any book-seeker of thrills. It all amounts to this: you either like Halliburton or you don't. Frankly, I do, and from the sale of his books, so do a million other Americans. And there you are. If you can find a chair by a blazing fire on a winter night, and light your pipe and puff away without disturbance, and stretch your imagination a very great deal as you read, you will probably like Halliburton immensely. But it might be better to keep this opinion to yourself, inasmuch as most members of the male race regard him differently, either because of honest jealousy or a genuine belief that he is a perfect liar, basking in the adulation of a world of women.

Disregarding a single sober moral in his philosophy of reckless living, the author proceeds to portray in his bold and romantic fashion the experiences which befell him during his last great adventure—a flight through the clouds in a plane, *The Flying Carpet*, and far away to strange corners of the earth. With Halliburton rides the pilot, a companion who shares every thrill. In Timbuctoo they fail as slave traders and turn to Morocco where they actually serve in the French Foreign Legion. Then, into the Holy Land and on to Arabia, where the Crown Prince of Bagdad rides with them and the "Arabian Nights live again." Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world, is conquered and photographed from the peak, after which the head-hunters of Borneo receive the daring flyers and fête them with as much honor as do the officials of Manila Bay, where they land and complete their journey.

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Whether or not Halliburton has clung strictly to the truth in his account or has more than once slipped in letting his imagination run wild, does not really matter. The success that he has achieved in bringing the reading public a freshness and beauty and realism of style has assured him of a large following—a following to whom has been denied the realization of travel-dreams. So more power to you, young Halliburton, fly on, conquer your strange worlds, and bring them back to us in living books.

—J. B. CLARK.

Inspired Hero-Worship

Magnificent Obsession. By Lloyd C. Douglas. New York: Willett & Clark. 300 pp. \$2.50.

The famous Dr. Hudson is dead . . . “and they might have saved his life too, if that pullmotor or whatever it was hadn’t been in use on that drunken young What’s-his-name with the rich granddaddy! What right had he to be alive anyhow . . . now I ask you?”

Around this sentence, Lloyd C. Douglas has woven a story of intense interest, replete with philosophy, romance, and excitement. *Magnificent Obsession* has for its major theme the secret philosophy of the famous brain surgeon, who in his own peculiar manner kept a diary, showing how one may live powerfully and gloriously by absorbing other personalities, how philanthropy can so affect the donor as to change and influence his entire career; that the glory of giving and doing is the most joy to the doer. This diary of Dr. Hudson’s came into the hands of Bobby Merrick during his convalescence and changed him from a rich and drunken ne’er-do-well into a young man fired with ambition, dogged determination, and a glorious spirit of fight to overcome the loss of so famous a man and to show to the world that he had some right to live. Years of self-sacrifice and constant study developed young Bobby Merrick into a brain surgeon, equally as famous as his late inspiration. But Lloyd C. Douglas has not been content to write a novel of philosophy. He has woven into his story a most interesting and absorbing love story; Bobby Merrick fell in love with the widow of Dr. Hudson. The grand climax to this affair comes only

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after young Bobby Merrick has achieved fame as a brain surgeon.

To read *Magnificent Obsession* and his latest book, *Forgive Us Our Tresspasses*, is to be convinced that Lloyd C. Douglas is not only well educated in letters and literature, but that he is a man who has lived a full and experienced life. One would think at times that he is a physician; at other times, perhaps, a philosopher; again at other places, that he is a young man burning with the passion of romance; but all in all, his readers must agree that he is a master at narrative and entertainment, and that while not "heavy," he is well worth reading. —KROUSE QUICK.

Soul of the Irish

The Coloured Dome. By Francis Stuart. New York: The MacMillan Co. 287 pp. \$2.00.

Francis Stuart, author of "Pigeon Irish," writes another of his allegorical novels filled with the mystic beauty of the romantic life of the Irish people. The novel is written in a pleasant, smooth-flowing style that is almost poetic in its depth of feeling and expression.

The scene is Dublin, center of revolution. Garry Delea becomes involved in the revolt and pledges his life as hostage for his countrymen. He and Tulloolagh, a woman disguised as a man and the inspiration behind the rebellion, are locked in prison to await the firing squad. They find love on their last night, but are not executed due to change in plans. Garry, disappointed over the outcome of his attempted martyrdom, rejects Tulloolagh and determines on self-inflicted sacrifice for the sake of his ideal.

The underlying motive of the author apparently is much deeper than mere entertainment. He writes of the Irish people as one inspired, showing a keen insight into the spiritually emotional nature of this simple and soil-loving people.

The character of Garry Delea is hard to fully understand, especially toward the end of the novel, wherein his action in order to find happiness

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is quite vaguely explained. Tulloolagh, on the other hand, is very human and a most likeable character.

The book will never be universally read because of its deep-rooted philosophy, and it is not to be hoped that the novel will reach great popularity, but the author deserves just consideration for a worthwhile contribution to contemporary literature. —JAMES B. COBLE.

Hilarious Nonsense

And Now All This. By W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 120 pp. \$1.75.

"Being Vol. I of the Hole Pocket Treasury of Absolute General Knowledge in X consoling sections, with numerous memorable diagrams, 1 anagram, 2 test papers (bad luck), 3 relief maps, several pounds of figs, only 5 appendixes, no indexes, or dedications (bravo), very few notes, three rhymes and practically no reasons given"—such is the summary given by the authors of *1066 And All That* of their newest, most non-sensical book of hilarious nonsense.

The purpose of the book is "to teach everybody everything everybody knows," for the Absolutely General Editors have reached the conclusion that "since knowledge is not palatable unless you know it there is no room in a general education for anything except Absolutely General Knowledge." Instruction is given the readers in Bodicure, Polar Exploration, Psycho-Babycraft, Geography, Woology, Myth-Information, Birds, Photocraft, and Golliwology.

The method of presentation is solemn, high-brow, with constant references to encyclopedias and cyclopedias. Absurd turns of expression, unexpected, and lampooning of old customs and accepted theories characterize their hilarious fun-making, clearly-cut and colorful.

"Excepting only arguments on the European war debts," said Ellis Parker Butler in the first American review, "*And Now All This* is the funniest thing the 20th Century has produced." —L. H. EDMONDSON.

Forthcoming Books



The Adventure of the Black Girl in Her Search for God: By Bernard Shaw. Dodd, Mead & Co. The much-discussed new Shaw book. In *The Black Girl* G. B. S. presents an allegory interpreting religion to the modern thinker.

The March of Democracy, Vol. 11. By James Truslow Adams. Charles Scribner's Sons. The thesis developed in the first volume of *The March of Democracy* is continued in this present work.

Eimi. By E. E. Cummings. Covici Freide Co. To the few who appreciate the eccentric productions of the esoteric Mr. Cummings, the publishers are offering an autographed first edition of his latest work for the price of the usual trade edition.

The Tragedy of Tolstoy. By Countess Alexandra Tolstoy. Yale University Press. Countess Tolstoy, herself a talented writer, gives to the literary world for the first time, this unusual picture of her father.

Death in the Wood and Other Stories. By Sherwood Anderson. Liveright & Co. Mr. Anderson returns to the short story form with this collection which is said to compare favorably with his *Winesburg Ohio*.



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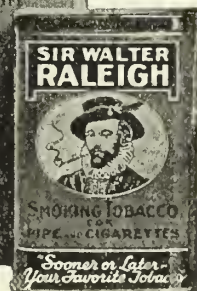
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J. B. Priestly Tells Everything

I'll Tell You Everything. By J. B. Priestly in corroboration with Gerald Bullett.
New York: The MacMillan Co. 280 pp. \$2.50.

The name of J. B. Priestly on the front of a book is a guarantee of its readability and of its delight to the reader. And this story is no different in that the authors have combined their talents to produce a very light and unusual mystery narrative.

The theme and the adventures of the characters hold the interest of the reader through the rapidly moving chapters to a final exciting climax. Dr. Simon Heath, Professor of History, a mild-mannered man, starts out for a vacation to rest from his duties as a teacher, but before he reaches his destination he is accosted by Dr. Pianella, one of a gang of criminals. Dr. Pianella gives him for keeping a small steel casket and tells him "everything." This small steel casket is the instrument that turns Simon Heath from a mild, inactive man into a man of action, and leads him through a series of adventures. In one of these, he meets Zoë, a beautiful young lady with whom he falls madly in love. She also tells him "everything"; however, "everything" that is told him is false, and it is only in the last chapter with the aid of Cousin Oliver and the detective, Fred of many false beards, that he really does learn what "everything" is.

The reading is light and calls forth one's imagination, and with this, a very interesting and amusing evening is the result.

—CHARLES A. DUKES.

A Jewish Exaltation

Barabbas. By Sara Bard Field. New York: Albert & Charles Boni, Inc. 200 pp.
\$2.50.

Preferring the descriptive term meticulous to that of prolific, Sara Bard Field, the creator of *Vineyard Voices* and other splendid works, spent several years upon her current contribution, *Barabbas*. This book is a Jewish exaltation showing the splendid heroism and nobility of that great international race. The author, to obtain the desired information, spent many months reviewing Biblical history, and the story she unfolds

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is no figment of her imagination but is entirely authentic. The characters utilized are of historical origin, but in a few instances personages are created to give the narrative better continuity. The scope of the book is wide and differs from Biblical history in that it subordinates the great happenings and simply gives the story of the Jews as a race.

That the author has literary gifts unsurpassed by her contemporaries can not be denied. Her ability to write blank verse and to create unique expressions of great beauty should give her an enviable place in future Anthologies of her period of activity.

—C. M. FARIS.



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Modernized Azania

Black Mischief. By Evelyn Waugh. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 312 pp. \$2.50.

In *Black Mischief* Evelyn Waugh utilizes the background and coloring of the trip to Abyssinia which he has described in his travel book of last year, *They Were Still Dancing*; he likewise makes use of his travel-book technique. The scene is shifted to the imaginery and Abyssinia-like black kingdom of Azania, bordering upon the Indian Ocean, and here Waugh introduces us into the topsy-turvydom of an inky Negroid Blunderland, through which his sophisticated nonsense conducts us on a satirical travel agency tour.

Interest centers upon the salad days of the reign of Seth, colored "Emperor of Azania, Chief of the Chiefs of Sakuyu, Lord of Wanda and Tyrant of the Seas, Bachelor of the Arts of Oxford University." At Oxford Seth had read Shaw, Arlen, and Priestley, had been momentarily introduced into swanky English society by Basil Seal, and had become fired with the spirit of Progress and Modernism. He returns to Azania with an

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acute case of mental indigestion, and proceeds, with the aid of Seal, head of the newly formed Bureau of Modernisation, to attempt to bestow upon his black, semi-cannibalistic kingdom the benefits of modern white civilization: pardons, army ordinance, police regulations, shoes, orders to European firms for motor cars, an electric plant, the Montessori method, prevention of cruelty to animals, and birth control. Ensues a hodge-podge of incidents which in its pattern of episodic sequence and in its lack of coherence becomes a sophisticated, intellectualized British version of a "nigger" minstrel show, and which only Waugh's suave and worldly wit lifts from the lowly level of minstrel belly-laughter.

Black Mischief will hardly add to the fame and glory of the ever-writing, much-traveled family of Waugh, but it serves to reintroduce in amusing fashion a little-known member of the family after the doubtful success of a first attempt.

—I. GOLDSTEIN.

All books reviewed in these pages are on sale at publishers' prices at the THOMAS-QUICKEL CO. in Durham.

Next month in THE SOUTHERN ISSUE

the ARCHIVE will present articles by

JAMES BOYD, STRUTHERS BURT, JAY B. HUBBELL, A. T. WEST,
CYRIL CLEMENS, and many others.



The **ARCHIVE**

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DEDICATION

Because of his valuable contribution to American letters and his prominence
in the field of Southern literature, we submit this
issue of the ARCHIVE in dedication to

JAY BROADUS HUBBELL

Professor of American Literature at Duke University

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—Drawn by PRESTON BROOKS MOSES

River Song

The ARCHIVE

VOL. XLV

MARCH 1933

No. 6

EDITORIAL

LITERARY TRENDS IN THE SOUTH OF TODAY

By JAY B. HUBBELL

Paradoxical as it may seem, the literature of the South has suffered from both over-praise and neglect. The excess of praise has come from persons valuing literature primarily for patriotic reasons. The estimate which the literary critic places upon the poetry of the Civil War is not that of the U. D. C.'s or politicians seeking office by waving the Stars and Bars. If Southern literary patriotism had only taken the form of producing adequate biographies of such poets as Hayne and Timrod, we should have less reason to complain that certain literary historians have undervalued their writings. The neglect of the South on the part of scholars—now rapidly passing—was due in part to sheer ignorance and in part to a reaction against a provincial attitude. The typical Southern anthology or literary history is a byword among scholars for inaccuracy and flamboyant assertion of the uniqueness of everything Southern.

The South, one should always remember, has had some extremely bad writers. I quote the following poem by the South Carolina poet, J. Gordon Coogler, who is Louis Untermeyer's candidate for the honor of being the world's worst poet:

Alas for the South! her books have grown fewer;
She was never much given to literature.

Joseph Hergesheimer, Zona Gale, and other Northern writers have remarked upon the unparalleled richness of the South as a field for fiction. There are few names more suggestive of romance than Louisiana, Virginia, Charleston, Stonewall Jackson, Pocahontas. For the modern city-dweller, there is perhaps nothing more romantic than life on a great ante-bellum plantation. Until the Civil War had destroyed the old régime, however, few Southerners were aware of its picturesqueness. At that time the best

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stories of the South—if we except Simms and one or two others—were written by outsiders. Even the best novels of John Esten Cooke cannot compare with Defoe's *Colonel Jacque* and Thackeray's *The Virginians*. The Southern gentleman-planter was not the ignoramus which the Abolitionists made him out to be. He knew his Latin classics, his *Spectator*, his Scott and Byron; but he was, as Poe and Simms discovered to their cost, a poor patron of contemporary letters, and when he wrote, it was as a graceful amateur.

Nevertheless, in both quality and in amount, ante-bellum Southern literature is richer than most persons are aware. Only recently have we come to realize the importance of the Southern humorists, those pioneers in realism and satire, whose works were usually published in provincial newspapers and too infrequently collected in book form. If for no other reason, Longstreet, Baldwin, Hooper, and others deserve to be studied because it was out of the literary tradition established by them that Mark Twain, himself Southern by ancestry and birth, developed into the greatest of American humorists. If we consider the more orthodox literary productions of the Old South, we shall find discriminating Northern admirers of Timrod, Simms, Kennedy, and Pinkney. Timrod, in spite of his being crowned "Poet Laureate of the South," has been highly praised by Whittier, Holmes, Percy H. Boynton, Thomas Ollive Mabbott, Lizette Woodworth Reese, and Ludwig Lewisohn. For such poems as his "Charleston" and "Memorial Ode," no one need apologize; they are genuine poetry of a high order.

Since the Civil War the South has contributed more than its quota to the national literature. Southern short stories largely made the success of *Scribner's Monthly* and its successor, *The Century Magazine*. A Southern editor, Walter Hines Page, put new life into the waning *Atlantic Monthly*. During the eighties and nineties no issue of a Northern magazine was complete unless it contained a Southern story. Although the local color movement had its greatest impetus from Bret Harte's stories of the California miners, it reached its greatest popularity in stories of the South. Every locality had its chronicler. George W. Cable, Grace King, and Kate Chopin exploited the Creoles of Louisiana, James Lane Allen the blue-grass section of Kentucky, Charles Egbert Craddock the mountains of

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East Tennessee, Thomas Nelson Page the old régime in Virginia, and Joel Chandler Harris the plantation life and folk-lore of Middle Georgia. At the same time Sidney Lanier, the best American poet of the period, struggled against poverty, discouragement, and disease to write a few poems which the world would not willingly let die.

Southern literature in the twentieth century is another affair altogether. It is realistic rather than romantic. It represents a double revolt: a revolt against the ideals of the Old South and a revolt against the ideals of the new social and economic order. Something of all this may be found in Lanier's prose writings and in Cable's *John March, Southerner*, but the most influential figure has been Ellen Glasgow. The planters of *The Deliverance* and *The Battle Ground* are human beings and not the romantic abstractions of Page's *Red Rock* or *In Ole Virginia*. Her *Life and Gabriella* and *Barren Ground* introduce young women of a very different kind from the Victorian heroines of earlier Southern novels. In her *Virginia*, *They Stooped to Folly*, and *The Sheltered Life*, as in Mary Johnson's *Hagar*, we find keen satire directed upon the ideals of Southern "chivalry." James Branch Cabell has occasionally deserted his favorite Poictesme, as in *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck*, to join in the attack upon what is obsolete in Southern ideals. A few nights ago I heard J. Donald Adams, editor of the *New York Times Book Review*, say in a radio interview that the most promising of the younger American novelists are all Southerners. He singled out Elizabeth Madox Roberts and William Faulkner for special praise. Contemporary Southern writers of fiction, so far from being neglected, are in danger of being too greatly flattered by Northern critics and too consistently boosted by over-patriotic Southerners.

In spite of the flourishing condition of Southern letters, one notes a conspicuous lack: there is today no Southern magazine comparable to *The Magnolia* and *The Southern Literary Messenger* of ante-bellum times or *The Reviewer* and *The Double Dealer* of the early 1920's. There is no periodical to serve as a focus, a medium for interchange of ideas among contemporary Southern authors. In this situation it seems to me fortunate that THE ARCHIVE has given an issue to Southern literature as exemplified by some of its leading practitioners of today.

Southern Literature

By STRUTHERS BURT

At the annual Convention of Southern Writers, held four months ago, this time in Charleston, South Carolina, Donald Adams, the able editor of the *New York Times Book Review*, made a most thought provoking speech. The basis of what he said, has been said before. Indeed, in the past three years it has become almost a cliché . . . that is, that the South will be the next breeding ground of worthwhile authors. But Mr. Adams went further than that. He said that in his opinion, the South already was writing most of the American fiction worth reading. That already it had come into its own, and that the sun, now over the horizon, was moving toward the full glory of day.

I wonder if that is true? And I wonder, if it is true, if just yet it should be said? Being an author myself, and not a critic, I am of the opinion that authors, especially young authors, should not be told that they are remarkable products of a certain section, for that tends to build up a school, and there is nothing worse for good writing than to feel oneself a member of a school, geographical or artistic.

Now it is an historic fact that authors, frequently, have a tendency to thrust their heads above ground in the manner of mushrooms; that is, in groups where the soil has long been preparing for fertility, or has suddenly, by some set of circumstances, been rendered fertile. But it is also an historic, and literary fact, that it is almost invariably the first crop of mushrooms which is interesting and important. The unselfconscious mushrooms, as it were. As soon as the mushrooms are aware of the fact that they belong to a certain group, that they are nourished by a certain soil, they become selfconscious and tend to dwindle. As has been said of the devil and his passion for organization, nothing so hampers good writing as a feeling on the part of writers that they represent some section, some cause, or some caste of men.

That near-giant D. H. Lawrence was, as we all know, seriously crippled by his blind hatred of the English upper class, not to mention his equally

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strong feeling that reticence is invariably cowardice. Wells always has trouble with his social views. Chesterton would be a better writer if he weren't such a good Catholic. Dreiser would be a first class novelist if his obscure impatience with form of any sort had not prevented him, unconsciously, from learning the English language. Mencken would be an even greater force than he is if he would recognize the universality, validity and fundamental necessity for poetry. Sinclair Lewis would be the completely rounded genius that he should be if he were not always trying to get even with somebody for his unfortunate undergraduate days at Yale. If Hemingway and Faulkner could sometimes forget blood and the late war, one could predict for them more solid futures.

When we come to schools, the disastrous results of an *idée fixe* are even more evident. I point to the later examples of the New England school of our eighties and nineties, the later examples of the Irish school, of the Indiana school, of the early genteel Southern school, of the present Sitwell school in England. The man, or men, who found a school are frequently masters; their disciples are as a rule not very stimulating imitators. On the present literary horizon there is nothing much more painful than the labored attempts, not uncommon, to write like Hemingway or Faulkner.

Obviously authors, being men and women, do, inevitably, belong to this or that. They are born in certain communities, they are born in certain countries. Those inescapable conditions they cannot prevent, and it is well that they cannot. Being men and women, they are also born to develop certain prejudices. But their eventual influence upon the world will depend largely upon the balance they manage to maintain between provincialism and universality; between the strength of intelligent conviction and that wide and understanding sympathy without which no artist can be great. A paradox, naturally, is present. In almost everything that can be said about anything, a paradox is present.

Out of the soil where he is born an artist gains his strength and his stalwart, fustian qualities. That seems to be self-evident. First and foremost, most great artists—I think it can be said, every great artist—has been an Englishman, or a Frenchman, or a Russian, or an American, or

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whatever he was born. Even if he is an expatriate, even if he forgets his birthplace, if he is great, his birthplace will not forget him. It will show itself in his work. But that is an entirely different thing from being self-consciously a national of this or that country, and, within that country, a citizen of this or that town, or county, or state. Thomas Hardy restricted most of his novels to a small part of England, but in that small part his characters played out universal parts. Eden Philpotts is not a Thomas Hardy.

So it seems to me that nothing worse could happen for the future of Southern writing than a school of Southern literature.

That any such thing has happened to date, I think extremely doubtful. I see not the slightest signs of it. I see numerous excellent writers writing from the South, one or two of them outstanding; I see a stirring of interest in literature throughout the South; I see an awakening of teaching, reading, and writing. On the other hand, I see at least two serious handicaps still existing. Handicaps which still stand in the way of great fiction, and I think the more progressive and artistic sections of the South should bear very seriously in mind these handicaps.

Van Wyck Brooks in his "Sketches in Criticism" remarks that for the great writer to exist, "there must also exist a secret, unspoken understanding in the society from which he emerges. He responds to this understanding, he voices it, he feels that he is needed." In other words, to have great artists, you must also have great audiences and great critics. This is not an original statement on the part of Mr. Brooks. In varying forms the same thing has been said since the beginning of literature. As for myself, I think it needs certain emendations. The bare statement implies that there have been throughout history in various countries at various times such things as nation-wide audiences. Of course there have never been such things. At the best, intelligent audiences mean only a small proportion of any nation. Even in the Golden Period of the Greeks, the majority of Greeks were quite unmoved by Plato. But it does mean that in various countries at various times there have been "secret, unspoken understandings" between artists and the more powerful elements in other walks of life. And now I will hazard the statement that today there is no part of

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the United States where, on the whole, such a secret, unspoken understanding exists so little as it does in the South. I do not know anywhere in the South great, or even compact, audiences with "a secret, unspoken understanding" for music, or writing, or painting, or sculpture, or the theatre. If there are such audiences, I would like to have them pointed out to me. New York—the hated and despised—is an Athens compared to any southern city, and there are numerous large southern cities. Philadelphia, which, a geographically inclined friend once pointed out to me, has the same latitude as Boetia and, in many ways, I may add, being originally a Philadelphian, has the same manners and point of view, is far more secretly and unspokenly understanding of the artist than the vast and lovely country that lies south of the Mason Dixon line. Chicago, the home of gunmen, is even more understanding than Philadelphia. On the whole, the South, so far as I can make out, has still very much the ancient American, or, it is equally just to say, the Victorian English, standpoint. It likes, somewhat indiscriminately, about any artist as an adornment, a side show, or a focal point for something else, but—and I hasten to say again on the whole, and set in certain illumined centers—it understands the artist only in so far as the artist subscribes to what the South thinks is right. It has little appreciation of the fact that the artist is worthwhile only if he expresses without fear or favor opinions new and original enough to be in tune with evolution, and old enough to be true to human nature.

These, I realize, are somewhat drastic statements, and they need not only amplification, but also the amelioration of other factors. As a man I am devoted to the South. Not only to the South, but to Southerners. Not only to Southerners, but to most of the aspects of the country. There is, it seems to me, no part of the country so well fitted for residence as the South, especially for the writer. The advantages are too numerous to mention, but among them are a good climate, friendly neighbors, charming general manners—a dozen other things that make life less vexatious and more smooth and winning. Also, the cost of living is less in the South, always an important consideration with an artist. Finally, and most important, one is out of the constant pressure and confusion that overwhelm the more crowded places of the North. But none of these have anything to

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do with great Southern writing, and the fact that a number of Northern and Western writers are now living very happily in the South has nothing, either, to do with Southern writing. That writing, when it comes, must arise unhampered, but quite unselfconsciously, out of the soil. It must have its roots in the South, but its crowning branches in the world.

It is not for nothing that, to date, all important Southern writing, except folk writing, which is only important for its aesthetic values or as a document, has been a literature of protest. Faulkner, Wolfe, Caldwell, and so on—all of them are protesting against certain conditions in the South. Personally, I think these gentlemen exaggerate. I think they paint a South that does not quite exist. But that is beside the point. What they are doing, is crying out. Even Miss Glasgow, with a far more worldly and urbane point of view, indulges mostly in protest, although of a more balanced and gentler description. Cabell, by finding refuge in fictitious lands of magic, also protests. DuBose Heyward, who can make your hair stand on end with his negroes and your heart beat, when it comes to whites, still treats them with too much of an ancient courtesy. They do not laugh, cry, fight, and misbehave themselves like the bifurcated creatures that they are. Paul Green writes beautifully, but of conditions largely local. The present writers of the South swing from a sordidness that is not human, or, at least, if human is pathological, to a gentleness equally human. With all due respect to the very great talents of numerous Southern writers, and with all due recognition of the many failings of such men as Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis, or Hemingway, I do not yet know one Southern writer who can bring you up with a sudden halt while reading with the unspoken words: "Yes! That's so!"

These other men, if you wish to talk about localism, express, by not being local, far more the actual spirit of their soil than the Southern writer who is often consciously local. Shakespeare wrote in a country many thousands of miles east of us and in an age several hundreds of years past, but he can still stir most mightily—and by the most English means, be it noted—American hearts.

Very clearly to an alien there still are visible two banks of clouds on the Southern horizon. They are lifting, but they are still there. This is

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to be no attack on formal religion. For all anyone will know from this article, I may have the utmost enthusiasm for formal religion. But I do say that formal religion has no place in the arts, neither as an influence on the reader or spectator, nor as an influence on the artist. The dogmas of religion and art are not the same, and whenever formal religion has been a silent or outspoken influence, art has suffered. Suffered in two ways; by suppression of the timid, by irritating the valiant to the point of where rebellion loses perspective and, in so much, artistic integrity. Faulkner, for example, might be a great artist if he did not think life horrible. Well, life isn't horrible. That's just plain nonsense. It may be tragic, it may be baffling, it may be irritating; it may be one of a hundred things, but it isn't horrible.

The second bank of cloud is the reverse of a patent virtue. One reason why life is so pleasant in the South, one reason why—up to a certain point—the artistic background is favorable, lies in what is left of the Southern tradition. Not that there aren't equally strong traditions in other parts of the country; there are, but these are neither so gentle nor so philosophic as the tradition of the South. But tradition is a dangerous thing unless constantly overhauled. It is the mother of complacency. And that is another reason why I think statements like Mr. Adams' are dangerous.

The complacency of the South, wherever met, and it is, of course, by no means universal, is the least offensive complacency I have ever come across. It is compounded with good manners and a fine pride of locality, but it is, none the less, complacency. In its lowest form one can find it in the service and the unswept washrooms of the average Southern hotel. On its frequent fact that pride of locality does not mean that you do anything about that locality to render it more beautiful, more sensible, or more wise.

All art, in a way, is a protest. I suppose in a perfect world there would be no art. Instinctively the artist paints, or writes, or composes something whose beauty is more level than that of ordinary life. Even at his most fierce he is merely showing, consciously or unconsciously, that which should not happen. But if he writes nothing but protest, that is a sign that back of him there is not enough of "a secret, unspoken understanding." That is a sign that the revolution is not complete. That the revolution has hardly begun.

Holy Man

Suspicious Character

By JAMES BOYD

The glaring sky clapped down its heat. The desert ran straight to the waving white horizon. To the man driving, the place seemed very small, a bowl of flameless fire clapped down on sand. The steely road run under his tires, but the bowl and the sand stayed the same, like the chariot race in Ben Hur, he thought. Such bushes as went by were part of the road, or part of nothing, dead monstrosities of sage and cactus, preserved in fire from a forgotten age, mere ashes, mere mummies, holding their form in the breathless air. Even the lizards that slid among them had been burnt to nothingness, nothing remained to show them except their darting shadows.

He wished that he were driving a touring car instead of a sedan. Those canvas tops were better. He could feel the heat like an electric wave pouring down on the roof and vibrating it. But it was even worse outside. If he blew one of his red hot tires, he'd wait till night to change it. But wait where? Not outside. And he could only stand it inside because of his steady fifty miles an hour. The best thing to do was to hope he didn't blow one. Anyhow, he had the jack out, ready, in the back of the car. That ought to help his luck.

The road shone like burnished steel. Straight and shining as a gun barrel, it stretched away, steady at first, then trembling in the heat, and at last suspended in a mirage that held it floating above the desert until it vanished in the heat.

In the mirage, a grotesque appeared. It was tramping steadily along, its coat hung around its shoulders to keep the sun from burning through the shirt, and a white handkerchief under the hat hanging behind, like the pictures of Henry M. Stanley. It might have been the figure of an old man or of a young man prematurely old. It was small and shrivelled inside the clothes, as if it had been dried up by the heat too. On the other hand, it walked out pretty briskly. The man in the car slowed down.

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Hitch-hikers meant nothing to him back home in Missouri. As old Judge Rohrback said, a man like those is no better off fifty miles further on. But this desert was different.

The car, in all those miles, had got to rolling faster than he figured. He didn't bear down on the brakes with those hot tires; he was still doing twenty-five as he passed the man. But he heard the door-handle click and there was the man, settling down in the rear seat just as neat and cosy as if they'd both rehearsed it for an act. He'd rather have had him in the front, but it was done now.

"How far are you going?"

"Oh, I am going along. San Bernardino will be all right."

"Pretty hot, walking."

In the back seat, the man said nothing. Maybe he felt there was nothing to say. Maybe he felt that giving a lift was an act in itself and separate, and did not entitle the giver to social intercourse. Maybe he was thinking of something else.

Looking in the windshield mirror, the man at the wheel met the other's eyes. It was a jolt. They peered out under pale feathery hair and under the flapping covers of the handkerchief he wore beneath his hat. With his ambushed eyes close set above his long nose, he looked like a half-crazy holy man from some outlandish mountain. Half crazy and treacherous. He was old, but he was wiry. The man at the wheel wished him in the front seat, where he could watch him better. As it was, he could only see his eyes in the mirror, he could not see his mouth; still less what he was doing with his hands.

While the burning wheels reeled in the road under the burning bowl, there was plenty of time to worry about the holy man in the back seat. He remembered what had happened to that druggist from Hannibal that had given a stranger a lift. The holy man moved out of the mirror. He reached up and changed the mirror. The holy man moved again. He remembered thing he'd read in the papers. The dust-gray sage and doleful tortured cactus flowed by. He should have brought his gun. But that wouldn't have helped if the holy man had one. He'd be covered before

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he could move; shot, even. Right through the back of the head; where he could feel those eyes fixed now.

But if he told the old man to get in front, it might start something. It might be enough to set the holy man off—to know that he was suspected. It might be just the thing needed to make him feel he had a right to do it. For maybe, as things were, he didn't mean to do anything. If only there were another fellow somewhere to sit in front beside him.

Right then, as if this crazy country were a land of miracles, the mirage brought another fellow, young and clean-cut, who turned, took the coat from around his shoulders, and looking, without either too much deference or any demand, kept walking steadily.

Before he got in, the young fellow kicked the dust off his shoes against the running board. He closed the door, firmly but gently.

"Well, sir, this is a break for me." His teeth were white against his brick-tanned face.

"I expect so. This is a tough spot."

"You said it. I thought my luck had run out on me. Generally I get a lift."

"Well, generally I don't give lifts. But this is tough."

"I don't blame you for that either. But a fellow has a better chance anyhow, if he goes about it right."

"How's that?"

"Well, you take like now. You notice the first thing I done when I heard you was to take my coat from around me."

"That's right."

"That was to show my pants."

"What?"

"To show I didn't carry no gun. Then I didn't wave or holler. A driver hates to be flagged down. I just looked."

"That's a fact."

"Then I kept on walking. To show I could get along without."

"To him that hath, shall be given."

"What's that?"

"Well, that's quite a system. Anyway, it worked. But I wanted company."

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The young man thought about this. He turned to look at the holy man. His eyes in his brick-tanned face were bright blue.

"Howdy, old man."

The holy man said nothing.

"Not much company," the young man observed in a loud impersonal voice, as if the holy man were a wax-work; then lower, "He's all right, though. He ain't got a gun. I can tell." He was pleased. Certainly a bright young man. The man at the wheel drove on, a good deal easier in his mind.

The young man told him about himself. He had played halfback on the Newcastle High team and wanted to go to State. But then the hard times, and no work in the East. But he knew a fellow in Los Angeles who had a job for him driving a truck for one of the movie companies. If he did say it himself, he could drive a car where anybody else could, keep it running, too. He'd be glad to take the wheel anytime doc wanted a rest. He was calling the man at the wheel "doc" now.

The man at the wheel was much obliged, but he felt all right.

"Well, doc, I guess we'll have to make a change, anyhow."

The man at the wheel didn't like that. He turned to tell the young man so. But when he saw the gun held right on him, he put on the brakes.

"Out on the road," the young man said, "and keep them up." He slid under the wheel and came out, too. "Turn around," he said, "keep them up."

Standing in the frying sun, the man felt the young man in his hip pocket. Only a handkerchief there. The wallet was on the left side. He could feel the young man thrusting for it now. Then there was a sound behind him like a big tired dog flopping down. He sneaked a glance behind. The holy man was holding the gun out to him, butt first; in his other hand he had the jack handle. The young man lay face down.

He put the gun in his pocket. The holy man, still silent, but nimble and happy, rolled the figure into a sage bush's meagre speckled shade. Then he got in the front seat of the car.

"Old man, that surely was quick work. You think he'll be all right?"

The holy man nodded cheerfully.

"You don't think we ought to tie him up and carry him along?"

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The holy man shook his head. His hair swung in front of his eyes.

"I've got a tow-rope. We could turn him over to the law."

The holy man raised one grubby finger.

"Have no doings with the law."

"Well, all right." The man got in the car. "You fixed him, I guess you have the say. That surely was quick work, though. I'm mighty obliged. It was a good turn, all right. He'd have taken the car, too."

The holy man nodded. "I would have had to walk," he remarked.

The quick desert night had fallen when they hit San Bernardino. The holy man took the handkerchief off his head and brushed his hair with a dirty hand.

"All right," he said. He pronounced his words carefully and thoughtfully. "This will do."

"I'm going to Los Angeles, if you like to ride."

"Well, I am going there later. But there is no hurry. All in good time."

"Well, old man, you sure helped me out back there. You just take this. As a favor to me." He held out a ten dollar bill.

The old man shook his head. He brought a fist out of his picket and opened his hand. A wad of bills swelled up.

"This is your portion."

"What?"

"He had fifty-eight dollars. This is half, twenty-nine dollars. I figure that we were partners. You and I. For the time being. Well, you ought to take it. You are entitled to it." The old man shook his head. "Well, then, good-bye." He climbed briskly out of the car. The light of the street lamp fell like a halo around his feathery, tufted hair. "That means," he observed, "God be with you." He waved his dirty hand. "So long," he said, "be a good fellow."

Drama In The South

By A. T. WEST

Since the early colonial days the section of the United States so often referred to as "the South" has taken an active interest in the theatre. The first record of a play in English describes the performance of *Ye Bare and Ye Cubb* by Cornelius Watkinson, Philip Howard, and William Darby, three citizens of Accomac County in Virginia in 1665. In 1702 the students of William and Mary College recited a "pastoral Colloquy" before the governor, probably the first record of college drama in this country. Even Governor Berkeley himself wrote plays. So far as history can determine the first professional performance in America of a play written in this country took place in 1703 in Charleston, South Carolina, under the management of Anthony Aston. Charleston also saw the first opera to be advertised by title in America, *Flora, or Hob in the Well*, on February 18, 1735. That the citizens were keenly interested both as spectators and as actors is reflected in an advertisement in the *South Carolina Gazette* for May 3, 1735, which states that "any persons that are desirous of having a share in the Performance thereof, upon Application to Mr. Shepheard, shall receive a satisfactory Answer." Walter Murray and Thomas Kean formed the *Virginia Company of Comedians* which performed at Williamsburg and Annapolis in 1751. Later they played in Fredericksburg and other cities of the colony. Lewis Hallman's company, whose arrival in this country in 1752 really begins our dramatic history, opened at Williamsburg on September 15, 1752, in *The Merchant of Venice* and remained in Virginia eleven months before going to New York. From time to time "the theatre and players" were subjected to severe legislative action and social opinions in New York and Philadelphia. On these occasions they invariably came back to Virginia and South Carolina where they always received a warm welcome and hearty support. During the early Nineteenth century one of the most significant groups of American playwrights was to be found at Charleston, South Carolina. Removed by distance from immediate contact with the newer plays produced in

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New York and Philadelphia, the playwrights of Charleston made praiseworthy efforts to supply their theatre with suitable material. William Ioor's *Independence* was produced at the Charleston Theatre in 1805, John Blake White's *Foscari* in 1806, his *Modern Honor* in 1812, his *The Forgers* in 1825. Isaac Harby, Edwin Clifford Holland, Miss Pinckney, James Wright Simmons and Mordecai Noah were the other members of the group. Each of them wrote some very significant plays of this period. Charleston, Mobile and New Orleans became the theatre centers of the South but the chief Mecca of playwrights soon moved to New York and Philadelphia and as a result most of the records deal with these cities and little can be learned of the southern activity due to the increasingly strained relations between these sections.

So much for the past achievements of "the South" in the realm of drama. Significant as it may seem, the increased interest and effort to be found in this section today is of more vital interest. Probably the most outstanding achievements have been made in North Carolina. The work of Professor Frederick H. Koch and his Carolina Playmakers at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill is by far the most outstanding achievement in the story of the modern theatre of the United States. The *Playmakers* have built here on their own campus a tradition of the drama to be found nowhere else in the world unless it be in the work of the *Irish Players* from the Abbey Theatre. Adhering for the most part to native scene, character and incident they have written several volumes of published one-act plays and innumerable others which they have performed with success throughout the section, and on occasions in New York. Their chief contribution lies not so much in their productions however, as the personnel of a college group is constantly changing, but in the interest developed in original writing and the attention focused upon the people and the lives of the common folk so long neglected by playwrights.

No mention here is necessary to recall to the minds of those even mildly interested in the drama the work of Paul Green, the most outstanding product of the Carolina Playmakers. Author of a number of successful one-act plays, he has had his longer plays produced outside his native state with success. In *Abraham's Bosom* for which he won the

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Pulitzer prize in 1926, *The Field God*, and *The House of Connelly* represent him in the field of the full-length play. Green writes about the people he knows best, the negro and the poor tenant-farmer of eastern North Carolina. How much influence upon other playwrights the success of the Carolina Playmakers has had it is difficult to estimate. But it is hardly probable that the appearance upon the New York stage of four plays of the Mountaineers in one year (1923-4) could have been entirely accidental.

Sun-up, by Lula Vollmer (born in Keyser, N. C.), deals with a mountain woman who is the personification of hereditary opposition to that dread abstraction, the law, which killed her husband, and insisted upon taking her boy from her, to fight in a quarrel too remote for her sympathy. Miss Vollmer has also written *The Shame Woman* and *The Duncce Boy*, both dealing with the mountaineers of North Carolina.

Hell-Bent Fer Heaven, by Hatcher Hyghes, won the Pulitzer prize for 1923-24. Hughes evidently knows the folk of North Carolina also. The hold that evangelical faith has over the women, the unreasoning impulse of the feud, the triumph of common sense are all ably portrayed. *Ruini* is an amusing comedy also laid in the North Carolina mountains.

Ann Preston Bridgers is another North Carolinian who has contributed to the modern theatre. *Coquette*, written in collaboration with George Abbott, well-known play doctor, is a story woven from the antique chivalry, the primitive aristocracy, and the over-protected womanhood of the South. The first two acts surpass most American plays in true lyric tragedy. The last act breaks down through mere theatrical contrivance.

Laurence Stallings, born in Georgia, is to be remembered for his story of Captain Flagg and Top-Sergeant Quirk in *What Price Glory*, which he wrote in collaboration with Maxwell Anderson. *The Flight*, a romance of North Carolina in the last decade of the Eighteenth Century, and *Deep River*, an opera laid in New Orleans about 1830, are also significant as southern contributions.

The southern negro has been presented on the stage by four playwrights of the South. Paul Green's *In Abraham's Bosom* has already been mentioned. *Green Pastures* adapted by Marc Connelly from Roark Brad-

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ford's *Old Man Adam and His Children* is a rich-hued fantasy of negro life and dreams. Mr. Connelly writes, "The play is an attempt to present certain aspects of a living religion in terms of its believers. The religion is that of thousands of negroes in the deep South. With terrific spiritual hunger and the greatest humility these untutored black Christians—many of whom can not even read the book which is the treasure house of their faith—have adapted the contents of the Bible to the consistencies of their everyday lives."

Scarlet Sister Mary, an adaptation by Julia Peterkin of her novel of the same name, is a deeply sincere, but a rather lifeless effort to portray the struggle of a Negress through suffering, bitterness, and bondage of free-love to an understanding, at last, of the true freedom of surrender to God. *Porgy*, by Dubose and Dorothy Heyward, is one of the significant plays of our time, both for its revelation of the negro of Charleston, South Carolina, and because it was the first production to use negro actors successfully in negro roles, an innovation which made *Green Pastures* possible.

Interest in the theatre is high in the Universities, colleges and schools of the South. Nearly every institution of higher learning has its group of campus players producing and writing its own plays. The University of North Carolina and the Woman's College of the University, the University of Alabama and its Woman's College, the University of Tennessee, the University of Louisiana, and Rollins College in Florida probably lead the list. Alabama and North Carolina have State dramatic tournaments held at Auburn and Chapel Hill respectively. Here college, school, and community groups compete and keep alive the interest in what is best in the theatre. The Little Theatre movement is quite pronounced in the South. Scattered all over the section are community groups of greater or lesser importance, all building toward that much hoped-for National Theatre. Of these groups several have reached national and international importance. The Vieux Carre of New Orleans, the Dallas Little Theatre, the Town Theatre of Columbia, South Carolina, and the Little Theatre of Birmingham, Alabama, have reached the stage where they are self supporting and have established themselves as institutions.

(Continued on page 36)

Translations

By CARIE LUCAS

(TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: The cypress, whose growth is profuse in the coastal region of the South, when once cut down grows no more. It has been regarded as a symbol of the dead since the days of the Ancient Greeks.)

THE CYPRESS

(*From the Spanish of* JOSE A. CALCANO)

If you should find where I lie dead
And love should make you call me still,
Look up into the mourning breadth
Of cypress leaves whose dark depths fill
The dismal sky. A bird is there—
My soul which all the years won't kill.

If you should cry aloud my name
Because your love for me lives on
Long after I am dead and lie
Beneath the cypress; in the dawn
The wind will sing. O listen well!
It is my soul which is not gone.

But if you come, the fast-chained slave
Of some new love, the light will fade;
For you will break my last calm sleep
And shatter ev'ry dream we made.
Then fly, O faithless one—if not,
Be haunted by that cypress shade.

Take care, and fly from bird and tree
And southern wind that follows fast
Upon your stumbling, blinded steps,
Reminding you that peace is past.
Then strive to lose the cypress shade—
My soul that haunts you to the last.

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THE CYPRESS

(*From the Spanish of* JAIME TORRES BODET)

The dead man longed to look upon
His love of long ago.
That is why in southern shades
God made the cypress grow.

Banjo

By RUBY FOGEL

Black fingers wandering
Make up a melody;
Two hands of ebony
Sing out a rhapsody:
Rhythmical spiritual,
Prelude and symphony,
Delicate lullaby,
Foot-patting harmony. . . .
In vivid fortissimo
Or soft pianissimo.

Mark Twain's Last Visit To Saint Louis

By CYRIL CLEMENS

When Samuel L. Clemens was a boy in Hannibal, he heard much of Saint Louis which was spoken of as the "big city." So anxious was he to reach the great place that he made several attempts to smuggle himself aboard boats bound for Saint Louis, but unsuccessfully.

At the age of seventeen his great ambition was realized for he became first a cup pilot and then a full fledged one on the lower Mississippi, and Saint Louis was his headquarters from 1857 to 1861. In this latter year the breaking out of the Civil War destroyed all river traffic. Then after a short campaign with a Confederate cavalry regiment in Northern Missouri, he went West and had the experiences that gave the world "Roughing It."

There after he made a number of trips to Saint Louis to see his mother who lived there for some years before finally settling in Keokuk. His next important visit to Saint Louis was made in 1881, so inimitably described in the second half of *Life on the Mississippi*. The reader will recall how he was impressed by the muddiness of the river water,

"Every tumblerful of it holds nearly an acre of land in solution. I got the fact from the bishop of the diocese. If you will let your glass stand half an hour, you can separate the land from the water as easy as Genesis, and then you will find them both good; the one good to eat, the other good to drink."

In the mid nineties he made his famous lecture swing around the world to recoup his fortune and gather material for "Following the Equator."

One fine day in the spring of 1902 Mark Twain then living in New York received a letter from the president of the University of Missouri offering him the degree of LL.D. and stating that the rules of the University forbade the granting of any degrees in absentia and hoping that he could be present in person.

Mark Twain decided to come and wrote my father, Dr. James Ross Clemens, in Saint Louis, a letter in which he said that he would merely pass through Saint Louis on his way to Hannibal, and the University of

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Missouri at Columbia, and would then return to Saint Louis and be "clear of duties and formal engagements and ready for a rest in the society of all the Clemenses we can get hold of.

"I shall hope to see you at the Planters the 29th. You can't be more than half a dozen blocks from there. I don't go there to sleep, but only to wash. Bring some soap with you and a towel."

After revisiting Hannibal to meet again his childhood chums now old and gray and view his boyhood haunts, and after having received his degree at the University of Missouri, Twain returned to Saint Louis to tarry with all the Clemenses that could be rounded up. At that time my father was living on Washington Avenue. Twain arrived greatly in need of a rest after his strenuous days in Hannibal and Columbia, but rest he was not destined to obtain. Scarcely had he been in Saint Louis an hour, before he was attending the christening of a harbor boat named "Mark Twain" in his honor. It so happened that at this time preparation was being made in Saint Louis for the World's Fair that was held in 1904. A number of other distinguished visitors who happened to be in Saint Louis at this time attended the dedication, among them being the Count and Countess Rochambeau and the Marquis de Lafayette. Everyone went on the harbor boat for the ceremonies, and Mark Twain felt so at home being aboard a river boat once again that he climbed right up to the pilot house where he took the wheel for a few minutes. He was steering nicely and enjoying it until suddenly a big ripple appeared across the bow of the boat. In the old days he would have known at once what it was, but now he was puzzled, and was sorely beset by uncertainty. Not knowing whether to turn to the right or the left or to keep right ahead, he resigned the wheel to the pilot. Never again was he destined to touch the wheel of a river boat.

A gay time was had by all. The party had lunch aboard the boat. Then in the early afternoon the ceremony took place. Countess Rochambeau broke a bottle of champagne on the deck, saying with a charming French accent which greatly tickled Mark Twain,

"I christen thee good boat, Mark Twain!"

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In his brief speech of reply the humorist said, after describing how closely the French were identified with the early exploration and settlement of the Mississippi River region,

"The name of La Salle will last as long as the river itself—will last until commerce is dead. We have allowed the commerce of the river to die, but it was to accommodate the railroads, and we must be grateful."

Carriages were waiting for the party at the wharf, and all were driven to a small red brick house in shabby Walsh's row, where the great poet of childhood, Eugene Field, was born.

The distinguished visitor had been chosen to unveil a tablet to the memory of his fellow humorist. They found that the tablet was covered by a large American flag. Governor Francis of Missouri spoke a few words first and then gave place to Clemens who pulled aside the flag, and said,

"My friends: we are here with reverence and respect to commemorate and enshrine in memory the house where was born a man who, by his life, made bright the lives of all who knew him and by his literary efforts cheered the thoughts of thousands who never knew him. I take pleasure in unveiling the tablet of Eugene Field."

When later on a report reached Clemens that a local historian had serious doubts as to whether this was the house in which Field was born, he answered,

"A rose would smell as sweet under any other name."

That evening a large reception was given in Mark Twain's honor by my father at the Saint Louis Club to which all the doctors of the city were invited. All the guests came up to shake hands with the great humorist who stood in a receiving line with one or two others. Each gentleman shook hands, said a few words, and then passed on. Then one prominent citizen shook Clemens' hand and said,

"Mr. Clemens, I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your *Life on the Mississippi*."

Clemens bowed and smiled in thanks, and expected the man to pass on, but he did not,

"Mr. Clemens, I want to tell you how much I enjoyed *Huckleberry Finn*. It was a marvelous book. How did you ever manage to write it?"

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Clemens bowed and smiled in acknowledgment of the compliment, and once more expected the man to pass on, but he did nothing of the kind. The brows of the committeemen on either side of Clemens began to knit more and more and they became angrier and angrier. Instead of moving on, the man continued to express his admiration in detail,

“Mr. Clemens, I must congratulate you on another mighty fine book, *Tom Sawyer*. It reminded me so much of my own boyhood.”

Now everyone on the committee ran their fingers through their hair and were ready to explode with anger and vexation. But my father recalls that Twain actually winked at him and smiled beneath his shaggy brows: he saw the humor in the situation, even if everyone else missed it. The man did not stop, until he had mentioned by name all Twain’s thirty odd works. It is not difficult to imagine how angry the committee was before each title had received its turn: they were all almost foaming at the mouth. My father tells me,

“I think Mark got more real enjoyment out of this incident than he had for a very long time. For the rest of the evening he was unusually bright and jovial.”

Another highlight of the Saint Louis visit was his speech at the Museum of Fine Arts. Professor Halsey C. Ives conferred the humorously-conceived degree of Master of Arts upon Clemens who in his speech of acceptance said,

“I have always had the impression that I was intended for an instructor in art, but I never have felt full confidence, because that sort of recognition which is the sort of thing that gives confidence, had not arrived. Just as soon as you become a Master Doctor of Arts, you know all about it. . . . Before, I should have considered that what I might offer in the matter of instruction would properly be considered a matter of opinion, but now I consider it is a matter of law.”

After giving at some length a very interesting story to show that ability to draw well is the foundation of all art, Twain concluded,

“That is my lesson for you to convey to the incoming class. You do not need it, yourselves, (laughter) and as I have not time to wait for the

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BARRETT'S LAMP

Wearily he trudged along the dusty road, his feet dragging heavily. On either side stretching away into the haze of the late afternoon, lay row upon row of newly-planted tobacco, with here and there in the distance silhouetted figures of negro laborers, chanting softly the strange songs of their race. The early Spring sun had been warm, driving out the strength of his body since morning and leaving him at nightfall tired and crushed. Strangers were looked upon with suspicion by passing motorists. His arm ached from the constant signalling to stop. His eyes, dim, watery, burned with flecks of dust. Soon he would rest, he thought. Soon would come the coolness of evening, a bit of supper from a friendly kitchen step, and sleep beneath sheltering trees and the stars that brought to him peace of mind and body. He knew what would happen then. He would find a soft plot of grass and lie down and gaze up through the darkly-shaded leaves into the night sky. Once again he would try to count the stars, just as he had done a long time ago when things were different, when the mysteries of life bewildered him, led him on fascinated to seek and understand their secrets. Perhaps, too, there would be a river nearby, a deep river murmuring quietly on its ceaseless flow to the sea, and a passing steamer, gaily-lit against the darkness, winding on far away and beyond, and he would listen, half-smiling as the laughing voices of its passengers came drifting over the waters, and with eyes follow the huge boat until it rounded a distant bend. Then, after a long while, the sound of its whistle would come from far off, and once more he would be alone with the night—a wanderer, a very tired and weary wanderer. And sleep would bring him forgetfulness.

Down the road the soft lights of a village loomed, home lights calling to end work in the fields. He saw them and quickened his pace. A farm boy, digging his worn shoes into the powdery dirt at his feet, strolled ahead, herding a few cows, their udders swollen with the day's milk. He licked his dry lips. Yellow street lamps, suspended on swaying wires across

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the one narrow street, flickered faintly. He passed under them, watching cautiously his shadow poured out raggedly on the store-fronts. There was the hotel. The strains of a victrola record screamed through its open door, rudely disturbing the calm of the rustic evening. For a moment he stopped and looked in. Negroes, black faces shining, hurried about in white uniforms, bent on serving hot foods to neatly-dressed guests. Again he thought of his hunger, of the long day just passed. Then he started for the rear door, but the shadows there drove him back. Far off a dog barked. He looked up, a queer light stealing into his eyes, turned slowly, and shambled down the street. To the West he watched the blood-red sun racing beneath the tree-tops and thought of the nearing twilight. The last yellow lamp swung overhead, creaking. He passed on. Again the dog barked.

The great white house, clean and welcome in appearance, stood away from the country road and rested deep in the cool grass of the grove. He leaned on the fence-railing and watched the lights shining from the wide windows, caught the aroma of baking biscuits, hot and crisp in big ovens, stealing temptingly about in the breeze. In a meadow nearby a young stallion, racing wildly in its last moments of afternoon freedom, whinnied and trotted up to the gate. He stared at the pony; then hastily sprang over the rail and went to its side. The horse scampered off, stopped, and looked back. He held out his hand, and slowly it returned, straining a long glossy neck. Gentle hands stroked the hide, soft words fell on the ears. Out of the darkness came an old negro's voice. He withdrew his hand and started to run. Then he remembered his hunger and stood silently. An old darky, bent with years, hobbled into the light and stared at the stranger. "Who you-all?" There was fear in his tone. The white boy smiled. "I'm just hungry a bit." Jerking a gnarled finger toward the rear of the house, the darky sent him on his way. He groped along in the gathering dusk. Before him were food, people to talk with, a home. A hurt came into his heart. He clutched it. Nearer, from the porch, came a dog's eager whine—the same as before. There was something about it all that frightened him, made him want to run and hide. And now the dog, almost grovelling in the dust, was at his feet. He knelt and patted the

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brute's head. The old negro came up behind him and motioned him on. "Back dair," he said, and led him away.

His slim body leisurely reclined, legs outstretched before him, he leaned against the white door post in the light of the warm kitchen. He wiped his mouth with a soiled sleeve of his coat. The food had been good, well-cooked, plentiful. Now that he had finished, maybe it would be best to slip off before the cook came back and questioned him. His life was his own, anyway. It was none of her business, nobody's. He got up and stepped onto the ground. As he did, the dog, quiet in the shadowy corner of the porch, came to him. He fondled its head. Somewhere in the house a piano was being played softly, and a woman's voice, clear, golden, wafting through a window and into the garden. Tears stole into his eyes, again that clutch at his heart. He wanted to see her but at a distance, and then to run far away and hide, listening. A shadow flung itself in the light behind him. "Got a-plenty, suh?" He turned. It was the fat mammy cook. He nodded, stroked the dog's head. Mammy laughed. "Sho strange. 'Tain' lak at air Rover to taik on wid sech folks. Most times he shies uv 'em, o' else scairs 'em off." He knelt and hugged the dog warmly. "I had a dog once." There was a far-off note in his voice. "But he died." A slight breeze stirred in the sycamores down in the grove. Faint stars began to glimmer, heralding the moon, new, rising over beyond the hill in the east. The woman was still singing. He ventured a question: "I bet she's pretty, ain't she?" Mammy nodded. "Miz Becky sho is, yas suh." Then he asked again: "She sing much—like that?" There was a long pause before the negro spoke. "Jest when she feelin' kine o' sad—lak today. It's de day he was bawn, and had de debbil's spell put on 'im. Den come a time when he left us and ain't been heerd of since." The moon crept up above the trees. His voice quivered slightly as he spoke, almost to himself. "Must've been a good boy if he was her'n." Mammy smiled. Memories floated into her sunken eyes. "Fo' de cuss got 'im, yas suh. All de time he played dair in de yawd or by de ribber. Usta maik him lily-pad sail-boats and watch 'im set um goin' down de water." He lifted his eyes, suddenly queer and shining. "A river here?" She pointed off a little path, running past the darkened barn and into the forest, now humming with night

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sounds. "Dat'll lead yo'. 'Tain't far." Speechless, he started off. The dog clung by his side. Mammy called after him. "Hyar you-all. Don' taik at air dawg 'way from dis yawd. Sen' 'im back." His step slackened. Bending, he whispered in the brute's ear. Rover came slowly to the house, his great eyes pathetic. Mammy called again. "You-all be keerful out dair, white folks. Come back by in de mawnin' and git yo' sum breakfus' 'fo yo' leaves." His answer came from deep in the shadows, "Yes." Then softly: "Thank her for me." He was nearing the barn. As though suddenly grown more soft and haunting, the music pervaded the young evening. Darkness had fallen now. He leaned against an ancient tree and gazed back into the glow of home lights. Dimly, he saw shadows within the white house, fleeting pictures of another day, of a woman and a child racing together into the Spring air. And, above all, the music and a woman's song. Up from the path, Black Paul sat in the door of his cabin, his battered pipe sending out curls of wispy smoke, his wrinkled hand nervously planking the strings of an old banjo. The sounds mingled in the clear night and he stumbled on within the forest. The river lay at the end of the path, its deep waters mirror-like and glistening. For a moment he looked out over the smooth surface, and then dropped onto the mossy bank and lay quiet. Far away the lights of a river cabin twinkled, disappearing strangely in the night. He watched, fascinated. The steamboat whistle he had longed for would come soon. Then it would all be perfect again. Above, a yellow disc, molten gold, hurtled across the blue vastness of stars. He saw through the swaying tree branches and smiled. Black Paul's banjo-tune haunted the bank. The song of the white lady seemed strangely soothing. His hand slid along the moss and clutched a bending water lily. Unconsciously, he tore from it a pad and placed it on the water, watching it float away into the dark. Then another and another. He lay back, his eyes closed, a tear trickling across his cheek. Around the bend, a boat appeared. New lights flooded the river. But he did not see. He slept.

Hush, Black Paul, hush. Let him sleep, let him dream again. Sing on, Becky, sing on to quiet his lonely fears, to ease the hurt in his heart. Call to him with your song, think of him, Becky. He was a good boy. Sleep, Strange Boy, sleep.

BOOKS



More Inaccuracies Bewilder Twain's Devotees

The Ordeal of Mark Twain. By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 325 pp. \$3.75.

The first edition of this work appeared in 1920 and drew, even from its introduction, many scathing and denunciatory criticisms, not because of the lack of facts which the author had incorporated in his chronicling of the great humorist's life, but because of the distortion which crept into his personal comments. Chief among Mr. Brooks' assailants have been the illustrious critics, Constance Rourke and Bernard de Voto, both of whom have studied carefully the first work and have contributed, what has been regarded by students of Mark Twain, valuable advice to the biographer in his present revision. However, by a careful comparison of the two editions, the reader comes to feel, and with a conviction akin to certainty, that the suggestions of these critics have either been disregarded as fallacious or have been overlooked by the biographer in his consuming desire to prove his original contention—that frustration was the dominant cause of Mark Twain's failure to reach the top of his bent.

The present "Ordeal" remains, nevertheless, a moving, a human, energetic study. It presents the outstanding of American humorists in a revealing light, in a focus that brings in sharp relief to his admirers his humane qualities, his striving to portray the unadulterated simplicity of the people and the section he knew so well. It is a sound and vivid interpretation of the man himself, and should stand as a beacon for students in years to come. Only when Mr. Brooks digresses from his proved facts and begins a long and tedious observation of his own concerning influences which produced the books of Clemens or the conditions of the time which affected vitally his thought and his summary of mankind—only then does the present work lose its power and its worth to literature. Had not the first "Ordeal" appeared long ago and had not critics even then detected the flaws that Mr. Brooks inadvertently made, the new book would most

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assuredly today face the same attacks which it failed to weather in its first appearance.

To the reviewer who criticizes with the sole intention of aiding the writer in default to correct his errors and improve his product it seems that the Twain biographer has committed one of literature's unpardonable crimes. It is difficult to understand how and why so distinguished a man of letters as Mr. Brooks, whose immortal "Life of Emerson" must remain among the greatest of modern biographies, could have so grossly neglected the advice of those critics who pointed out his initial mistakes and gave back to them only an amplified and faulty revision of a work, whose possibilities in a study of its subject are practically limitless.

—J. B. CLARK.

* On sale at THOMAS-QUICKEL Co.

A Portrait of the Southern Serfs

God's Little Acre. By Erskine Caldwell. New York: The Viking Press. 308 pp. \$2.50.

With *Tobacco Road* last year, and more recently *God's Little Acre*, Erskine Caldwell has very definitely established himself as one of the most promising of the young Southern novelists. But unfortunately Caldwell, like his colleagues, has been so eager to prove that he, a Southerner, has nothing in common with the hacks of the sweetly sentimental, Southern aristocratic *genre*, that he almost outstrips the Faulkner of *Sanctuary* days in the use of sensationalism which dangerously borders on the pornographic.

In *God's Little Acre*, Caldwell continues to depict the degeneracy of the "poor" Southern whites. To show them in the midst of their impoverished, tawdry surroundings; an illiterate group, superstitious and bestial. There is Ty Ty, the patriarch of the family, probably Caldwell's finest characterization to date. And the comely Griselda, and Will, the virile mill worker; Darling Jill, Pluto, and Rosamond. Led by old Ty Ty, the family spend their lives digging up the land in a futile search for non-existent gold. The gold hunt, conducted in Ty Ty's "scientific" man-

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ner (with the aid of a divining albino captured in the swamps) although not entirely convincing, is refreshingly ludicrous and diverting. But here Caldwell, evidently to prove his proletarian sympathies, inserts an incongruous thread. Incongruous because tragic. The scene shifts to a mill town where the strikers led by Will attack the plant, and the story, beginning as an earthy, robust comedy, ends with the death of three members of the family and with Ty Ty now alone, searching for his gold.

Sex looms large in the novel. Every possible abnormality, and a few that seem hardly possible, are dragged in. If all this had a counterpart in life one would not have Caldwell emasculate his realism by leaving any of it out. But is it real? Could any group in the South or anywhere else, apparently so petty bourgeoisie in their devotion to a Baptist God, be able to view the sex impulse in the unconcerned and primitive manner of this family? Caldwell has given us characters who, considering their milieu, are more or less normal, and has given them the amatory proclivities of Kraft-Ebbing cases.

In *God's Little Acre*, Erskine Caldwell shows potentialities. As certain sections of the book demonstrate, he is capable of narrative and descriptive excellence equal to that of any living American author. But unless he outgrows the desire to shock, another good novelist will end in the Tiffany Thayer school of fiction.

—LOUIS J. CLARK.

* On sale at THOMAS-QUICKEL Co.

Cracker Box Philosophy

How to Be Happy on Nothing a Year. By Charles A. David. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 207 pp. \$1.50.

Mr. David's book is not quite as bad as the title would imply. There are some Pollyanna elements, it is true, but the greater part consists of personal reminiscences—nature scenes and local anecdotes. The latter will probably not be fully appreciated by anyone not a native of Greenville, South Carolina, where the author has lived all of his 79 years; nevertheless, the anecdotes are essentially humorous, and not badly told.

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The chief vice of the book is the labelling of morals perfectly obvious. After all, it is somewhat irritating to be told to count your blessings, and then to have the same enumerated. This may be accounted for by the fact that the essays were originally intended for digestion by the public at large, via the *Greenville News* and the *American Magazine*. Incidentally, James C. Derieux, former managing editor of the *American*, prefaces Mr. David's book with a very fulsome tribute.

Frankly, it does not seem that the book will enjoy a large sale. Mr. David, sincere philosopher that he is, probably enjoyed writing of his experiences as he enjoyed living them; those who know him will also get a great deal of pleasure of of his book. Generally, however, it is not what one would normally consider reading. —RAVEN I. McDAVID, JR.

* On sale at THOMAS-QUICKEL Co.

DRAMA IN THE SOUTH

(Continued from page 22)

With the commercial theatres of New York sinking more and more each year to the standard of mediocrity, and compelled to reduce the quality of productions in order to cut expenses and survive the competition of modern business, it is to the independent theatres—those college and community groups with real vision and untarnished artistic brilliance that we look for our Theatre of Tomorrow. If they will keep an uncompromising standard of good plays adequately produced, if they will open their doors to the unknown playwright and thus encourage playwriting of the highest order, then there will develop a new era in the theatre. The South has its opportunity to lead in this crusade. With a group of already proved playwrights, and with increased opportunities in dramatic courses both technical and creative offered by the colleges, there is no limit to which the South cannot go in definitely creating the National Theatre.

SIGMA UPSILON

Announces

\$20 In Cash Prizes

to be awarded in the May issue for the best undergraduate contributions, not exceeding 3000 words, to the ARCHIVE throughout the year 1932-33.

Contest closes at noon of April 15, and all entries must be in the hands of the judges at this time.

The Fortnightly Chapter has decreed that any article submitted to and published in the ARCHIVE during this present academic year is eligible for this contest.

The winners in each field will be announced and published, providing they have not previously appeared, in the May issue.

Prizes are as follows:

Best one-act play	\$5
Best short story	\$5
Best essay	\$5
Best poem	\$5



JUDGES

Dr. W. K. Greene
Dr. Jay B. Hubbell
Mr. Charles Anderson

Heirloom or not— give it the Air!

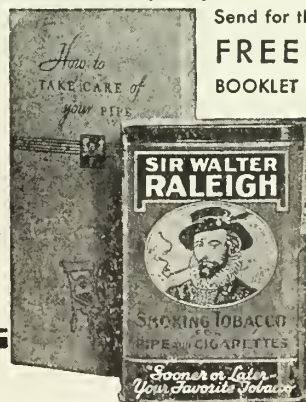


WHEN she told him to throw that reeking relic in the rubbish can, he was offended. Sensitive? Pooh! Not as sensitive as grandma's nose. Let's be brutally outspoken. Why should a man keep on smoking a pipe through sentiment, when it's full of sediment?

When you smoke mild tobacco in a well-kept pipe, *everybody's* happy! We never heard anything but compliments about the smoke Sir Walter Raleigh's mild Burley mixture makes when it curls merrily from the bowl of a well-behaved briar. It is smooth and fragrant, yet full bodied, rich and satisfying; and it's kept fresh by gold foil. Its record of popularity alone makes it worth a trial next time you step into your tobacco store.

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It's 15¢
—AND IT'S
MILDER

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MARK TWAIN'S LAST VISIT TO SAINT LOUIS

(Continued from page 28)

incoming class, you will have to teach it secondhand, from one whom you know to be a Master Doctor of Arts and competent."

The day Mark Twain left Saint Louis, a colored man named Jim Cole was sent ahead with the ticket to check the trunk at the station. On the way he fell in with some of his cronies who invited him into a tavern, where amidst the fumes of a delectable African punch he forgot all about the train, the ticket, and the trunk. So when Mark Twain and my father arrived at the station they found a large crowd of friends and admirers waiting to bid farewell to the distinguished visitor, but look high or low they could espy no sign of Jim Cole.

Frantically Twain paced up and down the platform all eyes for the appearance of Jim Cole. But Cole did not come; instead the public would rush up to him every moment and wring his hand and shout into his ears,

"I must shake hands with you." So infuriated at this became the poor man that instead of the ordinary amenities, he ejaculated at frequent intervals the rude but forceful monosyllable, "Damn!" When "all aboard" began to be shouted, my father gave his cousin the money to purchase a new ticket. And amidst the cheers of a crowd that was rapidly growing larger and larger, the humorist jumped on the train just as it was pulling out of the station.

And in the trunk behind was an "impromptu" speech carefully written out that Clemens was to have delivered at a banquet to be given in his honor on his arrival in New York City!

When the traveler reached home he wrote a letter to "Dear Doctor Jim" (his nickname for my father) in which, after stating that he was enclosing the money loaned for the ticket, he went on to say that he found his family well, and sorry they did not assert their right to go west with him and maintain it with violence. After saying that they might have a chance to go at the inauguration of the Fair in April, 1903, he concluded,

"I can't tell how grateful I am to you and Mr. Cates for the care you took of me. . . . I should have gotten inextricably tangled up but for that. As it was, we never missed an engagement nor failed to get the odd trick.

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I have delivered the message to Mrs. Clemens and they send their best love to Cousin Katharine, and their love properly trimmed for masculines to you and your father. As for me, I am not making distinctions, but sending love to all of you."

But the illness of his wife who died in 1904 prevented him from coming to the World's Fair, and Mark Twain never again saw Saint Louis and his beloved Mississippi.



The Editor's Viewpoint

We have no doubt but that this issue of the ARCHIVE will arouse much surprise and some consternation among the student-body, especially to those loyal few on whom we have relied for the majority of our contributions during the year. At first glance, it will appear that the editor has broken his faith in the re-building of the magazine as purely a student publication, inasmuch as every feature article published this month has been written by outsiders. This, the editor confesses and, in doing so, submits not only his apologies to those students who are taking an active interest in the ARCHIVE, but his sincere assurance to the protestants against the policy which he has endeavored to adhere to throughout the year that this represents the fruits of his efforts to obtain material that will please the followers of the "old order" and will satisfy their demands for a literary organ of more culture and more merit. While appearances, in this case at least, are not deceiving, and every student can judge for himself a comparison of the two types of magazine, we feel that it avails us nothing to elaborate on apologies. Since the statement of policy was made last October, the fight to make it successful has been a losing one. Few members of the student-body responded, but we persisted in keeping the ARCHIVE a student publication, even in the face of ridicule and severe condemnation. At times, we have felt that the published material was below an average standard of excellence. But we could do nothing. It was student material and it was the best we had. Now, we have experimented to try and please everyone.

Foreign contributions have been solicited and received for this issue. These have been supplemented by a few contributions from our student-body and our faculty, and with the two types from which to choose, we offer you an issue which, it is our hope, will meet the requirements of every reader.

The **ARCHIVE**

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APRIL, 1933

NO. SEVEN

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The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

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Dedicated to

our mothers

CORA LEWIS CLARK

and

ANNIE LAURIE NEWSOM

who guide us

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EDITORIAL MEN OF SIGMA UPSILON

In this modern university age of jazzdom, highly specialized athletics, and ultra-sophistication in social contacts, when a great majority of the nation's colleges are undeniably faced with the problem of rapidly declining student interest in literature and creative writing, it should be with pride that many institutions can point to one organization, whose sole objective, founded in its purpose years ago, is to sustain this waning interest and promote renewed appreciation of literary products and endeavor. To Sigma Upsilon, honorary fraternity for men whose interest and work in literature have proved them worthy of membership, homage is due for its tireless but fruitful effort to prevent the complete collapse of collegiate literary accomplishments.

Comparatively speaking, only in recent years with the noisy advent of the "heh nonny-nonny" student has an indication appeared that the old formula for the acquisition of culture is in serious danger of disruption. Previously, a cultured person had accepted the demands by society that he be partially versed in the world's great literature as a necessary part of his training, even occasionally through individual longing or industrious curiosity experimenting with the creative pen. The new generation, however, appears to regard such manifestations in the "gentle art" as a waste of valuable time and energy, both of which might be more satisfactorily applied in mastering the current dance craze, enlivening the feverish hilarity of a cheering section, or indulging in the completion of a jig-saw picture puzzle. Not all students, mind you, only the school spirited rah-rah lads and the hundreds of red-blooded honky-tonks who are kept busy throughout the day avoiding association with "queer people," who tirelessly pore over a musty volume in the library stacks and far into the wee hours scribble poetry by the light of midnight oil. Such designation, although

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ill-founded, is not surprising. It is merely the result of a narrowness in thought which ultimately develops in the critics of that small remaining group who, through a gradual realization of the emptiness in the other existence, have professed a desire to further their literary knowledge and, if the fates have so intended, to produce work of their own creation.

For each of these student types Sigma Upsilon exists, not concentrating its attention and aid on the interested one alone, but striving to gain the co-operation of the disinterested by encouraging him in some phase of its work. By such action it hopes to sustain the high cultural standards of the immediate past and to build for the years to come a world of writers in whom have been instilled correct principles of intelligent living and progressive ideals for the formation of a new literature. This work, it is believed, will be successful, and, primarily so, because of the annual programs which its many chapters throughout the nation conduct with conscientious sincerity, stressing a study of both contemporary and past authors and their works, supplementing these discussions with courses offered in the regular curriculum of the college, and, above all, promoting creative writing among its members. Such activity, mingled with the fellowship which each chapter offers, contributes vitally in the mind's search for a rich storehouse of knowledge and experience.

We men of Sigma Upsilon, nearing the end of student days, cannot but feel a sentimental attachment to an order that has given so freely of its aid and inspiration. The work that we have carried on, the work that men before us labored for, must now be trusted to those faithful few whom we have chosen to take our places. That it is a task unfinished which we leave, we are aware. That it is work requiring earnest application lest it fail, we also know. But to new men we offer, in the belief that they will pledge their efforts for its continued success, the order of Sigma Upsilon, rising unscathed from a select group of honorary fraternities, many of which out of financial desperation have extended membership, regardless of recognized merit or achievement. Sigma Upsilon pledges only men who have proved their worth. Only with such men could its purpose be carried to successful completion.

McNeill Again

By DAVID K. JACKSON

I

On Monday evening, October 16, 1906, a horse-drawn vehicle rolled along the main driveway of Trinity College in the direction of the Y. M. C. A. hall. The occupants of the carriage, Dr. Edwin Mims, a very popular professor of English, and John Charles McNeill, a reporter for *The Charlotte Daily Observer*, were laughing and talking with the little group of students who followed on foot in the wake of the carriage. McNeill had been invited to inaugurate a series of lectures sponsored by the faculty. The year before a more distinguished visitor than McNeill, the President of the United States himself, Theodore Roosevelt, had visited the campus of Trinity College, but the welcome he had received was hardly as sincere. The two men, McNeill and Mims, appeared quite active, and, indeed, McNeill was not much older than the college students who peered around the moving carriage to get a better view of him.

Inside the Y. M. C. A. hall Professor Mims arose and introduced to the three hundred or more people in the audience the lecturer as a "reporter, poet, and all-around good fellow." McNeill, now in the rôle of a lecturer, fingered the pages of his manuscript and modestly began to read in a "deep but mellow voice" his paper on "The Art of Suggestion in Literature." His ungainly, homely appearance detracted not in the least from his reading. His most noticeable features exhibited all the characteristics of his hardy, God-fearing ancestors of Argyleshire, Scotland. There was, in fact, something fascinating in the introspective gray eyes under the heavily arched brows. After conventional preliminaries the poet-lecturer quickly went to the heart of his address, which had all the earmarks of Poe's "The Philosophy of Composition":

To exercise the prime art of suggestion an epic is not necessary, nor a novel of a thousand pages, nor a play that consumes six hours in performance. "All the charm of all the muses often flower in a lonely word." The short story is the best form of literature for suggestion, because it is not long enough to admit of a reaction. At one sitting the reader gets enough to prod his faculties, but not enough to tire them.

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As to poetry, it was said by Poe, and is true, that in its effect all poetry is lyric poetry; that *Paradise Lost* is a succession of lyrics in the mind of the reader.¹

He continued rather hastily, with incidental references to *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, to show how the influence of the stage at that time was increasing, citing Thomas Dixon's dramatized version of *The Clansman* as an example. Referring to Wordsworth, whose poems he greatly admired, McNeill said, "To be able to 'hold the mirror up to nature' is to be master of the art of suggestion, for, as Wordsworth says, the joy of the mind in nature is half suggestion." Immediately after the lecture McNeill was invited by "Toombs" to an informal smoker, where he read selections from his recently published book of verse, *Songs Merry and Sad*.

II

John Charles McNeill was one of four children born to Duncan and Euphemia Livingston McNeill, a family of well-to-do farmers in the original Scotch settlement of Spring Hill, near Riverton in Richmond County (now Scotland County), North Carolina.² Here on his father's country place at an early age he began to observe carefully the details of farm life with its routine duties and to store up impressions which he later put down in his writings. There were idyllic days spent working on the farm and attending an old field school. In his leisure hours he, with his dog Tige, would roam about the picturesque country of sand hills, and at other times he was rowing up and down the slowly winding, almost stagnant, Lumber River. These early years of his life were the most impressionable, and his poems reflect his youthful love for the wood and field, his joy in the world out of doors, and his keen appreciation for the folklore of the negro tenants.

When at the age of nineteen McNeill decided to go to college, the finances of the family had suffered a setback. He was determined to go, however, and, according to his own statement, with a few cents in his pockets, he arrived on the campus of Wake Forest College in the fall of

¹"Address by McNeill," *The Trinity Chronicle*, II, 1 and 3 (October 10, 1906).

²He was born on July 26, 1874. Most of the material for this article has been gathered from various newspapers published immediately before and after McNeill's death.

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1893. The faculty of that denominational college was creditable to an institution of its size. One of its members, Professor Benjamin Sledd, a teacher of English, was noted for discovering talent among his students. In English McNeill excelled, and, as an undergraduate, he was an instructor in English. At Wake Forest he also participated in extra-curricular activities, and was elected to many offices in the Philomathesian Literary Society, president of the senior class, and for two years one of the editors of *The Wake Forest Student*. In competition with other students he won the Dixon medal for the best essay of the year. And in the spring of 1898, when he was graduated, he was valedictorian of his class. The year after his graduation he studied law at Wake Forest and took his master's degree.

In the year 1899-1900 McNeill filled brilliantly a professorship of English in Mercer University, Macon, Georgia. At the end of the year when the regular teacher, whose place McNeill had taken, returned, the trustees regretted to give McNeill up.

On returning to his native state from Georgia, McNeill obtained his license to practice law and opened an office in Lumberton, not far from his home. The irksome details of the legal profession held little attraction for him. He saw the ridiculous in everything, and even when he was pressing the claims of his clients at the bar of justice he could not refrain from noting the eccentricities of those around him. Naturally he turned to newspaper work and bought an interest in one of two papers, *The Robesonian* and *The Argus*, neither of which at any time number over a thousand subscribers.³

What caused him to give up his work in Lumberton has not been discovered. One thing is certain. There was little hope of literary or pecuniary reward while he was editing a small country journal. At Laurinburg, not far from Lumberton, he resumed his law practice which after a short while he was neglecting by occasionally closing his door to prospec-

³All of McNeill's biographers have stated that he bought an interest in a Lumberton newspaper, but a person who knew McNeill in Laurinburg writes: "He was almost an utter failure at the law, and never owned any newspaper. He was like his father before him—devoid of practical common sense." (Letter to author, dated January 4, 1933). A young lawyer writes concerning a certain legal case: "I found that John Charles had been the attorney who had handled that matter. I went through all the original papers in the case, and found that every detail was correct." (Letter to author, dated January 2, 1933). I have been unable to find any files of the two newspapers.

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tive clients and writing poems that later made him famous. For one year he represented his county in the House of Representatives at Raleigh, and perhaps the following year he accompanied Governor Robert B. Glenn and his staff on a trip through the New England states.

Once McNeill wrote a beautiful little poem on a simple subject taken from his boyhood experiences on Lumber River, a poem similar to "Sun-burnt Boys," and sent it to *The Century* for its "In Lighter Vein" column. It was accepted, and then one poem followed another until McNeill became a regular contributor to the magazine, along with John Erskine, Edwin Markham, and others. Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of *The Century*, invited McNeill to New York, where he was dined and feted by the *literati*. This trip was McNeill's first and only contact with his literary contemporaries of the North.

In the summer of 1904 H. E. C. ("Red Buck") Bryant, who was writing special articles for *The Charlotte Daily Observer*, stopped at Red Springs and talked with a learned Scotchman who told him of McNeill's literary achievements. Bryant went to see McNeill at Laurinburg, and a few months later McNeill was a member of the staff of the *Observer*, with no fixed hours of work and with plenty of leisure and a certain income. One of his first assignments was to cover an old soldier's reunion at Newton, North Carolina, on August 20, 1905, but McNeill, through some mistake, went by carriage, in a drizzling rain, on August 4. His report, "Chasing a Phantom Reunion," is characteristic of his buoyant, care-free spirit:

It certainly is a serious miscarriage when a reporter, to meet his first assignment, travels 150 miles by pressing stages, in high hopes of a good story and a brilliant debut into journalism only to find, according to the hack driver at his destination that "if there are any big doin's here today, it is unbeknowin's to everybody."⁴

In addition to writing verse and making some interesting reports, McNeill wrote many clever essays. While working for the *Observer*, he also contributed several essays to *The Biographical History of North Carolina*.

⁴*The Charlotte Daily Observer*, p. 4 (August 6, 1904).

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When McNeill became reporter, the *Observer* was known as one of the most liberal newspapers in the South, because of its editor, Joseph P. Caldwell (affectionately called by his friends the "Old Man"), and its coterie of young reporters. No newspaper in the South could have boasted of such a galaxy of talented journalists.

Late at night when copy for the next issue of the *Observer* had been sent to the composing room, Caldwell with his "boys," in whom he took an almost fatherly interest, would go to a nearby restaurant to refresh themselves. Even later at night McNeill was alone, atop the Southern Manufacturer's Club, his residence in Charlotte, writing lyrics for *The Century* and *The Youth's Companion* or perhaps jotting down notes for "Idle Weeds" and "Little Essays" columns in the *Observer*.

In October, 1905, a committee of the North Carolina Literary and Historical Society, meeting in Raleigh, awarded the Patterson Memorial Cup to McNeill for having done the best piece of literary work by a native North Carolinian during the year. McNeill was invited to Raleigh, where President Roosevelt had stopped on his tour of the South. Roosevelt, on behalf of Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, the donor of the cup, and the Society, presented the gift to McNeill who was the first to win such an honor.⁵ As the result of this award and his growing literary reputation, McNeill became the literary lion of his state, and he was called here and there to lecture, to read his poems, and to attend meetings of book clubs. In 1906 a collection of his poems was published in book form, entitled *Songs Merry and Sad*.

In 1907, just before his death, his publishers, Stone and Barringer Company, were preparing to publish a beautiful book of dialect poems, which McNeill had almost decided to call *Possums and Persimmons* or *Under the Persimmon Tree*. After his death the volume of dialect poems was published with the title, *Lyrics from Cotton Land*. A month or two after a visit to Wrightsville Beach, McNeill was taken ill, and he left Charlotte for his home at Spring Hill, where he died suddenly of acute nephritis on October 17, 1907.

⁵The [Raleigh] *News and Observer*, LVIII, 5 (October 20, 1905).

Music

By LESLIE ALBION SQUIRES

Lyric half-tones trickling
Through the sad night air;
Ashen star-shapes falling,
Hiding dim despair.

Bits of shadow drifting,
Wisps of lilting light;
Drops of passion clinging,
Cringing in the night.

Vivid silk shreds forming
Tableaus hewn from song;
Rainbow colors flashing,
Flaring, bright and long.

Polka—red and lilting,
Bloody wood-fire glare;
Pibroch—blue and stirring,
Raucous highland air.

Largo—like the calling
Of a desert sea;
Like a subtle beating,
Moody, buoyant, free.

Sharp and savage rumbling
Of the Afric chant;
Short melodic stumbling,
Pious rubric cant.

Sigma Upsilon

By VINCE MOSELEY

It is a well recognized fact that for an author to produce any work of literary merit his creative faculties must have intellectual stimulation. Without this, no matter how beautiful his style or how wonderful a mastery he may have attained in the usage of words, the ultimate outcome of his efforts will be merely a mass of pretty phrases. Many of our most famous writers have received their greatest intellectual stimulation from groups to which they belonged, and with whom they were intimately associated. Such groups are the result of similar tastes and interests; their components are more than mere companions and friends, each to some degree is a source of stimulation to the other. *The Sons of Ben*, the *Spectator* group, Johnson's *Circle*; these are but a few examples of the many organized groups in England and America that have done much toward furthering literary development. It is from such groups as these that Sigma Upsilon has received its inspiration and its ideals.

The first steps toward founding a national literary fraternity took place on November 30, 1906, when delegates from four very active literary clubs on the campuses of Sewanee, Vanderbilt, University of Georgia, and Randolph-Macon met at Vanderbilt to discuss the benefits which might be obtained from a national literary fraternity. Out of this meeting was born an organization which was to be national in scope and was to have for its name the two Greek letters *Sigma* and *Upsilon*. At the time of its birth the ruling policy of mutual helpfulness was inculcated into every aspect of the organization. The primary aim of Sigma Upsilon is to provide a source of stimulation for those college men who desire self-expression in creative literary work. The stimulation received is not limited merely to the local group of the campus, but is received from numerous chapters, located throughout the country, having similar tastes and ideals. The expansion of Sigma Upsilon has been a slow but steady process. At no time during the history of the club has there been a desire to grow merely for the sake of growing. The fitness of local literary organizations to become affiliated

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with the national fraternity is judged by a criterion which has remained uniformly high throughout the history of Sigma Upsilon. Only those clubs which have proved themselves to be actively engaged in encouraging literary endeavors and showing a general interest in aiding the cultural development of the student body on their own campus have received any consideration from the National Council.

In 1907, a year after the founding of Sigma Upsilon, a literary club having similar ideals and aims was organized on the campus of Trinity College by Professor Mims, head of the English department. This organization was known as the *Fortnightly Club*. Its members were composed of both students and faculty members. The first undergraduate members were those of the Junior and Senior classes who had attained some degree of distinction because of creative writing. *Fortnightly* continued as a club until 1913, and at that time it became a member of Sigma Upsilon, still retaining the original name. Thus, twenty years ago, Sigma Upsilon was established as the first national honorary fraternity on the campus of Trinity College. Many changes have taken place since its installation, but the purpose and ideals have remained unchanged.

The membership of *Fortnightly* Chapter, as in other chapters of Sigma Upsilon, is limited to twelve active members taken from the Junior and Senior classes. These men are selected on the basis of excellence in creative writing, literary appreciation, and good fellowship. The fraternity has always attempted to maintain a high standard of membership, which is granted not only to those whom it considers worthy of reward because of their literary efforts, but also to men who have shown themselves to be capable of a deep appreciation of good literature and who are desirous of cultivating in themselves and in their associates a fuller recognition and evaluation of the higher and more aesthetic things of life.

Fortnightly Chapter has always been very active on the campus. It has constantly strived not only to encourage in its members greater literary efforts, but through them it has attempted to awaken this same interest in the other members of the student community.

Copy

By LOUIS J. CLARK

The meticulously dressed Jerry lighted a cigarette, blew out a cloud of smoke, and delivered himself of a hearty damn! What a life! The boss squawking for news, and all day, nothing. The same stupid trials, tiresome speeches, banquets, fires, robberies, births, deaths. Hell, why didn't something happen? A riot, or even a nice salacious scandal would help. But, no, nothing would—not today when the boss was on the warpath.

Jerry knocked the ashes off his cigarette and looked around. Bums! Bums everywhere; frowsy-looking old birds sprawled out over the rows of benches, snoring or arguing or just sleeping. And God, did they stink! Maybe those mugs couldn't all wear decent clothing, but at least they could take a bath now and then. Something ought to be done about it—maybe one of the editorial writers could use the idea.

Jerry yawned and got up to leave. It was then that he noticed the old man on the other end of the bench. Funny he hadn't seen him before, because he must have been there all the time. But he was the sort that wouldn't be noticed: an unassuming type; small, bent, gray-haired, with a pathetic drooping mustache hovering over a sad, twisted mouth. A farmer, perhaps, or more probably, a small town business man. He wasn't a bum, though, any one could see that; too neatly dressed.

The old man was staring at Jerry; almost as if he wanted to say something but couldn't quite get up the courage. Finally, evidently gathering some encouragement from Jerry's glance, he did speak.

"I wonder," he asked in a halting manner, "I wonder if you could tell me something?"

Jerry smiled a little condescendingly. "Probably, yes. What is it?"

"I was wondering . . . well, if you could tell me whether Mayor Harriman is in town now. You don't look like a stranger here, that's why I asked you."

"Harriman? Sure, I saw him at a meeting of the Board of Aldermen yesterday."

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The old man stiffened. For a few minutes he remained silent. When he spoke it was in a strangely weak voice.

"Are you sure of that? Quite sure?"

Jerry laughed. "Of course I'm sure. I see Harriman every day. I'm a newspaperman, I have to see him."

"Oh."

Again a silence. The old man turned toward the opposite end of the park. Apparently he wasn't going to say anything further, but Jerry was interested.

"Why did you ask that? Do you know him?"

The old man continued to look away.

"I thought I did. But . . . well, I guess I was mistaken. No, I guess I don't know him."

Probably a little batty, Jerry thought. And it was too bad, because there was something appealing about the old boy. Jerry glanced at his watch. Wow! only an hour before the deadline and still nothing. Oh well, one could always get a statement from somebody or other about the depression. He turned to the old man before starting off.

"Well, if you still have any doubts about knowing him, why don't you trot up to the city hall? Harriman's on exhibition there for an hour or so each day. Better go after 12, though, he never gets up before noon."

"I was up there."

"Did you see him?"

"No, they said he was out of town for a few weeks."

"Well, you might try again. It's pretty hard to get a conference unless your name means something."

The old man's head drooped slightly. "Yes, I guess that's the trouble. My name didn't mean anything to him."

Jerry grinned. "Well, I hope you have more luck next time."

The old man watched the reporter swing off down the path. For a few minutes he sat thinking; then with a sigh he too rose to go. He turned into a path leading to the street. As he neared the sidewalk a panhandler approached him with the old refrain.

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“Say, Mister, can you spare a nickel for a cup of coffee? Honest, Mister, I ain’t had anything to eat since yesterday morning.”

The old man reached into his pocket and pulled out some change.

“Here . . . here’s a dime. It’s all I can spare.”

The panhandler grabbed it eagerly and was about to walk away.

“Wait a minute.” The old man looked searchingly into his face. “Have you any children?”

“Huh!”

“I wondered if you had any children.”

“Yeah, I got three. Why?”

“Did any of them ever become famous?”

“Famous! Are you tryin’ to kid me? Say, none of them ever done a stroke of work in their lives. Famous, huh!” The panhandler grunted his disgust.

“But they think a lot of you, don’t they? I mean, if they ever had anything they’d want to share it with you, wouldn’t they?”

“Yeah, I guess they would—if they ever had anything.”

“Well, you’re a fortunate person.” The old man started slowly out of the park.

* * * *

Jerry passed the city editor’s desk hoping against hope that he wouldn’t be seen. But no luck!

“What d’ya pick up, Jerry?”

Jerry sighed tragically. “Not a thing. Say, this town is dying on it’s feet. Honest, Chief, people aren’t even killing each other any more.”



Fire Festival

By J. L. STEWART

The Miyajima fire festival is one which few Japanese, even, have any knowledge. It is one tradition on the little, sacred island that is peculiarly its own. Of course many mainlanders, living not far away, attend the brilliant festival, bringing their own supply of sake in huge gallon bottles, but for the rest, the function is respectably provincial.

I had been living in Hiroshima, a seaport on the main island of Honshu, nineteen miles away, four years before the entire foreign population, a motley crew of thirty souls, began its annual New Year's Eve visit to Miyajima.

To tell the truth I had become somewhat fed up on the matchless beauty, the natural splendor unmarred by the ugly hands of man, the ancient simplicity of the isle on which no human has yet died. In the first place, exploitation of the famed beauty of the place, for it is one of the three official beauty spots of Japan, had made it necessary for one to climb at least five hundred of the thousand steps to the peak of the highest hill there, to avoid the worst and most blatant aspects of a tourist center.

Besides whenever a man of any consequence visited my father, I was generally conscripted to accompany the worthy dignitary on a hurried trip to Miyajima, to get his mind off the moot questions of Methodist theology, as applied to that problem of problems, the saving of heathen souls.

Such a trip was at no time an unmitigated pleasure. The visitor would invariably marvel at the beautiful manifestations of Shintoism; and sigh with pious pity at the spectacle of an otherwise sensible people, worshipping inanimate, if agedly beautiful, objects. But on the thirty-first of December I was always eager to start.

We were never quite sure when the ceremonies were to begin. The fire from which the hundreds of torches were to be lit had to be guardedly brought down from a mountain-top, where, in a secluded temple, a sacred fire had burned continuously for two thousand years. Tradition has it that

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the festival begins just when twilight is turning into night; when the green Inland Sea changes its hue to a deep, somber blue.

On New Year's Eve, 1929, we reached the island just as the waning sun had buried itself in the distant Western Sea. From the boat landing, we advanced quickly into the midst of the thriving village.

Tradesmen, idle men, young men, old men, noisy men, noisier men, to say nothing of the women and children, all were brothers in the spirit that night. Each one looked as though he had a particular mission to accomplish, the importance of which was too great even to inquire about.

Aside from this highly unnatural bustle, the town was as respectable, and showy, and gaudy, and as amply baited for tourist wealth as ever. In addition to the usual run of souvenir stores, into which those factories which supply the American five-and-ten stores with what five-and-ten shoppers want pour the pseudo-artistic trinkets of Japan, enterprising money-makers were putting up booths along the main road, selling every conceivable ware not exceeding the price of the tenth part of a yen.

But a single, visible object, not on display during the year, was to be seen in front of every store, hotel, and eat-shop of any size. Leaning against every wall was a torch, sometimes twenty feet in height, sometimes two made from the overlapping of shingles bound in barrel-shape, and stuffed with sawdust, shavings, and larger sticks of wood, all previously soaked in oil.

On my first visit to the festival, I had no conception of the importance of these torches, and gazed at them with mere curiosity; but on my second trip I was an old-timer, and scrutinized the huge candles with the critical air of an expert. On we walked. Soon the shops were left behind. The road curved continually, as if it were having a hard time avoiding the mountain on the left, and the sea on the right. On we went, until, standing bravely, if uncomfortably, in the advancing tide, the famous Torii, one of Shinto's greatest monuments, loomed suddenly before us.

And here we stopped. For word had got out that the priests of the mountain temple were late in their annual jaunt. Some one of our group made the rude suggestion that perhaps they were having to rekindle the sacred fire half-way down the mountain. But no true son of Miyajima

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would have tolerated such heresy. The fire festival would certainly lose its charm, if begun by mere man-made fire.

At its closest point to the Torii, battling back the fierce waves with its aged timber of fire centuries ably assisted by a reinforced concrete base, the road widened. In this spot, the villagers were fast assembling.

The men, with few exceptions, were in athletic garb. On their backs were to be carried the inflammable torches; they were chosen to run up and down the winding road, waving aloft one of the most fearful manifestations of nature, now controlled by man. All had their kimonos pulled up well above their knees, their muscled calves shining. All had course towels tied around their foreheads, why, no one seemed to know.

The clamor and shouting turned into a general roar, when, far up the road, a reddish light flickered behind thick foliage. At last the fire of heaven was descending on mortal man. Slowly, three priests, clothed in ceremonial white, with black hats, looking tremendously dignified and tolerably silly, made their pompous way through the crowd, holding before them three burning sticks of wood.

Again the practical-minded member of our group threw in the suggestion that the sacred fire looked like ordinary fire to him, and again, he was silenced with righteous looks of indignation from his fellows.

The priests walked down to the beach, where a small square, hitherto unnoticed, had been marked off. The dignitaries mumbled some meaningless phrases to a small crowd of men armed with brooms and other easily combustible articles, who were grouped close around them.

Suddenly, for we thought we had been watching fairly closely, the whole island seemed ablaze. In an incredibly short time, fire had been transformed from the priests' torches to the brooms, and from the brooms to the oil-soaked, larger torches. The whole crowd was in a perfect frenzy. For a full five minutes the torch-bearers bore their flaming burdens on their shoulders and raced up and down the sand-packed road. Hoarse cries of *yoisho! yoisho!* were heard above the din of the crackling wood and screaming on-lookers.

For those carrying the twenty-footers, however, the pace became too swift. At the sound of a shrill whistle, the huge candles were carefully

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turned up. Their bases, we then realized, were compactly made. The sight of these torches, two feet in diameter, with their tops bursting forth in seemingly inquenchable flames, which spurted fitfully into the branches of the near-by pine trees, was truly awe-inspiring. With hundreds of dwarfish natives dancing around them, the whole scene was converted into a barbaric ceremony.

The period of rest was soon over. At another signal from the leaders, the carriers assembled in a double column beneath their torches. The huge sticks were tipped over, and the waiting men caught them once more on their shoulders with fierce grunts; and off they went again.

The position of the men catching hold of the torches toward the top, just under the flaming ends, was extremely precarious. This they minded not in the least, however. The possibility of being burned only made the procedure more interesting.

In sharp contrast to the carrying of the large torches by a group of stalwart men, the bearing of the smallest of them by boys certainly not over six years in age added to the picturesqueness of the scene. Proud fathers were seen lurking in the background, making sure that their offsprings were not harming themselves while handling the sacred fire.

For an hour, the frenzy was unabated. Periods of utter madness were interspersed with periods of comparative calm. But when the largest torches were half burned away, a general signal was given to stop all activities. With one last, wild dash, the torches were carried to the water's edge where the flames, kindled but once during the long year, were extinguished. A rather dignified group carried the smoldering objects back to the individual owners.

The irrepressible practical mind in our group once more began his inquiries. Turning to a somewhat intelligent native who had watched the spectacle with us, he said:

"I realize that this festival has become a tradition. I can see that the whole island population obtains much amusement from the ceremony. But I just want to know why the routine is annually observed."

The native smiled, and answered:

"We observe this festival to prevent fire from destroying any of our

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homes during the year. Once we failed to keep the holiday, and in the following year, a severe fire wiped out many houses. The gods must not be denied their just deserts. The festival is really theirs."

Our friend was silent for some time, and then observed that the islanders doubtless needed no fire department. With a magnificent tribute to the frailty of man, who, in spite of his beliefs in the Supreme, still looks out for himself in all emergencies, the native replied:

"We do keep one; but," as if in apology, "it's only a very small one. I think that there's some law"

Price

By RICHARD SMITH

From lands beside long quiet seas
Where only shadows come and go;
Beneath the floors of temples lost
To gods and men; far from the light
Of a forgotten sun are these:
The broken bits of gold and bronze
That saw the hand of empire sink
Beneath the yellow sands. For them,
These broken things, the world gives much
Of fame, of riches, and of death.

And yet, the loveliness of life
That breaks before a laugh too loud,
A whispered word, is cheaply bought
By those who hold within their hearts—
Not wealth—naught but a copper coin.

BARRETT'S LAMP

Memory gleanings: Childhood with its long days of school and lazy homeward loafings. A little coat, blue with silver buttons, for biting Winter winds, and in Summer bare feet dragging in warm dust of village paths. Afternoon's freedom on vacant lumber yards for pirate's play and treasure hunts, and later, when skies purple in the West, laughter in the race to Grannie's home, peaceful in the shade of breeze-swept oaks. A lady, small and gray, waiting in her rocker, and stealing through the long wide hall a tempting smell of frying supper ham and golden smoking bread. Tender hugs, smiles from pale pink withered lips, and fond affection in the eyes of one whose love will always live. Great wide asking eyes of boyish hunger, and so, in hand a biscuit dripping rich with honey, merriment in farewell and skipping to the fence-gate, fringed with roses red in August-time. There to be met by Paul, black husband of old Sarah, two slave-day relics lingering still in folds of all they've ever known as home. His feeble greeting voice dies out, and with a waving hand goodbye and up to Bobbitt's Hill, where with a turn of head a view of Grannie watching on the porch, fearful for her baby. Far beyond, black stacks rising in the haze, bluish clouds of smoke from red brick cotton mills, and suddenly the screaming blast of closing time. A crimson in the sky, gold sheen peeping in the blue, and tree shadows growing dim on the grass. Pattering feet away to yellow lights of home, cottage windows bright with oil lamps. After supper, evening's play with children of the neighborhood till darkness falls and brings with it the study table crowded with its pens and books. In the swing outside sits Pa, clad in overalls, bronzed by his work in the sun, puffing his pipe, talking with crippled Joe. And back in the kitchen, Ma, pretty, smiling Ma, and the clatter and clink of sud-soaked dishes. Through the window the new moon peeping, soft murmur of breezes caught in the lace curtains, and voices of mill workers hurrying to their games down at the Parish House. Envious, wistful eyes

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forgetting classroom problems until the mantle clock sounds nine. Away to bed in the room upstairs adjoining Ma's, where little tots must learn to speak their prayers at mother's knee, blink sleepily at goodnight kisses, and tumble into cool white sheets, where during drowsy planning of the new day's pirate duel, elfish sprites dash in and fill their eyes with sleep.

* * * *

Campus. Dusk of a Spring evening. Dormitories dotted with soft glows of light. Grey shadows settling on the casements, clinging to vine-covered walls. Above, faint outline of the moon half-melting in a pool of dim, dim stars. Pale mistiness creeping through tree branches. On the smooth lawn, fresh and sweet of smell in its greenness, splotches of guano powder, strowed earlier in the day by hardened negro hands. Thoughts of lazy boyhood . . . feed-room of the village store, bare feet digging into well filled grain troughs. Soda pop and crackers swallowed hungrily. In feverish hand the latest deed of Deadwood Dick, and wild, excited eyes following each parental condemned page. Out under the cypress by the hitching post low drawl of old grandfather gossipers, and farther on a gravelled path between hedge rows to home. A woman calling long and clear, and hasty hiding of the book in darkened wheat bin to keep it safe for later hours. Then down the path, yelling like Dick himself and pouncing on huge Rover barking at the gate. And as he bites the dust in humble dog devotion, a momentary evil sneer before a lusty hug to bring him scampering to his feet. Another call from Ma, and into home. Then off again with buckets dangling to the well far down the street. Nearby, a home with apple orchard growing by its side and flowers strowed on vines around the porch, and at the gate a laughing girl, blushing modestly in nearness of the youth's approach. Bashfully he greets her, stumbling on the words, his sincere boyish eyes wandering from her sun-lit curls to Rover, silent at his feet. . . Tears swelling in a man's eyes long, long after, tears as he kneels beside a grave and places roses fresh on the mound of earth. A heart crying out for days that are past, days of village store, forbidden books in dark feedrooms, and strolls to deep cool wells with girls who blush and toss their hair about and smile in childish love.

THE ARCHIVE

* * * *

Yankee. A little Pennsylvania town drowsy in a valley. Quaint narrow streets. The cheerful nod of villagers. Simplicity of a cottage bathed in Winter sunlight. Lateness of a cold Sunday afternoon, crackle of great logs on an open hearth. Windows rattling with the breath of strong March winds, and naked tree limbs creaking on the roof-top. A room filled with shadows. Tea in china cups and crisp cakes on a silver tray. Across the table, a girl's smiling face. Memories in her laughter. . . Summer in the Southland. Long evening rides, picnics on a river bank. Northern maids mimicing the drawl of embarrassed Southern boys. Silver Nips refreshing after cold swims and Luckies cast aside for Spuds. Closing days of school. A view of bright blue roadster speeding down the college road, a turn, and it is gone. . . Shadows deepening. Strange lights twinkling on the hillsides. Dusk in unannounced descension. Tea-time's ended, so out into the night and off to roar through hills well known to her and speed along new roads. The song of whirring tires. Laughter tinkling in the rush of wind. A glimpse of moonlight glistening on her hair. Away, away.

The Death of the Birds

Translated from the French of Coppée by JAMES NEWSOM

I have thought many times by my fire's gay light
Of the death of the birds, outside in the night.
During sad winter days, so cold and inert,
The fragments of twigs of the nests they desert
Flutter limp in the wind, 'gainst a grey winter sky.
I shudder to think how forsaken they die—
And yet, when the season of violets comes,
We'll find not a trace of their delicate bones
On the green April grass, howe'er often we try—
I wonder if birds hide themselves when they die?

BOOKS



Shavian Allegory

The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Dodd Mead & Co. 75 pp. \$1.50.

Mr. Shaw, who usually expounds his doctrines in a satiric vein from the stage rather than from the platform or from the printed page, has for once chosen the latter as a means of propounding his views on religion and its effect upon the human race. He confesses quite frankly in his commentary written from Ayot St. Lawrence that his first intention was to treat the subject in dramatic form. The inspiration came to him, he says, in Kaysna, Africa, in 1932 while he was delayed as a tourist.

In this dramatic essay Shaw chooses the black girl of the African jungle to typify the gradual development of the human race in its relation to religion and education. Learning for the first time about God from an English missionary, she sets out in search of some tangible conception of God. She meets, one after the other, the founders of outstanding cults. Each in turn affects her conception of God though she does not accept in toto the teachings of each. In fact, she smashes several idols with her "knobkerry." Shaw has built his main idea upon the doctrine that the human mind should have been cleansed or purged of previous influences before a new idea was accepted. In other words, that our modern religious ideas are a muddled mixture of the contributions ever since the books of the Old Testament were written. In true Shavian manner each religious impetus is held up for examination. Finally the black girl meets Voltaire, is persuaded to marry and settle down to the cultivation of her garden and the rearing of a family of Irish-Negro pickanninies. By the time her brood is independent of her and her garden is freed of weeds, and her Irish husband has become an unconscious habit, "her strengthened mind has taken her far beyond the stage at which there is any fun in smashing idols with knobkerries."

—A. T. WEST.

*On sale at THOMAS-QUICKEL CO.

THE ARCHIVE

Fall of the Gods

Ann Vickers. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Doubleday Doran & Co. 562 pp. \$2.50.

The publishers of Mr. Lewis' latest fiction offering modestly inform their patrons that they believe "Ann Vickers" is his greatest novel. Frankly, I consider it his worst since 1920 when he gave us the ever-to-be-remembered "Main Street." It has, at least, none of the admirable frankness of that worthy work, the keen portraiture of "Babbitt," or the microscopic illumination of "Arrowsmith." The qualities with which the novelist imbued these books and which placed him in the forefront of the American literati have suddenly vanished, leaving the millions of Lewis devotees throughout the world bewildered at this abrupt and shocking decline in the art of their idol. The novel, such as it is coming from Lewis, is a bitter disappointment and leads the reading public to wonder that such mediocrity can claim the same authorship of his earlier successes.

For the first time in his writing career, Sinclair Lewis has selected a woman as the fundamental character of his book and, in doing so, has endeavored to characterize in her *the* modern American woman, practical, business-like, money-minded. Instead, we are showered with an analysis of *one* woman, distinctive, complete in herself, set apart from the hey-day world which she tries to conquer. It is this drifting from his initial purpose of picturing all women in one woman, mixed with a hasty complication of logic, that contributes mainly to Lewis' failure. True, Ann Vickers, a woman among many others, is fascinating, intriguing, and graced with a moderate amount of feminine charm, as all fictitious heroines should be. Her ambition, her strivings, her successes and failures, make of her a vivid, forceful character, strong enough even to carry the frail plot of a second-rate novelist, but as the dominant woman who is all women she proves an utter failure. Not even the Lewisian digressions on morals, social reforms, and prison evils, can offset her shortcomings, strengthen the plot's weaknesses, and change the public's opinion of the novel's ultimate worth.

That the genius of Sinclair Lewis should have contributed greater works, two of which are destined to remain uniquely prominent in modern American letters—that he should have written "Main Street" and "Babbitt"

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during the early years of his mature authorship, is unfortunate both to his admirers and himself. The world has set him up as almost a literary god, feared and beloved at once, regarding him as the voice of an unpretentious people. Millions look to him for his intelligent delineations of character, his humanness, and his sharp insight into the hearts of the average work-a-day person. Therefore, for "Ann Vickers," trivial and comparatively insignificant, to appear at the height of his fame is regrettable. It will not increase his popularity, and, in all probability, it will dim the glory of his past triumphs.

—J. B. CLARK.

*On sale at THOMAS-QUICKEL CO.

Inside Stuff

Special Delivery. By Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride and Co. 272 pp. 1933. \$2.50.

Well, and so Branch Cabell has issued another volume, which, on the whole, is neither worse nor better than many others which he has, in his milder moments, set forth; but which, yet, I am inclined to believe, and as you may readily see, is on the whole, pretty obviously copied from a tolerably good writer of previous years, namely, James Branch Cabell.

In approximately the above language, Mr. Cabell would probably describe his latest book, *Special Delivery*, if he were forced to turn critic on himself. The book is entertaining; it contains many shrewd comments on general human foolishness; but its style is laboriously copied from the earlier works of the writer, who, for many years now, has basked in the reputation of being the one contemporary American novelist with a definite and charming style. Stated more simply and considerably more crudely, it is Cabell gone to seed.

The idea back of the book is excellent. It will probably be heralded as a daring exposé. It has all the marks of a writer "unbaring his soul"; a writer for once writing exactly as he feels. The book is made up of ten replies to letters with which Mr. Cabell affirms he has been pestered during his literary career, and with which, I have no doubt, all prominent authors are similarly bothered. Included in these letters are those from high school children asking for all manner of facts concerning his life and works; those

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from budding literary geniuses asking for guidance; from book reviewers, sending with their letters copies of their latest, favorable reviews of the author's works; from women wishing to live with him without benefit of clergy for the mutual benefit of their souls; and finally from the lovely Etarre, whose unreasonable requests the sentimental old author is unable to refuse.

The book is decidedly entertaining, and throughout, manages to take some pretty healthy cracks at us all. Had this review been written after I had but casually looked over the work, it would certainly be one of unstinting praise—not that this makes any particular difference, however. But unfortunately I have by now read the thing at least twice, and the many stilted phrases which Mr. Cabell used so effectively and so sparingly in his earlier novels, and his giving away promiscuously to literary conceits are the elements of *Special Delivery* which now remain clearest in my mind.

Mr. Cabell, in one reply, mentions the fact that all prospective writing to him for advice and encouragement are writing the same, unenlightened stuff. The criticism is just, but, in this case, the critic himself is flagrantly abusing the practice which he so sturdily decries. And since not long ago, he deliberately changed his name from James Branch Cabell to Branch Cabell, thus suggesting that the two are entirely different personages, it is, I think, entirely just to accuse the latter of rank plagerism on the former.

J. L. STEWART.

*On sale at THOMAS-QUICKEL Co.

Another Biography

Henry Adams. By James Truslow Adams. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 246 pp. \$2.50.

James Truslow Adams, with his *The Adams Family*, became the authority on that distinguished clan of statesmen, lawyers, scholars. Turning his attention now to Henry, probably the most interesting member of the family, if not the greatest, James Truslow Adams has given us just one more biography. Sadly enough, and this despite the fascinating subject he had to deal with, the author has produced a very mediocre work. Why this is so, may perhaps be explained by stating that *Henry Adams*

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was originally written as an introduction to a *Collected Works* which never materialized.

The student who turns to this biography for an answer to the riddle of Henry Adams will be disappointed. The author very naturally leans heavily on the brilliant *Education*; any biographer of Henry Adams would be compelled to do the same thing, but J. T. A. leaves the reader ignorant in some of the very places that were skipped over by Henry. The influence of Marian Hooper is discussed, but only superficially, and the conclusions which Henry Adams reached regarding himself are not appreciably altered by J. T. A. One important point, however, is filled in. Adams give us some hitherto unknown information regarding the activities of the young Henry during his stay at the American Embassy in London during the Civil War. His contributions to the Boston periodicals very nearly precipitated a crisis which, had the facts leaked out, would have proved indeed embarrassing to the conservative John Quincy.

Henry Adams deserves a better biography, if not a better biographer. *Mont Saint Michel et Chartres* and *The Education of Henry Adams* are rapidly taking their place among the masterpieces of American literature, and the author, not only as an interesting character, but as a thinker, merits a more thorough study.

—L. J. CLARK.

*On sale at THOMAS-QUICKEL Co.

Finis

The Lovely Lady. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: The Viking Press. 185 pp. \$2.50.

This volume contains seven short stories posthumously published, and the last fiction which D. H. Lawrence wrote. All of the central characters are morbidly warped products of modern life. Pauline Attenborough, 72, whose parental love had been the death of one son and the ruin of another; child Paul, who by psychically-arrived-at tips on horse-racing recouped the family fortune and died; Virginia Bodoin, whose twisted personality finally revolts from her mother's unnatural control; young Percy, who married an old woman thrice his age, and the others, are all obviously psychopathic. Why the author should confine himself to psychopaths I do not know.

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Lawrence seems to have the knack of realistic character portrayal; this is especially evident in his minor characters who are more or less normal psychically. I think the author strays a little beyond the bounds of plausibility in the title story when Cecelia, sun bathing on the roof, with disguised voice talks through the rainpipe to her aunt below, the old lady being under the impression she is in direct communication with the land of the spirits. Such a ruse might be practicable but I seriously doubt it.

The Rocking-Horse Winner is, I believe, supposed to be the best story in the collection, though the main character, little Paul, seems to me overdrawn and decidedly unchildish. Perhaps *Rawdon's Roof*, the story of "a man afraid of women," would come next. I particularly liked this latter for the human portrayal of the lesser characters.

In any case the seven stories are all interesting and well worth reading, especially from the standpoint of the student of abnormal psychology.

—LYNN S. FEW.

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An Exposé of "Quackery"

100,000,000 *Guinea Pigs*. By Arthur Kallet and F. J. Schlink. New York: The Vanguard Press. 312 pp. \$2.00.

Two directors of Consumers' Research, Inc., have produced a startling exposé of present lack of enforcement of the Federal Food and Drug Act of 1906. Arthur Kallet and F. J. Schlink are research engineers, the latter being the co-author with Stuart Chase, of "Your Money's Worth."

The book represents the outcry of militant scientific reformers anxious to arouse a hundred million Americans to the fact that they are just so many human guinea pigs at the mercy of food and drug producers whose experiment is to determine how well they can dupe the public without being prosecuted. Dozens of reports on dangerous skin creams and lotions, hair dyes, dental creams, poisonous patent medicines, Jamaica ginger, aspirin, lead and arsenic-coated fruits are discussed. The trade names of these and other articles mentioned read like a composite list of advertisers in several leading magazines.

The authors condemn advertising writers for attempting to usurp the final authority in medical affairs; by their influence they prevent persons in dire need from seeking competent medical advice. Kallet and Schlink bring an indictment of ignorance, incompetence, and inadequacy of the law and its enforcement against the Federal Food and Drug Administration. Their statement of the condition of this bureau, with its 65 inspectors and meagre annual one million dollar appropriation for investigation, shows its inability to cope with a rather serious situation. A complete reform is recommended, based upon new laws which will confer real authority on scientific experts (as the law of 1906 intended), a divorcement of the strictly political, legal, sociological, and scientific factors involved, pitiless publicity and serious prosecution of offenders. The work would be carried on by a Department of Public Health, rather than distributed between the Agriculture and Justice Departments of the government.

The value of the book is in the content rather than in any literary quality. It is written in an unusually forceful and extremely sarcastic manner. The reader must keep in mind the fact that Consumers' Research is

(Continued on page 34)

ROSTER OF

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“If that’s catnip
I’m a caterpillar!”

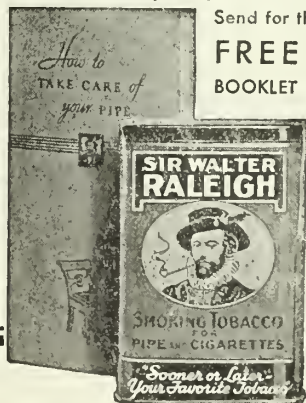


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MILDER

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(Continued from page 32)

a competitor of the Food and Drug Administration, depending on a large private membership for support; its directors would naturally be biased. But if the authors achieve their purpose, and four printings in the first week of publication indicate this is likely, their work will justify itself. Every human guinea pig concerned with his physical welfare should find it entertaining and worthwhile reading. —BRUCE S. ROXBY.

*On sale at THOMAS-QUICKEL Co.

Literary Cartoons of the Famous

People Worth Talking About. By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 279 pp. \$2.50.

Mr. Hamilton gives us in *People Worth Talking About* a collection of sketches dealing with the outstanding figures in the field of contemporary literature. These sketches were originally prepared as a series of radio talks, the time allotted to each being fifteen minutes, and they are printed just as they were read by the author over the radio. They therefore possess to a considerable degree the accent of the spoken word, the salty flavor of the typical "Winchell" gossiping about the leading writers of the present day, all of whom he apparently knows or has known in the past very intimately.

The book is rich in anecdotes and intimate portraits depicting the ambitions, eccentricities, successes and failures of the various writers. For the most part these writers are English, prominent among them being "that inveterate veteran," H. G. Wells, as well as Kipling, Barrie, Chesterton, and, not least, the irrepressible Shaw, the "naughty god," as the author characterizes him. Mr. Hamilton also includes among these Hardy, Galsworthy, and Conrad, who live among us still, and whose influences are felt very keenly by many of our contemporaries. In addition to these English writers, Sinclair Lewis, Rex Beach, Irvin Cobb, and other prominent American authors are treated in the same sparkling and colorful manner.

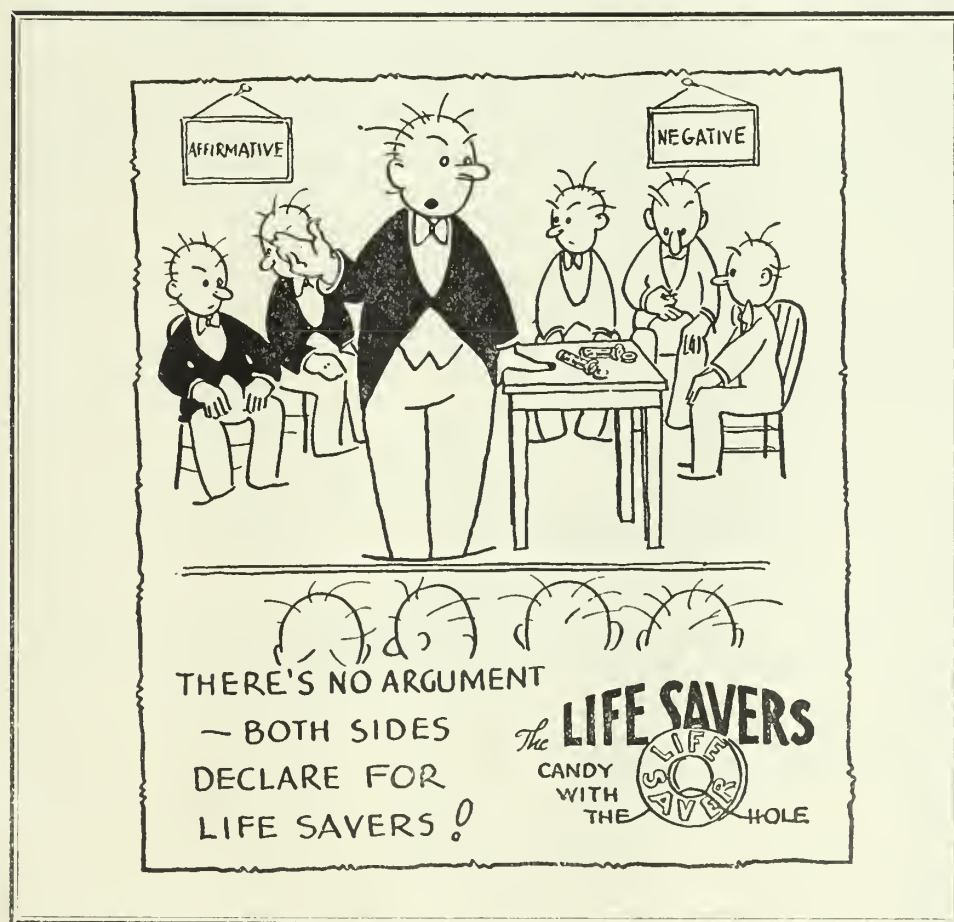
The chief criticism which may be offered of Mr. Hamilton's book is that the author is constantly referring to himself, and in many instances may be found relating incidents which emphasize his own character and personality

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rather than that of the writer he is discussing. This, however, is not a serious fault and does not detract from the worth of the book.

The general impression gained from reading *People Worth Talking About* is that it is worthy of being classed among the best of books of its type. These little incidents in the lives of our prominent contemporaries, viewed from such an unusual and personal angle, would prove attractive under any circumstances, and, when presented to us in Mr. Hamilton's smooth and easy manner, they are doubly so. —ROBERT M. VAUGHAN.

*On sale at THOMAS-QUICKEL Co.



THE ARCHIVE

STYLE TRENDS FOR MEN

There is a renaissance of style for men in the United States. England has contributed largely to this changing period, but no longer holds the trophy as the best dressed nation of the world. America is once more style conscious.

Pattern of fabric, and design of garment, enjoy the spotlights of interest in men's clothes for spring. The English derivations, in the popular chalk stripes, glenurquehart plaids, broken hound's tooth, shepherd and gun club checks, are favored by the better dressers at both the most fashionable resorts and Eastern schools. The accepted colors tend primarily to shades of brown and gray, with black and white most in demand. The sports and campus wear combinations are more colorful than has been seen previously, and is led by extreme harmonious contrast.

The design is vitally influenced by English custom tailors from the style mecca of the world, namely West End London. The enamored drape design is, in its custom proportions, a creation of the most skilled designers of West End London, and has been enthusiastically accepted by the best dressed Americans. The drape garment is adapted for spring wear in sports.

Shirts for spring are rather prominent in patterns similar to the suitings, and are more subdued in design, but tend to stronger colorings. The deep, vivid colors of blue, tan, green and grey are particularly smart, accentuating the popularity of contrast, and are worn in the suiting patterns generally with a contrast of design to that of the suit. These types of shirts are popular with both the white separate collar and the collar to match. The former is best in short, round points, and the latter in tab effect. British stripings will be less prominently seen on the best dressers. The buttoned down, soft collar attached shirt is revived for spring wear.—Adv.

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The ARCHIVE

VOLUME XLV

MAY, 1933

No. EIGHT

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, at Durham, North Carolina.

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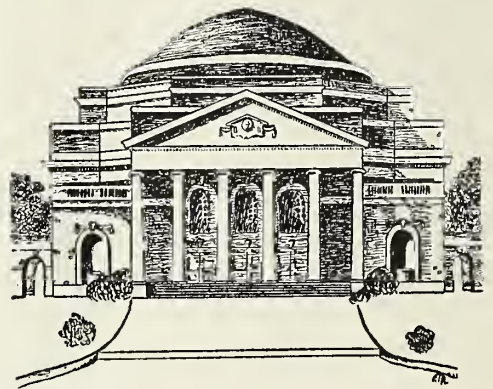
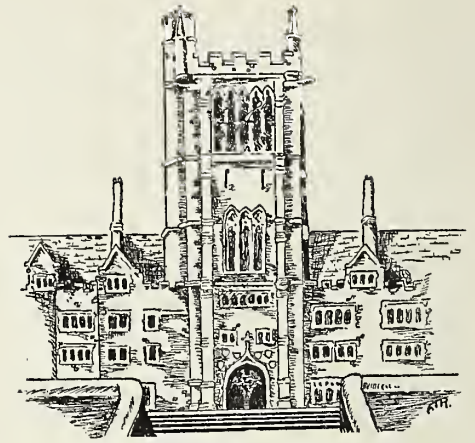
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Duke, Alma Mater

The ARCHIVE

VOL. XLV

MAY 1933

No. 8

EDITORIAL FAIT ACCOMPLI

With this issue of the ARCHIVE the present staff makes its last appearance of the academic year, and for those of us who are seniors and who have guided the magazine to the best of our ability during the past months the end of undergraduate days, of student publication work, and of campus activity is rapidly nearing. Finis is written and in its pen sweeping we detect only too clearly the signs of sentiment in farewell and in the completion of a task, if not wholly successful in accomplishment, at least worthy of recognition by the students for whom we have labored. To sit idly by after this last representation of our efforts is compiled, knowing that this work which has become primarily important in our college career is ending once and for always, is to experience the deepest regret that we have not obtained satisfactorily the unified support of the student-body, as well as the most sincere gratitude to the few but faithful contributors who have aided us materially in re-making the ARCHIVE as a student publication.

In the first issue of the year the editor appealed for the co-operation of every literary-minded student and pledged his office to reconverting the magazine to its former campus eminence in order that local interest might be regained. He had high hopes, ideals that foresaw a vastly improved publication, and plans by which he sought to bring his policy success. But either he had not reckoned with his ability to convince students concerning this revolutionary attitude or the students had been misled unintentionally by his promises. The way became difficult, rugged with its disappointments, almost impassable in the rapid depletion of contributed material. Each month saw new pleas for more cooperation, for work representative of campus authors, and for the support of every student who prided himself in and wished to maintain the enviable record that Duke's literary magazine has made in state collegiate circles. Only a smattering number responded, and of these the majority were affiliated

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directly with the ARCHIVE. Others contributed occasionally, but often the material was of such a nature that, had it been published, would not only have lowered the established high literary standard of recent years, but would have reflected most detrimentally on the writing ability of the authors. The editor attempted to select the best available contributions each month and continued to believe in the ultimate support of the student-body, a realization of which would have provided desirable and meritable material in line with his policy. At times an article has been inserted when the staff questioned its excellence and agreed on its recognizable flaws as compared with other works in the same issue. However, this, it seemed, was not to be avoided. It was a question of either soliciting foreign aid and keeping intact the integrity of the literary standard, thus once more allowing the magazine to become a medium of expression for outsiders in preference to students, or of decidedly lowering the worth of the publication in printing only campus material, and that often of the most mediocre type. In desperation, when no student manuscripts were in our hands and the date for appearance was nearly rapidly, we were forced to apply for the support of writers beyond the campus community. Graciously they responded, the issue appeared as scheduled, and the editor was deluged with cries of treason from student patrons. Few had known the real facts as stated above; furthermore, few cared one way or the other. But one organization, sensing the peril that the magazine faced, did accept the challenge and worked hand in hand with the staff to assure the remaining issues with sufficient student material to fill their pages. To Sigma Upsilon, therefore, for this work we are indeed thankful. Without the aid of its men, the fate of the ARCHIVE this year would have been similar probably to that of several years immediately preceding.

The passing months have seen much controversy relative to the ARCHIVE. A few of the ladies on the East campus contend that it does not welcome their contributions and that, as a result, they should be granted official immunity from any financial obligation which the publication may hold against them in future years, preferring in the meantime and possibly justified in so doing, to devote all available funds from their community to sponsoring a magazine of their own making, distinct and

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separate from the ARCHIVE of forty-five years' uninterrupted publication. Having been connected with the latter, we naturally should regret seeing this happen, because in the end it can only mean an apparent diminishing of the excellence of each. One literary publication for the university is adequate, and if the combined concentration of both men and women interested in the work is placed on that one a better and more progressive magazine will result. The ARCHIVE is representative of the women's college as well as the men's, and it intends to remain as such if given the proper cooperation. Positions, editorial and business, are open to both men and women; contributions from either campus are judged and assigned unbiased opinions. Nothing has ever been done to discourage participation of women in the work, and, if they will but demonstrate additional interest in the magazine, regardless of the traditional male officiating, they can become as eligible for office election as men. A division of literary interest and endeavor at this time is both impractical and unwise. We earnestly hope the matter will be adjusted to the satisfaction of all concerned, and that in the adjustment one literary organ be sanctioned, in which every student be recognized impartially.

And now the year for us is ended and the work so bravely begun is finished with an achievement of very little glory. But, such as it is, such as it may have appealed to any of you during the year, we offer as a parting tribute of our time and efforts. To several we owe our gratitude for the kindness and patience which they have extended in helping us try to attain success for our policy: to Dr. Wannamaker and Mr. Charles Jordan, of the Publications Board, for their cooperation in every way; to Dr. Hubbell and Professor West, of the English department, for their contributions and advice; to Mr. Eugene Newsom, business manager of the ARCHIVE, for his untiring efforts to secure financial support; to Mr. James Stewart and Mr. A. A. Wilkinson for their publicity; to Mr. Louis Clark and Mr. Preston Moses for their excellent work as heads of the book review and art departments, respectively; and to each member of the staff for their friendship and willingness to work—to all of them we are indebted.

Thus, with sadness in parting abated by the confidence which we place in our successor, we relinquish our duties and our editorial pen to Mr.

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Richard Smith, who has demonstrated many times in these pages his ability and his interest. Grant him your good will and your support, and work with him towards the sustenance of the ARCHIVE's literary excellence. As did that of the men who preceded him, the degree of his success lies to a large extent in your hands. Without your aid, he, too, must fail; with it, he can give you a student magazine of which you may be proud. It is our parting hope that your response will bring him courage in his work.

Rhythm

By JEAN RINEHIMER

Wind . . .
A spring wind—
Warm and gentle,
Soothing.
Music . . .
A quiet harmony—
Soft and languorous,
Soothing.
Trees . . .
Fresh green leaves—
Swaying in the wind,
Perfect cadence
With the music
Wind, music, trees—
Wind, music, trees—
Rhythm.

De Lawd's Work

By WILLIAM STANLEY HOOLE

*There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.*

HAMLET, I. v.

Down the winding, grass-grown pathway that encircles Gallow's Gate a hunter walks briskly. Far to the right of him a shaggly pyramid of pine thickets blackens the foggy horizon, above which stands plastered as a murky splash the anemic moon. Between him and the rim of undergrowth an isolated battalion of sagebroom straw nods challengingly. To his left, not more than a stone's throw, looms "De Gate," long since the center of fear and superstition to the negroes in the neighborhood of Donérail. Framed against the low-hanging clouds, and weirdly lighted by the feeble rays, rotting wooden arms strive to envelop the motionless branches; pendant iron rings yawn open-mouthed and dangle from the topmost beams. Below the parallel bars a weatherbeaten platform, stepless and creaking from age, permits a very young second-growth sapling to offer its support. Nothing stands behind the Gate but the openness known only to those who are familiar with the fallow fields of the Southland.

Years indeed have passed since Gallow's Gate was a frequented spot. Fifty, sixty, seventy years ago the unwritten laws of the plantations sanctioned the use of this location and this once massive structure for the purpose of corporal punishment, and many, many are the tales—ever increasing with the years—of the crime, horror, death, that have been enacted at Gallow's Gate. Even today one hears about "De Gate" while fires blaze and chimney corners are crowded: how Uncle Andy's headless body was left to adorn the once sturdy wooden platform; and every household knows of Dancing Charlie—Colonel Williams' "nigger"—whose body hung dead on the extended arms for three days and three nights as a gruesome warning to any member of the colored race who might have been harboring the remotest desire to become "fresh" with any white person on the Colonel's vast acres. But too numerous to relate here are

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the tales of terror, and of the less fatal whippings and lashings, that have been witnessed at Gallow's Gate. Throughout the decades the recollections of ghosts and nocturnal visitors have increased to proportions capable of being reached by Negroes only, until now none but the bravest dare approach the vicinity of Gallow's Gate after sundown—and then only when necessity makes the visit unavoidable.

With every step the hunter nears more cautiously this dreaded objective. Careful he is not to disturb the occupants or inhabitants of "De Gate," yet he has need to hurry, for the last rays of the southern sun have long ago disappeared, and night-time is no time to be in this proximity. Not more than a mile ahead of him flickers the faint light of a cabin, and, with the recognition of that, the hunter suddenly increases his courage, and lengthens his strides. He thinks of the occupant of that house: one Mrs. Sara Sweet she is, the light of his love. There he would be in safety, beyond the reach of spectres. And perhaps she would feed him too. That is, if old Preston had not come home yet; and the hunter, mortally afraid of "De Gate", is willing to stake his life on the non-appearance of Sara's husband.

Nearly past the rim of undergrowth that huddles about the foot of the decayed wooden steps, the hunter comes to a momentary halt. The whites of his eyes roll noticeably and slowly toward the ancient platform. There, as if by a soft wind, the bushes move. A sapling bends to the ground. A crouching figure appears, garbed in black—no face is visible. The hunter trembles icily. His left hand fumbles his coat lapel; his right grips tighter the squirrel gun. Suddenly a roaring explosion breaks the evening stillness. The sound reverberates against the distant enclosure of trees. The hunter gasps for breath, hesitates a split second, and runs.

II

Within the cabin of Mrs. Sara Sweet all is peaceful. An embered fire on the hearth and a kerosene lamp on the mantel vie for supremacy in affording light for the small room. The odor of newly-washed clothes permeates the atmosphere. About the walls are pasted pictures clipped from magazines: fine ladies in flowing gowns; powerful motor cars; pastoral scenes in pastel; and over the crockeryware laden mantel Christ looks down

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upon the children who come unto Him. And over the sizzle of the fire can be heard Mrs. Sara Sweet:

*When I gits to de Heab'nly Gate
Dere aint gwinna be no ir'nin'!
Ole Saint Pete gwinna ax me straight
Whut I wants de mos' to say,
Ise gwinna answer right away:
I aint gwinna do no ir'nin'!*

But suddenly her singing ceases. She carefully places the hot iron on the hearth, and goes to the window. Outside she sees a streaky mixture of soil, sweat, and fear. A huge hand claws at the window sill, and nervously rattles a beckoning. Then the door bursts open mechanically, and in stumbles the hunter, dragging his gun by the barrel. The flame of the lamp on the mantel dips, but immediately regains its steady glimmer; the motor car jerks, but comes to a sudden stop. Mrs. Sweet stares in amazement. Her eyes puncture the hunter, as she says startingly:

"Yo sho got yo' nerve, Nicodemus Jones. Whut ails yo', nohow, bustin' in heah *dis* time o' night?"

But Nicodemus Jones can not answer.

"Whut yo' shakin' so 'bout, Nicodemus?"

"'De Gate'—'De Gate'—Ise done shot it—!"

"Whut yo' done done, niggah?"

"Shot de Ghos', Miss Sary—I 'clare I is. . .".

"Yo' shot a ghos'? Nicodemus Jones, Ise tired o' yo' craziness. Git outen dis heah house 'fo' Pres' gits heah. Yo' know he done warn yo' 'bout ketchin' you heah; next time he gwinna kill yo'." And Sara Sweet looks at the unfortunate hunter in disgust. To her the idea of ghosts is a preposterous one, even at Gallow's Gate. Preston had long ago shaken her beliefs. But beneath her disdain there is pity for Nicodemus, the believer. She walks over towards him, and begins her gentle admonition, but the hunter interrupts her.

"Oh, Sary, yo' aint gwinna make me go *now*, is you'?" He pauses for breath. "Lemme res'—yo' knows Ise still in love wid yo'!" He stops to think, but as the task is obviously a difficult one, he scratches the matted

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kinks of hair just above his right ear. The operation apparently produces results, for he adds hastily, "Yo' know Ise crazy 'bout you', Sary, an' as soon as yo' gits rid o' dat dere no-'count Pres', Ise gwinna marry you', mysel', I is." He catches Mrs. Sweet by her rough hand. "Fo' de Lawd's sake don' make me go now, Sary. . ."

From the breast of Mrs. Sara Sweet there comes a sigh. Her weakness for Nicodemus Jones she has long known, and, besides, Preston has gone hunting, and doubtless it will be hours before he will return. Crossing the narrow room to the gingham-curtained window, she glances back at her visitor, who, by now has sufficiently sensed the situation to know that he is not an unwelcome intruder, however uncordial his reception might have been. But the wile of woman knows no color line: Mrs. Sweet is as apt at shooting the arrows of Cupid as any of her whiter sisters. Practice has taught her to feign.

Nicodemus has now progressed from the threshold to the fire-place where he stands staring at the face of Christ on the placard above the line of crockery. His outstretched hands bask in the heat of the oak coals. Through his mind run the fanciful tales of a lover. No Romeo perhaps, but at least a romantic ideal, for love, too, knows no color line. He begins to feel a bit better. It is not difficult to see that Sara will not dismiss him so readily; and slowly the past fears of "De Gate" assume smaller and smaller proportions. The escapade has become almost one of remembrance only.

"How come yo' keeps on livin' wid dat niggah, Sary?" Nicodemus asks quietly. "Seems like yo'd git enough o' dat triflin' Pres' by dis time. An' Ise still waitin' fo' yo', yo' know. . . when is yo' gwinna come wid me?"

Sara has at last returned to her ironing. She folds the smooth white garments into regular shapes, and creases them nonchalantly. "Nicodemus," she replies softly, "yo' knows Ise married to Pres', an' Ise done promise to live wid him, an' respeck him, an' Ise gwinna do it. . . still I aint denyin' dat I is got yo' in mind." With no further comments she continues her task, and Nicodemus Jones, who apparently understands the way of a woman, takes his place in the chimney corner cognizant that any union between himself and Sara is impossible, at least for the present.

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The seat by the fire is a peaceful and cozy one for the hunter after his recent event at "De Gate." Feet extended to the coals on the hearth, he rests his head on the back of the wicker chair, casts his eyes once more at the consoling picture above the mantel, and listens dozily to the slow, mumbling chant of his love:

*When I gits to de Heab'nly Gate,
Dere aint gwinna be no ir'nin'!
Ole Saint Pete gwinna ax me straight
Whut I wants de mos' to say,
Ise gwinna answer right away:
I ain't gwinna do no ir'nin'!*

III

Slowly but surely Sleep knits up the ravelled sleeve of Nicodemus' care, for that God needs beckon but once to him ere he is wafted away into the *Land of Maybeso*, where he and Sara Sweet walk hand in hand along Elysian avenues, chanting never-to-be-forgotten lyrics of the Southland.

Sara meanwhile goes dutifully about her work. The latter part of the week means to her simply the returning of "de wash." Damp clothes are removed piece by piece from the nearby wooden tub, and spread almost caressingly on the makeshift ironing-board. Deft fingers automatically touch her lips and then sizzle momentarily on the upturned flatiron. Pleased, she skillfully applies the implement to the garments. Only once does she cast an eye towards her visitor, who, by now, is audibly resting calmly. For the moment she stops her singing, allows the flatiron, point in air, to rest on the far end of the improvised smoothing board, as she half-disgustingly, half-longingly views the extended specimen before her. Perhaps Nicodemus is correct: Preston Sweet has not provided for her as he should. If he had, she would not be this minute sweating over Mrs. Anderson's washing—and all for less than the price of a week's supply of rations. Perhaps Nicodemus is correct: Preston is of no account; to say the least he is trifling, and as a provider he has proved an utter failure. Perhaps—but she interrupts her reverie: after all Preston Sweet is her husband, she his wife, and what consequence can come from her having Nicodemus Jones "in mind"? Automatically she begins again her work.

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Years ago the sages said that a calm always proceeds a storm. Never truer could this be than now. Out of the stillness of the night there comes the sound of grating footsteps on the verberna-lined walkway. Sara starts. She hurriedly places her iron in its upturned position. Nicodemus moves perceptibly, begins to stretch himself, but before completing this somnambulistic exercise, his ears catch the sound of the approaching footsteps. Fear, mortal, clenching, sudden fear seizes every muscle of his body. His eyes dart this way, then that, and show volumes of white. He looks hungrily at Sara, but he cannot speak. He knows what Preston's arrival means. Never have the last minutes of a doomed man registered themselves so pitifully on a horror-stricken face. Hauntingly he scans the room for a place of safety. But his eyes return to Sara.

"Hide me," he stammers, "hide me—quick!"

But Sara merely stares wide-eyed. "Oh, Lawd, Nicodemus," she falters frantically, "Ise done tole yo' to go! Pres' gwine kill yo'. If I hides yo', he gwine kill *bof* us. . . "

Fo' Gawd's sake, Sary, yo' ain' wanna see me kilt, is yo'?" Nicodemus is now frantic. His voice is tearful and pleading.

Sara hastens to the right of the fireplace, quickly pushes open the door to the adjoining room, points, and gulps spasmodically, "Git—in— heah . . . Oh. . . Lawd help us!" The hunter rushes into the darkness. The unpasted ends of the yellow newspapers on the wall rise up in a flurry, then quite as rapidly settle down again to their accustomed places.

When the door closes behind the frightened man, he sinks wearily into the nearest corner. His fingers run nervously along the side of the wooden wall, then drop jerkily to encircle his knees in a clasp. Suffocation grips him. He hears his heart pounding within his breast, and he wonders if the beating can be heard through the thin frame door. Thoughts of Preston, guns, shots, death, race through his mind, and he recalls the picture of Christ over the mantel. His entire body grows cold, then sweaty. His lips parch. Thoughts of "De Gate" beat about within his head: better it were to be there with the ghosts than here. He cups a hand to his ear. The footsteps are louder, and the sound of a slight cough is distinctly

(Continued on page 28)

Whither the College Literary Magazine?

By RICHARD SMITH

I

In response to septic invasions by professedly humorous college publications, it is perhaps expedient to consider the fate of the literary magazine on this and other campuses. These humorous publications are a source of quiet wonder, and even of a certain niggardly admiration to those who take their writing like they take their dentist; that is, seriously. That these magazines are humorous is a controversial subject, that they are clever is decidedly doubtful, that they are either original or pat is again questionable, but assuredly they are popular, and it is from this consideration that they offer serious competition to the more literary periodicals of the campus. In short, they are like turnips: filling; but there is no particular satisfaction in being full of turnips, it is merely a question of being full of something.

To trace the reasons for their popularity is not especially difficult, but therein may be seen exactly why they are preferred above the literary form, much to the detriment of the latter, both from lack of interest and competent support. In the first instance, one does not have to be a college student to appreciate their brand of humor. One does not even, in point of fact, have to be a union bricklayer; to be just an ordinary bricklayer is sufficient. A pun is, unfortunately, just as virulent in a university as in an alley.

And as for craftsmanship, the editorial offices make no greater demand on their occupants than a speaking acquaintance with libel law, anatomical nomenclature, and the possession of that juvenile exuberance and *joie de vivre* found in all the better restaurant-filling stations where Brunswick stew is a specialty. Indeed, a complete issue can be fabricated of jokes culled from venerable books on humor, illustrated with choice cuts from mail order catalogues, and the result blessed by a sanctimonious ignorance of plagiarism.

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Beside the above enumerated blessings, there is about these publications a truly touching spirit of fraternalism. Anybody's jokes, apparently, are acceptable: your grandmother's jokes, your grandfather's jokes. Sometimes the editors become so fond of a particular bit of piquant humor that it will gladden a certain page for five or six issues.

At this juncture, one might ask what could withstand such competition as this. The answer, of course, is nothing. That is nothing short of a calliope on New Year's Eve, and a literary magazine, even with the best of intentions, is not such. There is too much of grinding labor about a literary publication, too much, perhaps, of mediocrity, and lack of recognition.

One of the essential factors in the fate of college literary magazines, then, may be found in the popularity of competing humorous publications. Perhaps, the day is not so far distant when writing shall give way to pictures, and one may again, without embarrassment, resort to counting on one's fingers.

II

There is a current belief that ninety-five out of every hundred people can write. This is entirely correct; just as ninety-five per cent are quite capable of walking, or of thumbing an elegant nose. But even thumbing one's nose requires a certain delicate precision, and so it is with writing. Because the literary art is a natural thing, it is relegated by college students to a corresponding casuality, and casuality, as everyone even mildly interested in the arts knows, must of necessity find province elsewhere. It is not necessary to write with elegance or charm, nor is it necessary to be profound, it is merely necessary to be honest, to be conscientious, and, above all, to be acquainted with labor.

A college magazine is designed primarily to afford expression to those students who are sincerely interested in things literary. In the not too remote past, it has, however, been the unfortunate depository of refuse from pens more presuming than conscientious. The great majority of MSS now submitted to college literary magazines are rather unformed, not from lack of fundamental structure, but because the author has neither lived with his work, nor has, yet again, labored over it after the initial

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draft. And yet, these are the contributions that mould the literary evaluation of the magazine, and subsequently of the college.

Were a Sousaphone player in one of our orchestras never to attend rehearsals, he should probably be removed to the alley, and that in the most painful manner. Of course, such a thing is unheard of; even a Sousaphonist takes himself and his horn seriously. But a writer, ah no. Superstition has it that a writer must not labor, divine inspiration alone is for him. Beyond sighing bitterly into the hydrangeas, and falling over things in his nocturnal wanderings, he must move only when the spirit comes to him.

This is all very fine, and infinitely enjoyable on free evenings, but inspiration only goes to make up the *first draft*, and from then on whether there is to be any real literary distinction to what has been written depends entirely on the amount of honest labor put on the piece. And what the literary magazines receive *are*, for the most part, these embryonic things, quite like cinnamon buns without the cinnamon. There is nothing worse than cinnamon buns without cinnamon.

III

It might seem from the foregoing paragraphs that the future for a college literary magazine had best be discussed on stormy nights when the wind is howling outside. And yet, the solution of these problems is relatively simple; it rests entirely with the editor. The magazine should be made the center of all creative literary activity on the campus, with space within its pages for fiction, verse, essays, and humor of a well-considered sort. Editors have great license of criticism, which they rarely exercise, in consideration of manuscripts, and frequently considerate appraisal means more to an author than publication. If this policy of critical consideration is pursued intelligently, interest in creative literature cannot fail but be aroused with an increase not only in the number of contributions, but in their quality. Thus the magazine becomes not a franchise for a few, but the living expression of an honestly interested majority. This it should be, and intelligent encouragement cannot fail to bring forward

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aspiring literature to satisfy every type of legitimate literary taste on the campus.

To us may be reckoned the initial error of catering too much to a particular group. We are now beginning to mend our ways, and soon the sound of literary dunking shall be mixed with the tinkle of Champagne glasses. It shall fall upon contrite ears, however anxious or unquiet.

The Power of Spring

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

The sun hangs low above the western hills;
Its slanting rays are turning all the trees
Around my shack to fiery columns, but the shack
Itself is gone, and in its place there gleams
A fairy palace with its jewelled panes
Aglitter, and its walls ensanguined by
The magic colors of some master's craft.
It is that time of the revolving year
When gods die on the cross and rise again
In greater glory; when the seeds long sown
Proceed to raise the pale green spear-points of
Their sprouts in air that alternately stings
Your cheek and pats it as with velvet paws;
When all the earth is racked by the ferment
Of life renewed, and when the blood of men,
Fatigued with wintry toils, begins to boil
And sparkle like a wine in second bloom.
In plainer speech, the Spring is here once more,
And I can feel within my aging veins
The same fond tumult as in sprightlier years,
And in my heart a burst of budding faith.

O Duke, Alma Mater

A Song, which may be sung to the old
Scotch air, Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

Dedicated to
One Beloved of the
Generations,
Robert Lee Flowers

Words by
Robert Lee Durham
of the
Class of 1891

O Duke, Alma Mater, how restful thy shades,
Thy green woodland coverts, thy warm sun-lit glades;
The Good Earth enrobes thee with life ever new,
In beauty presents thee to Heaven's gold and blue;
In majesty's grace roll thy wide boulevards;
The strength of the hills forms thy ingles and yards:
O Duke, Alma Mater, in age—as in youth—
May God hold thee steadfast in courage and truth.

O Duke, Alma Mater, the Beauty and Grace
And Strength of Thy Spirit illumine thy face;
In long generations thy children will come,
To love and to trust thee, and follow thee home
From bondage in darkness to Lands of Desire—
Thy Mother-Soul leading, a Pillar of Fire:
O Duke, Alma Mater, in age—as in youth—
May God hold thee steadfast in Courage and Truth.

BARRETT'S LAMP

Evening was creeping in. Faint shadows of the great Gothic buildings deepened and stretched over the campus walks. Few lights shone from the dormitory windows, and these were scattered about in sparse yellow splotches, pathetic and saddening as they melted in the greyness of the encroaching dusk. A gentle, murmuring breeze swept through the aged trees on the lawn, rustling the green leaves, fresh with young Summer, and wafting noiselessly the white curtains that billowed out of open windows. Slowly the new moon sailed over the rim of the distant clock tower, now shadowy and deserted, and in the night sky, darkly blue and peaceful, faint specks of stars sparkled, glowing warm and radiant. There was silence, only the low swish of the wind breaking the calm.

He leaned against the window, gazing out, his face crossed with twilight shadows. The campus lay before him, still and hushed, its voice suddenly gone, and in the quietness he could feel the soothing touch of sleep. Outside in the corridors lurked the same silence, strange to these walls that had echoed so many times the songs and laughter of fellowship. He closed his eyes, thinking. They had all gone now. He was the last. Soon he too would leave, would go into a different life, and these things he had learned to love would vanish like the stars at dawn, never to return again. No more classes, no more gatherings with the fellows to while away hours in idle talk, no more saunterings on those walks of colored stone, but, replacing them, a desk, an office stuffy in its narrow confines, or even, if need be and the world were kind, a pick and spade and labor in a red-mud ditch. His forehead was moist. Far off, the bells in the tower were ringing softly, their melody stealing into the room's darkness. June breezes whispered in the tree just beyond his window, sending the curtains to sprinkle his cheeks with cooling touch. He pushed them aside. Beyond the dormitory court and over the eaves of the Union rose the gleaming white tower of bells, regal and unstained like a huge cameo hung in the

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sky, now studded with new stars that twinkled merrily in their late rising. A little way off the moon with its golden train drifted through bits of cloud fleece, flooding the lofty spires with ethereal splendor. Its beauty held him speechless. This would vanish with the rest, and though he might come back some day long after, it would seem changed, remote—a haven for the shelter of those within its call. Only memories could he keep, but these in the disappointments of weary years ahead would sooth the pangs of failure and trace again the smile that swept him through his youth. It had not seemed four years ago that he came here, trembling in his fear, harboring hate for those who pushed him aside. Perhaps, they had passed quickly because a kind professor talked to him on one of his dreary early days and convinced him of his wrong. He remembered the words: "This place is for each of us, for all as one, and out of it has come a love, a love to cherish and revere. And, boy, the school is here today just as it was a long, long time ago, when first I said what I say now to you, and as it is so shall we try and keep it always." Then smiles were many, friends appeared, and out of failure came new work to win his loyalty and affection. These were the surroundings, then, that he must leave. "But I'll return some day and find things just the same," and memories of that freshman day kept creeping back into his mind, causing him to smile tenderly and see through misty eyes once more an aged man, learned and gentle, speaking to him soothingly.

A group of students passed beneath his window, talking low, lugging heavy grips. One of them sighted a comrade across the quadrangle and halloed to him. His answer floated back, echoing strangely. Again came silence. On the lawn bright blades of grass sparkled in the hazy glow of roof searchlights, finger-like shafts piercing the fog of night like ice-coated prows of whaling schooners plunging homeward from distant polar waters. He watched them quivering, almost as if he were counting each moist drop that slivered along their surface. Something about them reminded him of tears, a woman's tears, a woman far away longing for him to come home. Rising above the chimes in the carillon came the strokes of the clock in the tower beyond the pavillon. He pulled on his hat, clutched his satchel, and hurried out of the room and onto the walk before his door. Down

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on the road the bus waited. He laughed suddenly, remembering his first impression of the battered old trap. He got in and slumped down on the seat. Darkness had settled, thick and chilling. Only a few lights blinked from the buildings. The stars hung perilously near the outlines of the roofs, and he began to absorb his thoughts in counting them. The driver spoke, but he failed to answer, only nodding his head silently, and the bus rattled off. Looking back, he glimpsed the campus fading. A mist covered his eyes, dimming his view. Once he had heard in his beginning German class the words, *auf wiedersehen*, and he tried to repeat them. They hung in his throat, choking him, his lips trembling. And as the last lamp of the winding street receded in the night, he closed his eyes, and when he opened them again the road had turned and the bus was scurrying along in the darkness and into his heart had stolen a soothing to ease its hurt.

Shuttle

By MARGARET TOD RITTER

If near the sheltered garden
Where you sit and dream of me,
A thrush proclaims the opal dawn
From the limb of a naked tree,
Just close your eyes and listen
For undoubtedly it flew
From that other sheltered garden
Where I sit and dream of you.

BOOKS



A New Ivan

Ivan the Terrible. By Stephen Graham. New Haven: Yale University Press.
335 pp. \$3.00.

With his biography several years ago on Peter the Great, Stephan Graham won for himself an enviable position in the ranks of the students of old Russia. This reputation will be considerably enhanced by his recently published study of Ivan the Terrible. Very few Westerners have had more than a vague knowledge of this important figure in Russian history. He has been called neurotic, brutal, insane, and to a degree he was all of those things, but Graham has shown quite definitely that he was much more.

In his cruelties Ivan was only expressing the spirit of the times. It was the age of the Duke of Alva; the age of Queen Mary; the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. So in this respect he was no better nor worse than the other rulers of his time. But Ivan's statesmanship considerably anticipated his own age. It was during his reign that Russia first became known to the outside world; he made trade agreements with England, led the country into some sort of stability, and inaugurated reforms that won for him the respect of the peasantry and the undying hatred of the aristocracy. Despite his barbaric, and at times almost insane cruelty, Ivan has always been revered by the Russian peasantry. Songs celebrating his physical prowess and mental acumen are still a part of the old Russian folklore. The work that Peter the Great later accomplished in building Russia into a modern empire was but an adding onto the foundation that was laid by Ivan. It is no wonder that Peter himself "was one of the first to point out that Ivan was the character best worth studying in the whole of Russian history."

Ivan the Great has had to wait almost four hundred years for a biographer who could do his life justice. But the wait has been well

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worthwhile. Now that the Czarist regime is but a memory in Russia, it is eminently necessary that all important phases of pre-Soviet history be recorded. Mr. Graham's work, therefore, is doubly important; it is a fascinating study of an interesting individual, and it serves as a source of material for the student of 16th century Russia.

—LOUIS CLARK.

*On sale at THOMAS-QUICKEL Co.

A Deathless Tribute to Old Hickory

Andrew Jackson: The Border Captain. By Marquis James. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 461 pp. \$3.75.

Marquis James, whose famous biography of Sam Houston, *The Raven*, won the Pulitzer prize in 1929, has chronicled the life of another distinguished American, and in this, his latest and by far his best book, he has dared to paint a true picture of Andrew Jackson, to rip from him much of the false heroism with which he has been bedecked by previous biographers, and to present the authentic life of a man as that man had lived it. It is to me the best biography that has appeared this year, and because of its scholarly clarification of controversial matters and its amazing frankness, it will probably remain unrivaled for years to come.

Mr. James, realizing the magnitude of the task which he faced, refused to base his life of Jackson on the works of earlier writers, because he detected flaws in the character of the rugged frontiersman that had been either disregarded or unknown by them. He saw that Jackson, colorful, courageous patriot that he was, could not have been as perfect as his biographers depicted him, regardless of the man's accredited glory. Therefore, to picture this American hero in his true light became his indefatigable purpose, and, through his tenacity, his patience as he followed the trail of history wherever it led, his critical judgment in the study of documents, and his common sense psychology, Marquis James authored a life of Andrew Jackson that brilliantly overshadows the works of pioneer Parton and scholarly Bassett.

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Controversy is settled accurately, disputed problems solved with facts, and errors made by early writers corrected. And throughout there moves the shining genius of James himself, looking into the soul of his subject, getting at the heart of Jackson, revealing the man in his true lineaments, giving him a humanness that no other has ever given. It is a tremendous, inspiring achievement and one that should place Marquis James foremost among contemporary American biographers.

—J. B. CLARK.

*On sale at THOMAS-QUICKEL Co.

Angels Descend

Gabriel Over the White House. Anonymous. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 309 pp. \$2.50.

Gabriel Over the White House seems to be merely another move in the game of lining up the forces of "Organized Propaganda" behind the present administration. Of course it is highly colored and contains much optimism as to the future, but I believe that there is enough similarity between the program of the President, who heard Gabriel's trumpet and not the party siren, and that of Mr. Roosevelt to warrant this assumption. Furthermore, the fact that this book was published a few weeks prior to "Inauguration" looks like a skillful paving of the way.

The literary device of letting a man at the point of death see a vision, recover, and reform, is an old one. This, however, is no reflection on it. In the case of *Gabriel Over the White House* it certainly works. A rather attractive political figurehead, with a human liking for women and children, is knocked unconscious in an automobile accident, only to emerge as a super-man who hears voices and celestial music. And he begins to do things. He adjourns Congress, puts the unemployed to work, and annihilates gangsters.

He then strikes out into international politics. Here the author seems to have gotten a little beyond his depth. He belongs to the school which still clings to the naive belief that armies and armaments are the cause of war and not merely the expression of fundamental national passions and

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prejudices. Proceeding on this theory he lets his archangel-directed president take away all the naughty guns and leaves the reader with the feeling that the family lived happily ever after. This was all accomplished by vigorously brandishing the "big stick." The idea that the United States could make the rest of the world pay their debts and disarm by threatening to build a real navy is if not ludicrous at least debatable.

The book is fairly well written and the American people, with their public school training in flag waving, should eat it up.

—WILLIAM PRATT DALE II.

*On sale at THOMAS-QUICKEL Co.

Do You Like the Taste?

Never Ask the End. By Isabel Patterson. New York: William Morrow & Co. 332 pp. \$2.50.

Three Americans in Europe—Pauline, vibrant in her response to the whims of life, but worn out and harassed by her past experiences met in raising a family. She is mentally unable to repeat the experiment of being married. Pauline wishes to keep about her an invisible coat of respectability even at the cost of losing her happiness; Marta, witty and appealing to the opposite sex, because of her frankness, and ability to penetrate the souls of people about her. She regards the Ten Commandments as a group of rules to be dealt with as her conscience dictates. Marta's wide study of many things makes her a refreshing character, because she is able to express views upon almost any subject. Russell, an engineer who has acquired fame partly through his own efforts and partly because of lucky flukes of fortune. He has been warned that he has only a few more years to live, and is anxious to finish them on his farm in America.

The three had known each other since their youth, but about fifteen years have passed since they were together last. They meet in Paris and are drawn together by a sense of kinship in thought and experiences. The three have a common bond in the knowledge that they have made a muddle of their own marriages. "We three have eaten our hearts, and that is why we understand one another."

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The story moves from Paris to Belgium, to London and back again to Paris. Here the party breaks up after touring together through Europe and Pauline leaves for home. She tries to persuade herself that she loves Russell, but cannot let herself go to him without questioning honor and his intentions. Marta really falls in love with Russell, but as she is not accustomed to analyzing her motives, she travels with him and takes care of him. Russell leaves for Italy and Marta for America, where Russell will join her in a few months.

The book as a whole is written in a refreshingly original style. Mrs. Patterson's philosophy is a bit bewildering, and the constant transition from the past to the present in exposing the lives of the characters is a novel method of presenting the history of her creations. The action is slow, because of this switching back and forth yet it makes the reader understand the reactions of the characters to the situations which are brought up.

—ALAN C. MCCREE.

*On sale at THOMAS-QUICKEL Co.

Fatalism and Love

Eyes of Love. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Robt. M. McBride & Co. 386 pp. \$2.00.

Warwick Deeping's latest book, *Eyes of Love*, is a simple, straightforward love story of the English countryside; the story of a man who was not meant to be a successful farmer, yet whose life is bound up with the soil, and of a girl who loves him enough to follow her lover into a vagabond's life.

Jesse Falconer, a dreamer, sensuous and meditative, is unhappily married to Kate Falconer. She, capable and energetic, narrow-minded, unemotional in the higher sense, and unimaginative, cannot understand the dreamy fatalism of her husband, so that there has developed an abyss between them, inevitable because of their widely different natures. When Falconer loses his eyesight, he is relegated to the position of a pensioner, dependent upon his wife for everything, a fact which she takes every opportunity to impress upon him. Life becomes unbearable for him until Ann Wetherall

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comes to Fox Farm as the new servant girl, and all the softer touches that a wife might have given to his life, this cottage girl contrived to give. He had begun to live again through her, to receive his impressions of life through the sensitive ether of her senses. When Falconer goes out of his own home—his wife having fallen in love with another—to wander on the roads, homeless and lonely, Ann follows him, and the story of the wanderings of Falconer and Ann is a record of beauty.

Jesse Falconer is one of the most pathetic of all characters. Badly suited to the narrow life of a farmer, unhappily married to an ambitious woman, his misfortunes are climaxed by the loss of his eyesight, and only his strange belief in fatalism and the love of Ann Wetherall made life possible for him. It is with a delicate touch that Deeping gives us this story of love, of a love that does not fear convention or whispering tongues.

—WILLIAM BRAZWELL.

*On sale at THOMAS-QUICKEL Co.

DE LAWD'S WORK

(Continued from page 14)

audible. Presently there is a scuffle on the porch, as if shoes are being wiped on the corrugated door mat. Sara he hears partly swing open the front door. Then a voice, a harsh, heavy voice, breaks the tense quiet.

"Good eb'nin', Miss Sary." It is a man's voice: slow, deep, melancholy.

Sara Sweet has now opened wide the door. She recognizes her caller immediately. But she fails to recover the even tenor of her way.

"W'y,—w'y, good eb'nin', Rev'rund Pugh," she stutters. "Whut in de world brings yo' heah at dis time o' night, Rev'rund? Yo' 'mos' gimme a scare sneakin' up like dis." Sara is obviously regaining slowly her sagacity.

But the Reverend Horatio Pugh sadly shakes his head, as the woman accompanies him into the room where only a few minutes previously Nicodemus Jones had dreamed of Elysian avenues and love. "De Lawd's work brings me heah, Miss Sary, de Lawd's work—an' Ise powerful sorry to tell yo', Miss Sary. . ." But he is not able to complete his mission of

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Sigma Upsilon
Announcement
of Prize Winners

BEST SHORT STORY

Haitian Nocturne

by Richard Smith

(December ARCHIVE)

BEST POEM

Price by Richard Smith

(February ARCHIVE)

BEST ONE-ACT PLAY

Oasis by Harry Willis

* * *

BEST ESSAY

(Due to a lack of meritable contributions none was selected by the judges.)

[Editor's note: The excessive length of Mr. Willis' play, *Oasis*, renders it impossible for publication in the ARCHIVE's limited number of pages.]

JUDGES

Dr. W. K. Greene

Dr. Jay B. Hubbell

Mr. Charles Anderson

en

Why rope 'em when
you can *dope* 'em?

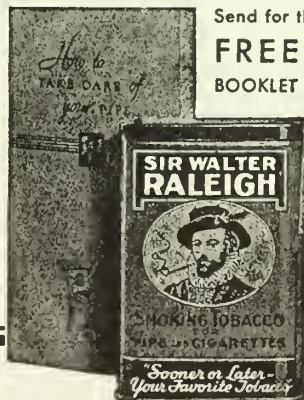


NO WONDER that cow was cowed! Brother, there isn't a steer in Texas that could stand up under the fumes of that smudgy smoke!

But that's the only good argument we ever heard for strong heavy tobacco in a soggy pipe. Every man in the cow punching game—and out of it—should smoke good, mild tobacco in a well-kept pipe. Take Sir Walter Raleigh's Burley mixture, for example. There's a smoke that's as mild as a prairie evening, but there's flavor in it... rich... full-bodied... satisfying... and kept fresh in gold foil. On your next trip to your tobacco store make this resolution... "Smoke the tobacco that has become a national favorite."

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—AND IT'S
MILDER

THE ARCHIVE

gloom, for Mrs. Sweet, enwrapped by misery, sinks into the chair that formerly offered such charming solace to her earlier companion. The Reverend Horatio Pugh hastily kneels beside the stricken woman, takes her hand in his, pats it fervently, and looks sympathetically into her eyes.

The chill that had for the moment left Sara now returns to wriggle up and down her spine. Her thoughts are not of Preston alone, but of Nicodemus Jones, and of the Rev'rund. The preacher surely knows that she is harboring Nicodemus, that she is sheltering him, and that at this very moment he crouches in the adjoining room. The thoughts petrify her.

"Miss Sary, Miss Sary, may de Lawd bless yo'," says the Rev'rund prayerfully, "but Ise got some bad news fo' yo'. I did'n' aim to scare yo', an' Ise been studyin' how to break de news gentle-like, but it's de Lawd's work, an' I reckon He kin bes' take care o' He own predestinashuns. So settle yo'self de bes' yo' kin, an' may de Lawd bless yo'."

Sara has raised herself up in her chair. Curiosity and impatience have now mingled themselves with fear, and she looks longingly at the Reverend Horatio Pugh, who wipes his eyes with the corner of his black coat-sleeve.

"Whut is de matter, Rev'rund?" she asks hesitatingly.

The black Divine again clears his throat, and fumbles for words. "Ise come to tell yo', Miss Sary, 'bout Preston—he done—he done—*daid!*"

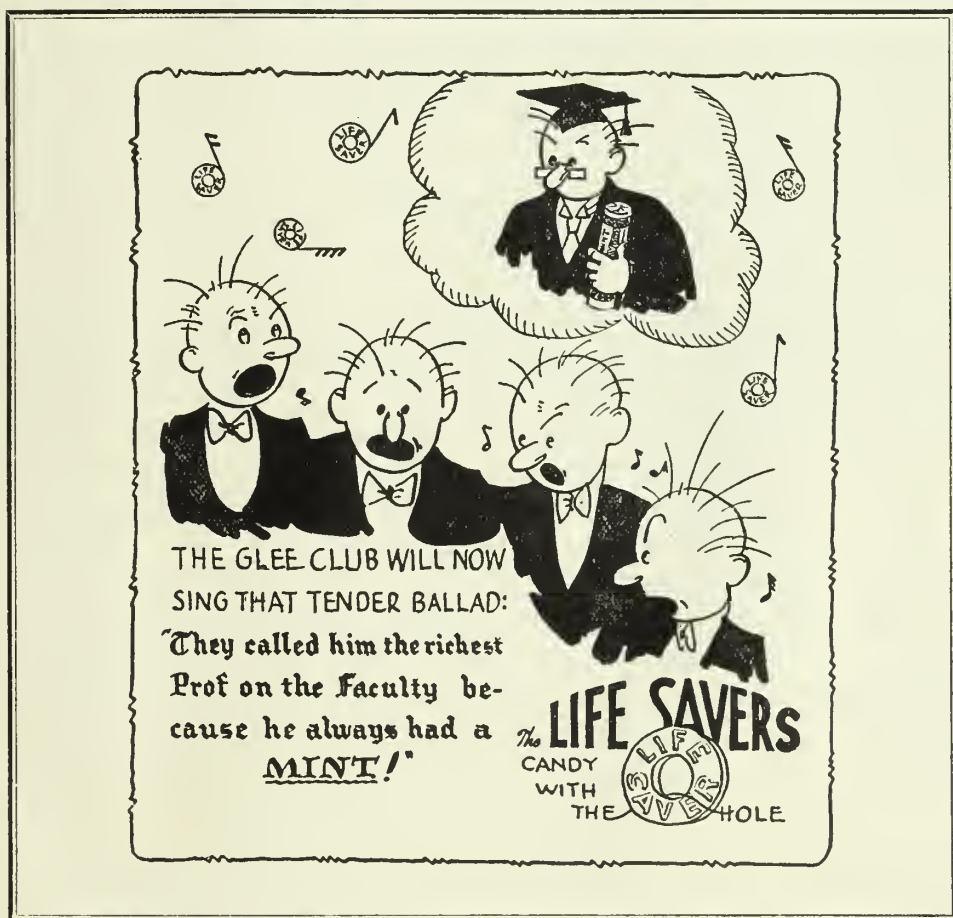
The expression of fear and inquisitiveness that had the moment before engrossed the shiny face of the Negro woman changes at once to horror and sadness. Too abrupt are the words of the Reverend to register very deeply of a sudden.

"*Daid?*—Oh, Lawd. He aint daid sho' 'nuff, is he, Rev'rund?" But she knows that the words are futile.

The hunter in the next room clenches his fists tighter about his knees. Sweat drops freeze on his forehead. The Reverend Pugh's words frame an unforgettable picture in his mind's eye: he sees Preston Sweet lengthened out along the ground, he sees the limp body lifted by kind hands, he sees the funeral train winding its melancholy way along the rugged pathway to Mount Good Hope Cemetery. He visions Sara shrouded in black, dropping clods of earth upon a silver-rimmed coffin.

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"It happened down at 'De Gate', Miss Sary," continues the kindly minister. "'Pears as Preston wuz huntin' too close to 'De Gate'. Us heerd de shot of a gun, and run in dat direckshun, thinkin' maybe sumpin' had happen'. Amos Washington found de body right to 'De Gate', in de bushes whut grow by de platform—the innards wuz all blowed outen de stumack. Us 'lowed yo' aint wanna see de body till it gits dressed fo' de grave. . ." The Reverend Horatio Pugh is fulfilling well his mission as pastor to his black herd. The farther he gets with his story, the more animated he waxes. Sara, however, pensive for the moment, seems to hear no more. She wrings the white palms of her dry hands roughly.



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"Pres' daid," she interrupts. "Oh, Lawd . . . Rev'rund, how did it happen, tell me, how *did* it happen dat way?" Once more she casts curious eyes upon the minister. This time they seem a little more cheerful.

"Well," the pastor replies authoritatively, and in a still deeper voice, "Amos Washington say twuz a accident, 'cause one barrel of Preston's gun wuz shot, but I 'low as how yo'd better 'vestigate—"

"'Vestigate? How come Ise got to 'vestigate? Aain Amos say twuz a *accident*? Ise done tole Pres' to be careful wid dat dere shot-gun."

"Well, Miss Sary," continues the counsellor, "I trus' you' will calm yo'self. Remember, it's de Lawd's work." He shuffles his feet, casts a glance about the faintly lighted room, and walks towards the front door. "Ise gwine now, Miss Sary, but may be Lawd have mercy on yo'. If yo' feels de need of a little close communin' prayers, jes' call on me; Ise ready at any time to serve my flock." With the last remark, he closes the door behind him.

Sara sits motionless for a few moments, and listens to the departing footsteps that drag rather unwillingly between the verbenas.

IV

Within the darkened adjoining apartment Nicodemus Jones heaves a sigh. Not until the footsteps of the departing Reverend Horatio Pugh have become a memory does Nicodemus dare to move, and then only slowly, for his legs are both weak and shaky. His damp hands feel feebly along the wall for support. Finally he rises, cracks almost imperceptibly the door into the other room, and peers into the dimly lighted surroundings. Then, with renewed courage, he enters. He is not cold—nor hot—he does not know what he is. He knows only that he can come out now.

Sara is standing by the fireplace. The pale rays from the embered coals brighten her ebony face. Nicodemus sidles up to her, and looks longingly into her downcast eyes. Slyly he slips an arm around her waist and, as Sara looks up at him, a tear meanders to the corner of her mouth. He notices it childishly. Sara Sweet looks into the dying flames, then devoutly up at the picture, now but faintly seen, of Christ and the children who come unto Him, and with a smile that breaks through her veil of tears, says slowly but quite earnestly, "It's de Lawd's work, Nicodemus; it's de Lawd's work."

—❧— Page Thirty-two

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